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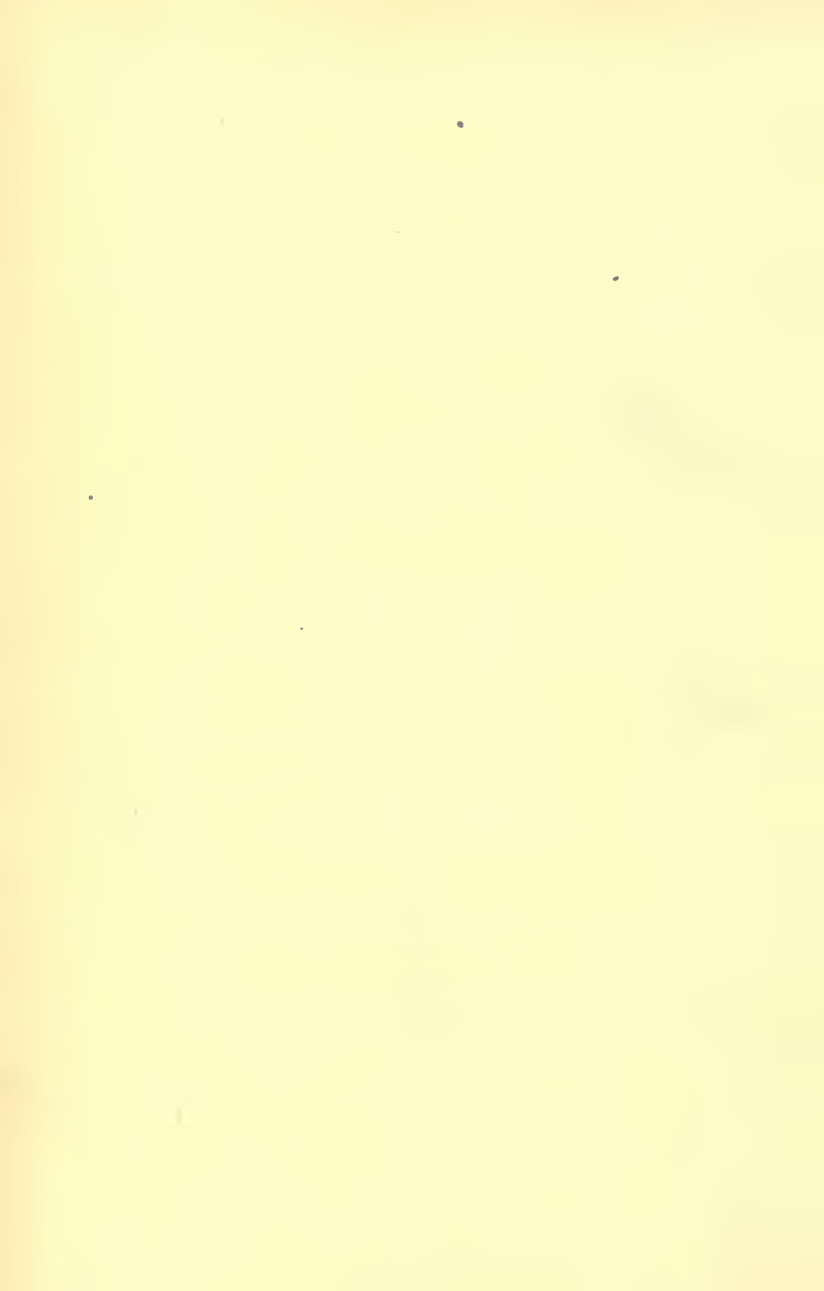
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HISTORICAL SCENES.

BECKET AT THE COUNCIL OF NORTHAMPTON, 1164.

IN the autumn of 1164 the king once more summoned a great council to meet him at Northampton Castle. The attendance was vast. Every peer and prelate not disabled was present, all feeling the greatness of the occasion. Castle, town and monasteries were thronged to overflowing. Becket only had hesitated to appear. His attempt to escape to the continent was constructive treason. It was more than treason. It was a breach of a distinct promise. The storm which he had raised had unloosed the tongues of those who had to complain of ill-usage in his archbishop's court. The chancery accounts had been looked into, and vast sums were found to have been received by him of which no explanation had been given. Who was this man that he should throw the country into confusion, in the teeth of the bishops, in the teeth (as it seemed) of the pope, in the teeth of his own oath given solemnly to the king? The object of the Northampton council was to inquire into his conduct, and he had good reason to be alarmed at the probable consequences. He dared not, however, disobey a peremptory summons. He came, attended by a retinue of armed knights, and was entertained at St. Andrew's monastery. To anticipate inquiry into his attempted flight, he applied for permission on the day of his arrival to go to France to visit the pope. The king

told him that he could not leave the realm until he had answered for a decree which had been given in his court. The case was referred to the assembled peers, and he was condemned and fined. It was a bad augury for him. Other charges lay thick, ready to be produced. He was informed officially that he would be required to explain the chancery accounts, and answer for money which he had applied to his own purposes. His proud temper was chafed to the quick, and he turned sick with anger. His admirers see only in these demands the sinister action of a dishonest tyranny. Oblique accusations, it is said, were raised against him, either to make him bend or to destroy his character. The question is rather whether his conduct admitted of explanation. If he had been unjust as a judge, if he had been unscrupulous as a high officer of state, such faults had no unimportant bearing on his present attitude. He would have done wisely to clear himself if he could; and it is probable that he could not. He refused to answer, and he sheltered himself behind the release which he had received at his election. His refusal was not allowed; a second summons the next day found him in his bed, which he said that he was too ill to leave. This was on a Saturday. A respite was allowed him till the following Monday. On Monday the answer was the same. Messenger after messenger brought back word that the archbishop was unable to move. The excuse might be true—perhaps partially it was true. The king sent two great peers to ascertain, and in his choice of persons he gave a conclusive answer to the accusation of desiring to deal unfairly with Becket: one was Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, the king's uncle, who as long as Becket lived was the best friend that he had at the court; the other was the remarkable Robert,

Earl of Leicester, named Bossu (the Hunchback). This Robert was a monk of Leicester Abbey, though he had a dispensation to remain at the court, and so bitter a Papist was he that when the schismatic Archbishop of Cologne came afterwards to London he publicly insulted him and tore down the altar at which he said mass. Such envoys would not have been selected with a sinister purpose. They found that the archbishop could attend if he wished, and they warned him of the danger of trying the king too far. He pleaded for one more day. On the Tuesday morning he undertook to be present.

His knights had withdrawn from the monastery, not daring or not choosing to stand by a prelate who appeared to be defying his sovereign. Their place had been taken by a swarm of mendicants, such as the archbishop had gathered about him at Canterbury. He prepared for the scene in which he was to play a part with the art of which he was so accomplished a master. He professed to expect to be killed. He rose early. Some of the bishops came to see and remonstrate with him: they could not move his resolution, and they retired. Left to himself, he said the mass of St. Stephen, in which were the words: "The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed". He then put on a black stole and cap, mounted his palfrey, and, followed by a few monks and surrounded by his guard of beggars, rode at a foot's pace to the castle, preceded by his cross-bearer.

The royal castle of Northampton was a feudal palace of the usual form. A massive gateway led into a quadrangle; across the quadrangle was the entrance of the great hall, at the upper end of which doors opened into spacious chambers beyond. The arch-

bishop alighted at the gate, himself took his cross in his right hand, and, followed by a small train, passed through the quadrangle, and stalked up the hall, "looking like the lion-man of the prophet's vision". The king and the barons were in one chamber, the bishops in another. The archbishop was going in this attitude into the king's presence, that the court might see the person on whom they dared to sit in judgment; but certain "Templars" warned him to beware. He entered among his brethren, and moved through them to a chair at the upper end of the room.

He still held his cross. The action was unusual: the cross was the spiritual sword, and to bear it thus conspicuously in a deliberative assembly was as if a baron had entered the council in arms. The mass of St. Stephen had been heard of, and in the peculiar temper of men's minds was regarded as a magical incantation. The Bishop of Hereford advanced and offered to carry the cross for him. Foliot of London (*filius hujus sæculi*, "a son of this world") said that if he came thus armed into the court the king would draw a sharper sword, and he would see then what his arms would avail him. Seeing him still obstinate Foliot tried to force the cross out of his hands. The Archbishop of York added his persuasions; but the Archbishop of York peculiarly irritated Becket, and was silenced by a violent answer. "Fool thou hast ever been," said the Bishop of London to Becket, "and from thy folly I see plainly thou wilt not depart." Cries burst out on all sides. "Fly!" some one whispered to him; "fly, or you are a dead man." The Bishop of Exeter came in at the moment, and exclaimed that unless the archbishop gave way they would all be murdered. Becket never showed to more advantage than in moments of personal danger. He

collected himself. He saw that he was alone. He stood up, he appealed to the pope, charged the bishops on peril of their souls to excommunicate anyone who dared to lay hands on him, and he moved as if he intended to withdraw. The Bishop of Winchester bade him resign the archbishopric. With an elaborate oath he swore that he would not resign. The Bishop of Chichester then said: "As our primate we were bound to obey you, but you are our primate no longer; you have broken your oath. You swore allegiance to the king, and you subvert the common law of the realm. We too appeal to the pope. To his presence we summon you." "I hear what you say," was all the answer which Becket deigned to return.

The doors from the adjoining chamber were now flung open. The old Earl of Cornwall, the hunchback Leicester and a number of barons entered. "My lord," said the Earl of Leicester to the archbishop, "the king requires you to come to his presence and answer to certain things which will then be alleged against you, as you promised yesterday to do." "My lord earl," said Becket, "thou knowest how long and loyally I served the king in his worldly affairs. For that cause it pleased him to promote me to the office which now I hold. I did not desire this office; I knew my infirmities. When I consented it was for the sake of the king alone. When I was elected I was formally acquitted of my responsibilities for all that I had done as chancellor. Therefore I am not bound to answer, and I will not answer."

The reply was carried back. The peers by a swift vote declared that the archbishop must be arrested and placed under guard. The earls re-entered, and Leicester approached him and began slowly and reluctantly to announce the sentence. "Nay," said

Becket, lifting his tall meagre figure to its haughtiest height, "do thou first listen to me. The child may not judge his father. The king may not judge me, nor may you judge me. I will be judged under God by the pope alone, to whom in your presence I appeal. I forbid you under anathema to pronounce your sentence. And you, my brethren," he said, turning to the bishops, "since you will obey man rather than God, I call you too before the same judgment-seat. Under the protection of the Apostolic See, I depart hence."

No hand was raised to stop him. He swept through the chamber and flung open the door of the hall. He stumbled on the threshold, and had almost fallen, but recovered himself. The October afternoon was growing into twilight. The hall was thronged with the retinues of the king and the barons. Dinner was over. The floor was littered with rushes and fragments of rolls and broken meat. Draughts of ale had not been wanting, and young knights, pages and retainers were either lounging on the benches or talking in eager and excited groups. As Becket appeared among them, fierce voices were heard crying, "Traitor! traitor! Stop the traitor!" Among the loudest were Count Hamelin, the king's illegitimate brother, and Sir Ranulf de Broc, one of the Canterbury knights. Like a bold animal at bay, Becket turned sharply on these two. He called Count Hamelin a bastard boy. He reminded De Broc of some near kinsman of his who had been hanged. The cries rose into a roar; sticks and knots of straw were flung at him. Another rash word, and he might have been torn in pieces. Some high official hearing the noise came in and conducted him safely to the door.

In the quadrangle he found his servants waiting

with his palfrey; the great gate was locked, but the key was hanging on the wall; one of them took it and opened the gate, the porters looking on, but not interfering. Once outside he was received with a cheer of delight from the crowd, and with a mob of people about him he made his way back to the monastery. The king had not intended to arrest him, but he could not know this, and he was undoubtedly in danger from one or other of the angry men with whom the town was crowded. He prepared for immediate flight. A bed was made for him in the chapel behind the altar. After a hasty supper with a party of beggars whom he had introduced into the house, he lay down for a few hours of rest. At two in the morning, in a storm of wind and rain, he stole away disguised with two of the brethren. He reached Lincoln soon after daybreak, and from Lincoln, going by cross-paths, and slipping from hiding-place to hiding-place, he made his way in a fortnight to a farm of his own at Eastry, near Sandwich. He was not pursued. It was no sooner known that he was gone from Northampton than a proclamation was sent through the country forbidding every man under pain of death to meddle with him or to touch his property. The king had determined to allow the appeal, and once more to place the whole question in the pope's hand. The Earl of Arundel with a dozen peers and bishops were despatched at once to Sens to explain what had happened, and to request Alexander to send legates to England to investigate the quarrel and to end it. The archbishop, could he have consented to be quiet, might have remained unmolested at Canterbury till the result could be ascertained. But he knew too well the forces which would be at work in the papal court to wait for its verdict. His confidence was only in himself.

Could he see the pope in person he thought that he could influence him. He was sure of the friendship of Lewis of France, who was meditating a fresh quarrel with Henry, and would welcome his support. His own spiritual weapons would be as effective across the Channel as if used in England, while he would himself be in personal security. One dark night he went down with his two companions into Sandwich, and in an open boat he crossed safely to Gravelines. At St. Omer he fell in with his old friend the Justiciary de Luci, who was returning from a mission to the court of France. De Luci urged him to go back to England and wait for the pope's decision, warning him of the consequences of persisting in a course which was really treasonable, and undertaking that the king would forgive him if he would return at once. Entreaties and warnings were alike thrown away. He remained and despatched a letter to the pope, saying briefly that he had followed the example of his Holiness in resisting the encroachments of princes, and had fled from his country. He had been called to answer before the king as if he had been a mere layman. The bishops, who ought to have stood by him, had behaved like cowards. If he was not sustained by his Holiness, the Church would be ruined, and he would himself be doubly confounded.

THE MURDER OF BECKET, 1170.

THE king's friends, seeing their master's perplexity, determined to take the risk on themselves, and deliver both him and their country. If the king acted, the king might be excommunicated, and the empire might be laid under interdict, with the consequences which everyone foresaw. For their own acts the penalty would but fall upon themselves. They did not know, perhaps, distinctly what they meant to do, but something might have to be done which the king must condemn if they proposed it to him.

But being done unknown,
He would have found it afterwards well done.

Impetuous loyalty to the sovereign was in the spirit of the age.

Among the gentlemen about his person whom Henry had intended to employ, could he have resolved upon the instructions which were to be given to them, were four knights of high birth and large estate—Sir Reginald Fitzurse, of Somersetshire, a tenant in chief of the Crown, whom Becket himself had originally introduced into the court; Sir Hugh de Morville, custodian of Knaresborough Castle, and justiciary of Northumberland; Sir William de Tracy, half a Saxon, with royal blood in him; and Sir Richard le Breton, who had been moved to volunteer

in the service by another instance of Becket's dangerous meddling. Le Breton was a friend of the king's brother William, whom the archbishop had separated from the lady to whom he was about to be married on some plea of consanguinity. Sir William de Mandeville and others were to have been joined in the commission. But these four chose to anticipate both their companions and their final orders, and started alone. Their disappearance was observed. An express was sent to recall them, and the king supposed that they had returned. But they had gone by separate routes to separate ports. The weather was fair for the season of the year, with an east wind perhaps; and each had found a vessel without difficulty to carry him across the Channel. The rendezvous was Sir Ranulf de Broc's castle of Saltwood, near Hythe, thirteen miles from Canterbury.

The archbishop meanwhile had returned from his adventurous expedition. The young king and his advisers had determined to leave him no fair cause of complaint, and had sent orders for the restoration of his wine and the release of the captured seamen; but the archbishop would not wait for the State to do him justice. On Christmas Eve he was further exasperated by the appearance at the gate of his palace of one of his sumpter mules, which had been brutally mutilated by Sir Ranulf de Broc's kinsman Robert. "The viper's brood," as Herbert de Bosham said, "were lifting up their heads. The hornets were out. Bulls of Bashan compassed the archbishop round about." The Earl of Cornwall's warning had reached him, but "fight, not flight," was alone in his thoughts. He, too, was probably weary of the strife, and may have felt that he would serve his cause more effectually by death than by life. On Christmas

Day he preached in the cathedral on the text "Peace to men of good will". There was no peace, he said, except to men of good will. He spoke passionately of the trials of the Church. As he drew towards an end he alluded to the possibility of his own martyrdom. He could scarcely articulate for tears. The congregation were sobbing round him. Suddenly his face altered, his tone changed. Glowing with anger, with the fatal candles in front of him, and in a voice of thunder, the solemn and the absurd strangely blended in the overwhelming sense of his own wrongs, he cursed the intruders into his churches; he cursed Sir Ranulf de Broc; he cursed Robert de Broc for cutting off his mule's tail; he cursed by name several of the old king's most intimate councillors who were at the court in Normandy. At each fierce imprecation he quenched a light, and dashed down a candle. "As he spoke," says the enthusiastic Herbert, repeating the figure under which he had described his master's appearance at Northampton, "you saw the very beast of the prophet's vision, with the face of a lion and the face of a man." He had drawn the spiritual sword, as he had sworn that he would. So experienced a man of the world could not have failed to foresee that he was provoking passions which would no longer respect his office, and that no rising in England would now be in time to save him. He was in better spirits, it was observed, after he had discharged his anathema. The Christmas festival was held in the hall. Asceticism was a virtue which was never easy to him. He indulged his natural inclinations at all permitted times, and on this occasion he ate and drank more copiously than usual.

The next day Becket received another warning that he was in personal danger. He needed no friends to

tell him that. The only attention which he paid to these messages was to send his secretary Herbert and his cross-bearer Alexander Llewellyn to France, to report his situation to Lewis and to the Archbishop of Sens. He told Herbert at parting that he would see his face no more.

So passed at Canterbury Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the 26th, 27th and 28th of December. On that same Monday afternoon the four knights arrived at Saltwood. They were expected, for Sir Ranulf with a party of men-at-arms had gone to meet them. There on their arrival they learned the fresh excommunications which had been pronounced against their host and against their friends at the court. The news could only have confirmed whatever resolutions they had formed.

On the morning of the 29th they rode with an escort of horse along the old Roman road to Canterbury. They halted at St. Augustine's Monastery, where they were entertained by the abbot elect, Becket's old enemy, the scandalous Clarembald. They perhaps dined there. At any rate they issued a proclamation bidding the inhabitants remain quiet in their houses in the king's name, and then, with some of Clarembald's armed servants in addition to their own party, they went on to the great gate of the archbishop's palace. Leaving their men outside, the four knights alighted and entered the court. They unbuckled their swords, leaving them at the lodge, and, throwing gowns over their armour, they strode across to the door of the hall. Their appearance could hardly have been unexpected. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. They had been some time in the town, and their arrival could not fail to have been reported. The archbishop's midday meal was over. The servants were dining on

the remains, and the usual company of mendicants were waiting for their turn. The archbishop had been again disturbed at daybreak by intimation of danger. He had advised any of his clergy who were afraid to escape to Sandwich; but none of them had left him. He had heard mass as usual. He had received his customary floggings. At dinner, he observed, when some one remarked on his drinking, that a man that had blood to lose needed wine to support him. Afterwards he had retired into an inner room with John of Salisbury, his chaplain Fitzstephen, Edward Grim of Cambridge, who was on a visit to him, and several others, and was now sitting in conversation with them in the declining light of the winter afternoon till the bell should ring for vespers.

The knights were recognised, when they entered the hall, as belonging to the old king's court. The steward invited them to eat. They declined, and desired him to inform the archbishop that they had arrived with a message from the court. This was the first communication which the archbishop had received from Henry since he had used his name so freely to cover acts which, could Henry have anticipated them, would have barred his return to Canterbury for ever. The insincere professions of peace had covered an intention of provoking a rebellion. The truth was now plain. There was no room any more for excuse or palliation. What course had the king determined on?

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated

themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with "God help you!" To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on: "We bring you the commands of the king beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?" Becket said he cared not. "In private, then," said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the palace, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded, and bade Fitzurse go on. "Be it so," Sir Reginald said. "Listen then to what the king says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other offences. You have broken the treaty. Your pride has tempted you to defy your lord and master to your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose ministrations the prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the king's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the prince's crown from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the king's

presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent."

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt to the prince. The king had no occasion to be displeased if crowds came about him in the towns and cities after they had been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: "The king commands further that you and your clerks repair without delay to the young king's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults".

The archbishop's temper was rising. "I will do whatever may be reasonable," he said; "but I tell you plainly the king shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves.¹ I will absolve the rest when He permits."

"I understand you to say that you will not obey," said Fitzurse; and went on in the same tone: "The king commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission".

"The pope sentenced the bishops," the archbishop said. "If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine."

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the king had given him permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the king

¹ He was alluding to the bishops who had sworn to the Constitutions of Clarendon.

had told him that he might obtain from the pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the king had given, the pretence of his authority was inexcusable. "Ay, ay!" said Fitzurse; "will you make the king out to be a traitor, then? The king gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations."

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: "Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the king requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of his dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the king cannot trust you again."

Becket answered wildly that he would not go—never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine; Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail, and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong he had only to appeal to the council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the council's justice. "I have complained enough," he said; "so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find

messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me."

"You will lay the realm under interdict then, and excommunicate the whole of us?" said Fitzurse.

"So God help me," said one of the others, "he shall not do that. He has excommunicated over-many already. We have borne too long with him."

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room, and, addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, "In the king's name we command you to see that this man does not escape".

"Do you think I shall fly, then?" cried the archbishop. "Neither for the king nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me," he shouted, following them to the door as they went out and calling after them. Some of his friends thought that he had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat still excited and complaining.

"My lord," said John of Salisbury to him, "it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter speeches? You would have done better surely by being quiet and giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself."

The archbishop sighed, and said, "I have done with advice. I know what I have before me"

It must have been now past four o'clock, and unless there were lights the room was almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an ante-room, beyond the ante-room the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy were less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood, or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the ante-room between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden. Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dusk. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room,

first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the north-west corner of the cloister; and from the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was, "To the church. To the church." There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear, or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately up the cloister to the church door. As he entered the cathedral cries were heard from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville and Le Breton were discerned, in the twilight, coming through the cloister in their armour, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running parallel to the nave, was a lady chapel. Behind the pillar steps led up into the choir,

where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels—of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been scarcely any. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you cowards! The Church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands, to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the crypt, in the galleries or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends, William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself, forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton, his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge—or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar. De Morville, Tracy and Le Breton to the left. Robert

de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, an apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried, "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him—certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man". There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized hold of the archbishop, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, Reginald!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again,

and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. He reproached Fitzurse for ingratitude for past kindness; Fitzurse whispered to him again to fly. "I will not fly," he said, and then Fitzurse swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for His Church". These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William". De Broc or Mauclerc—the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them—strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history. Was Becket a martyr, or was he justly executed as a traitor to his sovereign? Even in that supreme moment of terror and wonder opinions were divided among his own monks. That very night

Grim heard one of them say, "He is no martyr; he is justly served". Another said, scarcely feeling, perhaps, the meaning of the words, "He wished to be king and more than king. Let him be king, let him be king." Whether the cause for which he died was to prevail, or whether the sacrifice had been in vain, hung on the answer which would be given to this momentous question. In a few days or weeks an answer came in a form to which in that age no rejoinder was possible, and the only uncertainty which remained at Canterbury was whether it was lawful to use the ordinary prayers for the repose of the dead man's soul, or whether, in consequence of the astounding miracles which were instantly worked by his remains, the pope's judgment ought not to be anticipated, and the archbishop be at once adored as a saint in heaven.

CORONATION OF ANNE BOLEYN, 1533.

IN anticipation of the timely close of the proceedings at Dunstable, notice had been given in the city early in May that preparations should be made for the coronation on the first of the following month. Queen Anne was at Greenwich, but, according to custom, the few preceding days were to be spent at the Tower; and on the 19th of May she was conducted thither in state by the lord mayor and the city companies, with one of those splendid exhibitions upon the water which in the days when the silver Thames deserved its name, and the sun could shine down upon it out of the blue summer sky, were spectacles scarcely rivalled in gorgeousness by the world-famous wedding of the Adriatic. The river was crowded with boats, the banks and the ships in the pool swarmed with people, and fifty great barges formed the procession, all blazing with gold and banners. The queen herself was in her own barge, close to that of the lord mayor, and, in keeping with the fantastic genius of the time, she was preceded up the water by "a foyst or wafter full of ordnance, in which was a great dragon continually moving and casting wildfire, and round about the foyst stood terrible monsters and wild men, casting fire and making hideous noise". So, with trumpets blowing, cannon pealing, the Tower guns answering the guns of the ships, in a blaze of fireworks and splendour, Anne Boleyn was borne along to the great archway

of the Tower, where the king was waiting on the stairs to receive her.

And now let us suppose eleven days to have elapsed, the welcome news to have arrived at length from Dunstable, and the fair summer morning of life dawning in treacherous beauty after the long night of expectation. No bridal ceremonial had been possible; the marriage had been huddled over like a stolen love-match, and the marriage feast had been eaten in vexation and disappointment. These past mortifications were to be atoned for by a coronation pageant which the art and the wealth of the richest city in Europe should be poured out in the most lavish profusion to adorn.

On the morning of the 31st of May the families of the London citizens were stirring early in all houses. From Temple Bar to the Tower the streets were fresh strewed with gravel, the footpaths were railed off along the whole distance, and occupied on one side by the guilds, their workmen and apprentices, on the other by the city constables and officials in their gaudy uniforms, "with their staves in hand for to cause the people to keep good room and order". Cornhill and Gracechurch Street had dressed their fronts in scarlet and crimson, in arras and tapestry and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East. Cheapside, to outshine her rivals, was draped even more splendidly in cloth of gold and tissue and velvet. The sheriffs were pacing up and down on their great Flemish horses, hung with liveries, and all the windows were thronged with ladies crowding to see the procession pass. At length the Tower guns opened, the grim gates rolled back, and under the archway in the bright May sunshine the long column began slowly to defile, Two states only permitted their representatives to

grace the scene with their presence—Venice and France. It was, perhaps, to make the most of this isolated countenance that the French ambassador's train formed the van of the cavalcade. Twelve French knights came riding foremost in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on their hangings. After them followed a troop of English gentlemen, two and two, and then the Knights of the Bath, "in gowns of violet, with hoods purpled with miniver like doctors". Next, perhaps at a little interval, the abbots passed on, mitred, in their robes; the barons followed in crimson velvet, the bishops then, and then the earls and marquises, the dresses of each order increasing in elaborate gorgeousness. All these rode on in pairs. Then came alone Audeley, lord chancellor, and behind him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; the Archbishop of Canterbury and Du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne and of Paris, not now with bugle and hunting-frock, but solemn with stole and crozier. Next, the lord mayor, with the city mace in hand, and Garter in his coat of arms; and then Lord William Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's brother, Marshal of England. The officers of the queen's household succeeded the marshal in scarlet and gold, and the van of the procession was closed by the Duke of Suffolk, as high constable, with his silver wand. It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendour which in such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets, —those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of colour, gold and crimson and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens

of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices.

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps, however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honour, her self-respectⁿ to win; and she had won it.

There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favoured, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round" of that coronet—

Kept death his court, and there the antick sat,
 Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp.
 Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
 Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
 As if the flesh which walled about her life
 Were brass impregnable; and humoured thus,
 Bored through her castle walls; and farewell, Queen.

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of

thought ; and nations are in the throes of revolution ; —when ancient order and law and tradition are splitting in the social earthquake ; and, as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendour, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion,—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies ; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value save hope of God's forgiveness ?

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her shortlived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peeresses following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch Street she was met by the children of the city schools ; and at the corner of Gracechurch Street a masterpiece had been prepared of the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Styll-yard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhenish wine. On the top of the mountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining

Muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch Street the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste, of the old English Catholic kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was again a "little mountain," which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring was placed on the summit, on which, as the queen appeared, a white falcon was made to "descend as out of the sky"—"and then incontinent came down an angel with great melody, and set a close crown of gold upon the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne with all her issue beneath her; and Mary Cleophas with her four children, of the which children one made a goodly oration to the queen, of the fruitfulness of St. Anne, trusting that like fruit should come of her".

With such "pretty conceits," at that time the honest tokens of an English welcome, the new queen was received by the citizens of London. These scenes must be multiplied by the number of the streets, where some fresh fancy met her at every turn. To preserve the festivities from flagging every fountain and conduit within the walls ran all day with wine; the bells of every steeple were ringing; children lay in wait with songs, and ladies with posies, in which all the resources of fantastic extravagance were exhausted; and thus in an unbroken triumph—and to outward appearance received with the warmest affection—she passed under Temple Bar, down the Strand by Charing Cross to Westminster Hall. The king was not with her throughout the day; nor did he intend to be with her in any part of the ceremony.

She was to reign without a rival, the undisputed sovereign of the hour.

Saturday being passed in showing herself to the people, she retired for the night to "the king's manour house at Westminster," where she slept. On the following morning, between eight and nine o'clock, she returned to the Hall, where the lord mayor, the city council and the peers were again assembled, and took her place on the high daïs at the top of the stairs under the cloth of state; while the bishops, the abbots and the monks of the Abbey formed in the area. A railed way had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the Abbey gates, and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of Parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and the monks "solemnly singing". The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishops of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lappets of her robe". The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the Abbey she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were despatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and anointed Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cranmer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catherine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden sceptre and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful

recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad, mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it that although life be fleeting as a dream it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune. But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise,—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present, and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later she was able to exult over Catherine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

We may now leave these scenes. They concluded in the usual English style, with a banquet in the great hall and with all outward signs of enjoyment and pleasure. There must have been but few persons present, however, who did not feel that the sunshine of such a day might not last for ever, and that over so dubious a marriage no Englishman could exult with more than half a heart. It is foolish to blame lightly actions which arise in the midst of circumstances which are and can be but imperfectly known; and there may have been political reasons which made so much pomp desirable. Anne Boleyn had been the subject of public conversation for seven years, and Henry, no doubt, desired to present his jewel to them in the rarest and choicest setting. Yet to our eyes, seeing, perhaps, by the light of what followed, a more

modest introduction would have appeared more suited to the doubtful nature of her position.

At any rate we escape from this scene of splendour very gladly as from something unseasonable. It would have been well for Henry VIII. if he had lived in a world in which women could have been dispensed with; so ill, in all his relations with them, he succeeded. With men he could speak the right word, he could do the right thing; with women he seemed to be under a fatal necessity of mistake.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHARTER- HOUSE, 1535.

HERE we are to enter upon one of the grand scenes of history ; a solemn battle fought out to the death, yet fought without ferocity, by the champions of rival principles. Heroic men had fallen, and were still fast falling, for what was called heresy ; and now those who had inflicted death on others were called upon to bear the same witness to their own sincerity. England became the theatre of a war between two armies of martyrs, to be waged, not upon the open field, in open action, but on the stake and on the scaffold, with the nobler weapons of passive endurance. Each party were ready to give their blood ; each party were ready, to shed the blood of their antagonists ; and the sword was to single out its victims in the rival ranks, not as in peace among those whose crimes made them dangerous to society, but, as on the field of battle, where the most conspicuous courage most challenges the aim of the enemy. It was war, though under the form of peace ; and if we would understand the true spirit of the time, we must regard Catholics and Protestants as gallant soldiers, whose deaths, when they fall, are not painful, but glorious ; and whose devotion we are equally able to admire, even where we cannot equally approve their cause. Courage and self-sacrifice are beautiful alike in an enemy and in a friend. And while we exult in that chivalry

with which the Smithfield martyrs bought England's freedom with their blood, so we will not refuse our admiration to those other gallant men whose high forms, in the sunset of the old faith, stand transfigured on the horizon, tinged with the light of its dying glory.

Secretary Bedyll complained to Cromwell of the obstinacy of certain friars and monks, who, he thought, would confer a service on the country by dying quietly, lest honest men should incur unmerited obloquy in putting them to death. Among these, the brethren of the London Charterhouse were especially mentioned as recalcitrant, and they were said at the same time to bear a high reputation for holiness. In a narrative written by a member of this body we are brought face to face, at their time of trial, with one of the few religious establishments in England which continued to deserve the name; and we may see, in the scenes which are there described, the highest representation of struggles which, graduated variously according to character and temper, and, without the tragical result, may have been witnessed in very many of the monastic houses. The writer was a certain Maurice Channey, probably an Irishman. He went through the same sufferings with the rest of the brethren, and was one of the small fraction who finally gave way under the trial. He was set at liberty, and escaped abroad; and, in penance for his weakness, he left on record the touching story of his fall, and of the triumph of his bolder companions.

He commences with his own confession. He had fallen when others stood. He was, as he says, an unworthy brother, a Saul among the prophets, a Judas among the apostles, a child of Ephraim turning himself back in the day of battle—for which his cowardice, while his brother monks were saints in

heaven, he was doing penance in sorrow, tossing on the waves of the wide world. The early chapters contain a loving lingering picture of his cloister life—to him the perfection of earthly happiness. It is placed before us, in all its superstition, its devotion and its simplicity, the counterpart, even in minute details, of the stories of the Saxon recluses when monasticism was in the young vigour of its life. St. Bede or St. Cuthbert might have found himself in the house of the London Carthusians, and he would have had few questions to ask, and no duties to learn or to unlearn. The form of the buildings would have seemed more elaborate; the notes of the organ would have added richer solemnity to the services; but the salient features of the scene would have been all familiar. He would have lived in a cell of the same shape, he would have thought the same thoughts, spoken the same words in the same language. The prayers, the daily life, almost the very faces with which he was surrounded, would have seemed all unaltered. A thousand years of the world's history had rolled by, and these lonely islands of prayer had remained still anchored in the stream; the strands of the ropes which held them, wearing now to a thread, and very near their last parting, but still unbroken. What they had been they were; and, if Maurice Channey's description had come down to us as the account of the monastery in which Offa of Mercia did penance for his crimes, we could have detected no internal symptoms of a later age.

His pages are filled with the old familiar stories of visions and miracles; of strange adventures befalling the chalices and holy wafers; of angels with wax candles; innocent phantoms which flitted round brains and minds fevered by asceticism. There are

accounts of certain *fratres reprobī et eorum terribilis punitio*—frail brethren and the frightful catastrophes which ensued to them. Brother Thomas, who told stories out of doors, *apud sæculares*, was attacked one night by the devil; and the fiend would have strangled him but for the prayers of a companion. Brother George, who craved after the fleshpots of Egypt, was walking one day about the cloister when he ought to have been at chapel, and the great figure upon the cross at the end of the gallery turned its back upon him as it hung, and drove him all but mad. Brother John Daly found fault with his dinner, and said that he would as soon eat toads—*Mira res! Justus Deus non fraudavit eum desiderio suo*—his cell was for three months filled with toads. If he threw them into the fire, they hopped back to him unscorched; if he killed them, others came to take their place.

But these bad brothers were rare exceptions. In general the house was perhaps the best ordered in England. The hospitality was well sustained, the charities were profuse, and whatever we may think of the intellect which could busy itself with fancies seemingly so childish, the monks were true to their vows, and true to their duty, as far as they comprehended what duty meant. Among many good, the prior John Haughton was the best. He was of an old English family, and had been educated at Cambridge, where he must have been the contemporary of Latimer. At the age of twenty-eight he took the vows as a monk, and had been twenty years a Carthusian at the opening of the troubles of the Reformation. He is described as “small in stature, in figure graceful, in countenance dignified”. “In manner he was most modest; in eloquence most sweet; in chastity without

stain." We may readily imagine his appearance; with that feminine austerity of expression which, as has been well said, belongs so peculiarly to the features of the mediæval ecclesiastics.

Such was the society of the monks of the Charterhouse, who, in an era too late for their continuance, and guilty of being unable to read the signs of the times, were summoned to wage unequal battle with the world. From the commencement of the divorce cause they had espoused instinctively the queen's side; they had probably, in common with their affiliated house at Sion, believed unwisely in the nun of Kent; and, as pious Catholics, they regarded the reforming measures of the Parliament with dismay and consternation. The year 1533, says Maurice, was ushered in with signs in heaven and prodigies upon earth, as if the end of the world was at hand; as indeed of the monks and the monks' world the end was truly at hand. And then came the spring of 1534, when the Act was passed cutting off the Princess Mary from the succession, and requiring of all subjects of the realm an oath of allegiance to Elizabeth, and a recognition of the king's marriage with Queen Anne. Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher went to the Tower rather than swear; and about the same time the royal commissioners appeared at the Charterhouse to require the submission of the brethren. The regular clergy through the kingdom had bent to the storm. The conscience of the London Carthusians was less elastic; they were the first and, with the exception of More and Fisher, the only recusants. "The prior did answer to the commissioners," Maurice tells us, "that he knew nothing of such matters, and could not meddle with them; and they continuing to insist, and the prior being still unable to give other answer, he

was sent with Father Humphrey, our proctor, to the Tower." There he remained for a month; and at the end of it he was persuaded by "certain good and learned men" that the cause was not one for which it was lawful to suffer. He undertook to comply, *sub conditione*, with some necessary reservations, and was sent home to the cloister. As soon as he returned the brethren assembled in their chapter-house "in confusion and great perplexity," and Haughton told them what he had promised. He would submit, he said, and yet his misgivings foretold to him that a submission so made could not long avail. "Our hour, dear brethren," he continued, "is not yet come. In the same night in which we were set free I had a dream that I should not escape thus. Within a year I shall be brought again to that place, and then I shall finish my course." If martyrdom was so near and so inevitable, the remainder of the monks were at first reluctant to purchase a useless delay at the price of their convictions. The commissioners came with the lord mayor for the oath, and it was refused. They came again, with the threat of instant imprisonment for the whole fraternity; "and then," says Maurice, "they prevailed with us. We all swore as we were required, making one condition, that we submitted only so far as was lawful for us so to do. Thus, like Jonah, we were delivered from the belly of this monster, this *immanis ceta*, and began again to rejoice like him, under the shadow of the gourd of our home. But it is better to trust in the Lord than in princes, in whom is no salvation; God had prepared a worm that smote our gourd and made it to perish."

This worm, as may be supposed, was the Act of Supremacy, with the Statute of Treasons which was attached to it. It was ruled, as I have said, that

inadequate answers to official inquiry formed sufficient ground for prosecution under these Acts. But this interpretation was not generally known; nor among those who knew it was it certain whether the Crown would avail itself of the powers which it thus possessed, or whether it would proceed only against such offenders as had voluntarily committed themselves to opposition. In the opening of the following year (1535) the first uncertainty was at an end; it was publicly understood that persons who had previously given cause for suspicion might be submitted to question. When this bitter news was no longer doubtful, the prior called the convent together, and gave them notice to prepare for what was coming. They lay already under the shadow of treason; and he anticipated, among other evil consequences of disobedience, the immediate dissolution of the house. Even he, with all his forebodings, was unprepared for the course which would really be taken with them. "When we were all in great consternation," writes our author, "he said to us:—

"'Very sorry am I, and my heart is heavy, especially for you, my younger friends, of whom I see so many round me. Here you are living in your innocence. The yoke will not be laid on your necks, nor the rod of persecution. But if you are taken hence, and mingle among the Gentiles, you may learn the works of them, and having begun in the spirit you may be consumed in the flesh. And there may be others among us whose hearts are still infirm. If these mix again with the world, I fear how it may be with them; and what shall I say, and what shall I do, if I cannot save those whom God has trusted to my charge?'

"Then all who were present," says Channey, "burst

into tears, and cried with one voice, 'Let us die together in our integrity, and heaven and earth shall witness for us how unjustly we are cut off.'

"The prior answered, sadly, 'Would, indeed, that it might be so; that so dying we might live, as living we die—but they will not do to us so great a kindness, nor to themselves so great an injury. Many of you are of noble blood; and what I think they will do is this: Me and the elder brethren they will kill; and they will dismiss you that are young into a world which is not for you. *If, therefore, it depend on me alone—if my oath will suffice for the house—I will throw myself for your sakes on the mercy of God. I will make myself anathema; and to preserve you from these dangers, I will consent to the King's will.* If, however, they have determined otherwise—if they choose to have the consent of us all—the will of God be done. If one death will not avail, we will die all.'

"So then, bidding us prepare for the worst, that the Lord when He knocked might find us ready, he desired us to choose each our confessor, and to confess our sins one to another, giving us power to grant each other absolution.

"The day after he preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th Psalm—'O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us';¹ concluding with the words, 'It is better that we should suffer here a short penance for our faults, than be reserved for the eternal pains of hell hereafter';—and so ending, he turned to us and bade us all do as we saw him do. Then rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the brethren, who was sitting nearest to himself, and,

¹The 60th in the English version.

kneeling before him, begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word or deed he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, and said the same; and so to the next, through us all, we following him and saying as he did, each from each imploring pardon."

Thus, with unobtrusive nobleness, did these poor men prepare themselves for their end; not less beautiful in their resolution, not less deserving the everlasting remembrance of mankind, than those three hundred who in the summer morning sat combing their golden hair in the passes of Thermopylæ. We will not regret their cause; there is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words which he does not mean. Nor, in this their hour of trial, were they left without higher comfort.

"The third day after," the story goes on, "was the mass of the Holy Ghost, and God made known His presence among us. For when the host was lifted up, there came as it were a whisper of air, which breathed upon our faces as we knelt. Some perceived it with the bodily senses; all felt it as it thrilled into their hearts. And then followed a sweet, soft sound of music, at which our venerable father was so moved, God being thus abundantly manifest among us, that he sank down in tears, and for a long time could not continue the service—we all remaining stupefied, hearing the melody, and feeling the marvellous effects of it upon our spirits, but knowing neither whence it came nor whither it went. Only our hearts rejoiced as we perceived that God was with us indeed."

Comforted and resolute, the brotherhood awaited patiently the approach of the commissioners; and they waited long, for the Crown was in no haste to be severe.

The statutes had been passed in no spirit of cruelty ; they were weapons to be used in case of extremity ; and there was no attempt to enforce them until forbearance was misconstrued into fear. Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester remained unquestioned in the Tower, and were allowed free intercourse with their friends. The Carthusian monks were left undisturbed, although the attitude which they had assumed was notorious, and although the prior was known to forbid his penitents in confession to acknowledge the king's supremacy. If the Government was at length driven to severity, it was because the clergy forced them to it in spite of themselves.

The clergy had taken the oath, but they held themselves under no obligation to observe it ; or if they observed the orders of the Crown in the letter, they thwarted those orders in the spirit. The Treason Act had for a while overawed them ; but finding that its threats were confined to language, that months passed away, and that no person had as yet been prosecuted, they fell back into open opposition, either careless of the consequences, or believing that the Government did not dare to exert its powers. The details of their conduct during the spring months of this year I am unable to discover ; but it was such as at length, on the 17th of April, provoked the following circular to the lords-lieutenant of the various counties :—

“ Right trusty and well-beloved cousin, we greet you well ; and whereas it has come to our knowledge that sundry persons, as well religious as secular priests and curates in their parishes and in divers places within this our realm, do daily, as much as in them is, set forth and extol the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, otherwise called the Pope ; sowing their seditious, pestilent and false doctrines ; praying for him in the

pulpit and making him a god; to the great deceit of our subjects, bringing them into errors and evil opinions; more preferring the power, laws and jurisdiction of the said Bishop of Rome than the most holy laws and precepts of Almighty God: We therefore, minding not only to proceed for an unity and quietness among our said subjects, but also greatly coveting and desiring them to be brought to a knowledge of the mere verity and truth, and no longer to be seduced with any such superstitious and false doctrines of any earthly usurper of God's laws—will, therefore, and command you, that whensoever ye shall hear of any such seditious persons, ye indelayedly do take and apprehend them or cause them to be apprehended and taken, and so committed to ward, there to remain without bail or main-prize, until, upon your advertisement thereof to us and to our council, ye shall know our further pleasure.

“HENRY R.”

In obvious connection with the issue of this publication, the monks of the Charterhouse were at length informed that they would be questioned on the supremacy. The great body of the religious houses had volunteered an outward submission. The London Carthusians, with other affiliated establishments, had remained passive, and had thus furnished an open encouragement to disobedience. We are instinctively inclined to censure an interference with persons who at worst were but dreamers of the cloister; and whose innocence of outward offences we imagine might have served them for a shield. Unhappily, behind the screenwork of these poor saints a whole Irish insurrection was blazing in madness and fury; and in the northern English counties were some sixty thousand persons ready to rise in arms. In these

great struggles men are formidable in porportion to their virtues. The noblest Protestants were chosen by the Catholics for the stake. The fagots were already growing which were to burn Tyndal, the translator of the Bible. It was the habit of the time, as it is the habit of all times of real danger, to spare the multitude but to strike the leaders, to make responsibility the shadow of power, to choose for punishment the most efficacious representatives of the spirit which it was necessary to subdue.

The influence of the Carthusians, with that of the two great men who were following the same road to the same goal, determined multitudes in the attitude which they would assume, and in the duty which they would choose. The Carthusians, therefore, were to be made to bend ; or if they could not be bent, to be made examples in their punishment, as they had made themselves examples in their resistance. They were noble and good ; but there were others in England good and noble as they, who were not of their fold ; and whose virtues, thenceforward more required by England than cloistered asceticisms, had been blighted under the shadow of the Papacy. The Catholics had chosen the alternative, either to crush the free thought which was bursting from the soil, or else to be crushed by it ; and the future of the world could not be sacrificed to preserve the exotic graces of mediæval saints. They fell, gloriously and not unprofitably. They were not allowed to stay the course of the Reformation ; but their sufferings, nobly borne, sufficed to recover the sympathy of after-ages for the faith which they professed.

To return to the narrative of Maurice Channev. Notice of the intention of the Government having been signified to the order, Father Webster and

Father Lawrence, the priors of the two daughter houses of Axholm and Belville, came up to London three weeks after Easter, and, with Haughton, presented themselves before Cromwell with an entreaty to be excused the submission. For answer to their petition they were sent to the Tower, where they were soon after joined by Father Reynolds, one of the recalcitrant monks of Sion. These four were brought on the 26th of April before a committee of the privy council, of which Cromwell was one. The Act of Supremacy was laid before them, and they were required to signify their acceptance of it. They refused, and two days after they were brought to trial before a special commission. They pleaded all "not guilty". They had of course broken the Act; but they would not acknowledge that guilt could be involved in disobedience to a law which was itself unlawful. Their words in the Tower to the privy council formed the matter of the charge against them. It appears from the record that on their examination, "they, treacherously machinating and desiring to deprive the King our sovereign lord of his title of supreme Head of the Church of England, did openly declare, and say, the King our sovereign lord is not supreme Head on earth of the Church of England".

But their conduct on the trial, or at least the conduct of Haughton, spared all difficulty in securing a conviction. The judges pressed the prior "not to show so little wisdom as to maintain his own opinion against the consent of the realm". He replied that he had resolved originally to imitate the example of his Master before Herod, and say nothing. "But since you urge me," he continued, "that I may satisfy my own conscience and the consciences of these who are present, I will say that our opinion, if it might go by the suffrages

of men, would have more witnesses than yours. You can produce on your side but the Parliament of a single kingdom; I, on mine, have the whole Christian world except that kingdom. Nor have you all even of your own people. The lesser part is with you. The majority, who seem to be with you, do but dissemble, to gain favour with the King, or for fear they should lose their honours and their dignities."

Cromwell asked him of whom he was speaking. "Of all the good men in the realm," he replied; "and, when his Majesty knows the truth, I know well he will be beyond measure offended with those of his bishops who have given him the counsel which he now follows."

"Why," said another of the judges, "have you, contrary to the King's authority within the realm, persuaded so many persons as you have done to disobey the King and Parliament?"

"I have declared my opinion," he answered, "to no man living but to those who came to me in confession, which in discharge of my conscience I could not refuse. But if I did not declare it then, I will declare it now, because I am thereto obliged to God." He neither looked for mercy nor desired it. A writ was issued for the return of a petty jury the following day. The prisoners were taken back to the Tower, and the next morning were brought again to the bar. Feron and Hale, the two priests whose conversation had been overheard at Sion, were placed on their trial at the same time. The two latter threw themselves on the mercy of the court. A verdict of guilty was returned against the other four. The sentence was for the usual punishment of high treason. Feron was pardoned; I do not find on what account. Hale and the Carthusians were to suffer together. When Haughton heard

the sentence, he merely said, "This is the judgment of the world".

An interval of five days was allowed after the trial. On the 4th of May the execution took place at Tyburn, under circumstances which marked the occasion with peculiar meaning. The punishment in cases of high treason was very terrible. I need not dwell upon the form of it. The English were a hard, fierce people; and with these poor sufferers the law of the land took its course without alleviation or interference. But another feature distinguished the present execution. For the first time in English history ecclesiastics were brought out to suffer in their habits, without undergoing the previous ceremony of degradation. Thenceforward the world were to know that as no sanctuary any more should protect traitors, so the sacred office should avail as little; and the hardest blow which it had yet received was thus dealt to superstition, shaking from its place in the minds of all men the keystone of the whole system.

To the last moment escape was left open, if the prisoners would submit. Several members of the council attended them to the closing scene, for a final effort of kindness; but they had chosen their course, and were not to be moved from it. Haughton, as first in rank, had the privilege of first dying. When on the scaffold, in compliance with the usual custom, he spoke a few touching and simple words to the people. "I call to witness Almighty God," he said, "and all good people, and I beseech you all here present to bear witness for me in the day of judgment, that being here to die, I declare that it is from no obstinate, rebellious spirit that I do not obey the King, but because I fear to offend the Majesty of God. Our holy mother the Church has decreed otherwise

than the King and the Parliament have decreed, and therefore, rather than disobey the Church, I am ready to suffer. Pray for me, and have mercy on my brethren, of whom I have been the unworthy prior." He then knelt down, repeating the first few verses of the 31st Psalm, and after a few moments delivered himself to the executioner. The others followed, undaunted. As one by one they went to their death, the council, at each fresh horrible spectacle, urged the survivors to have pity on themselves; but they urged them in vain. The faces of these men did not grow pale; their voices did not shake; they declared themselves liege subjects of the king, and obedient children of holy Church; "giving God thanks that they were held worthy to suffer for the truth". All died without a murmur. The stern work was ended with quartering the bodies; and the arm of Haughton was hung up as a bloody sign over the archway of the Charterhouse, to awe the remaining brothers into submission.

But the spirit of the old martyrs was in these friars. One of them, like the Theban sister, bore away the honoured relic and buried it; and all resolved to persist in their resigned opposition. Six weeks were allowed them to consider. At the end of that time three more were taken, tried and hanged, and this still proving ineffectual, Cromwell hesitated to proceed.

The end of the story is very touching and may be told briefly, that I may not have occasion to return to it. Maurice's account is probably exaggerated, and is written in a tone of strong emotion; but it has all the substantial features of truth. The remaining monks were left in the house; and two secular priests were sent to take charge of the establishment, who starved and ill-used them; and were themselves, according to

Maurice, sensual and profligate. From time to time they were called before the privy council. Their friends and relatives were ordered to work upon them. No effort either of severity or kindness was spared to induce them to submit; as if their attitude, so long as it was maintained, was felt as a reproach by the Government. At last, four were carried down to Westminster Abbey, to hear the Bishop of Durham deliver his famous sermon against the Pope; and when this rhetorical inanity had also failed, and as they were thought to confirm one another in their obstinacy, they were dispersed among other houses the temper of which could be depended upon. Some were sent to the north; others to Sion, where a new prior had been appointed of zealous loyalty; others were left at home to be disciplined by the questionable seculars. But nothing answered. Two found their way into active rebellion, and being concerned in the Pilgrimage of Grace, were hung in chains at York. Ten were sent to Newgate, where nine died miserably of prison fever and filth; the tenth survivor was executed. The remainder, of whom Maurice was one, went through a form of submission, with a mental reservation, and escaped abroad.

So fell the monks of the London Charterhouse, splintered to pieces—for so only could their resistance be overcome—by the iron sceptre and the iron hand which held it. They were, however, alone of their kind. There were many perhaps who wished to resemble them, who would have imitated their example had they dared. But all bent except these. If it had been otherwise, the Reformation would have been impossible, and perhaps it would not have been needed. Their story claims from us that sympathy which is the due of their exalted courage. But we

cannot blame the Government. Those who know what the condition of the country really was must feel their inability to suggest, with any tolerable reasonableness, what else could have been done. They may regret so hard a necessity, but they will regret in silence. The king, too, was not without feeling. It was no matter of indifference to him that he found himself driven to such stern courses with his subjects; and as the golden splendour of his manhood was thus suddenly clouding, "he commanded all about his Court to poll their heads," in public token of mourning; "and to give them example, he caused his own head to be polled; and from thenceforth his beard to be knotted, and to be no more shaven".

SOLWAY MOSS, 1542.

A PROTRACTED invasion, so late in the season, was, for many reasons, undesirable. No force large enough to penetrate into the country with safety could maintain itself more than a few days. The Borderers had been the chief offenders; and the campaign was to be a Border foray on a vast scale. On the 21st of October Norfolk entered Scotland with twenty thousand men, and remained in the Lothians for nine days. The harvest had been newly gathered in: it was reduced to ashes. Farms, villages, towns, abbeys, went down in blazing ruins; and having fringed the Tweed with a black broad mourning rim of havoc, fifteen miles across, and having thus inflicted a lesson which, for the present season at least, would not be forgotten, he then withdrew. Fifteen thousand Scots hung upon his skirts, but would not venture an engagement; and he returned in insolent leisure to Berwick. Here, owing to a want of foresight in the commissariat department, he found the supplies inadequate to the maintenance of his followers, and with some misgiving lest the enemy might attempt a retaliation which, with reduced numbers, he might find a difficulty in preventing, he left in garrison for the winter a fifth only of his army, and, sending the rest to their homes, he rejoined the council at York.

In a despatch to Sir T. Wriothesley, on the 9th of November, he confessed his surprise at the Scottish

inaction, and attributed it justly to disagreement among themselves and want of ability in their leaders. A further conjecture, that "the King would gladly agree with England, but his council would not suffer him," was less well founded. James was present in person with the Scottish force; and hot spirited, and perhaps the more passionate from a latent knowledge of the unwisdom of his course, he had longed for the excitement of a battle. He would have attacked Norfolk while within his frontier; he would have pursued his retreat; he desired afterwards to carry fire and sword into Northumberland. But the Scottish lords, either retaining a wholesome memory of Flodden, or from some other cause, refused to follow. James exploded in anger. He called them traitors, cowards, unworthy of their ancestors; but to no purpose. Some were kinsmen of the Douglasses, and still resented their exile; some hated the clergy, and carried on their hatred to the war which the clergy had promoted. Deaf to entreaties and indifferent to taunts, they watched the English across the Tweed, and dispersed to their homes.

The king, deserted by his subjects, returned sullenly to Edinburgh. Such members of the council as shared his disappointment, and would humour his mood, were called together, and Beton played upon his irritation to strike a blow which he had long meditated, and had once already attempted in vain. The absorption of the Church lands by the English laity had not been without an effect upon their northern neighbours. In the first panic, when the idea was new, and the word sacrilege was sounded in their ears, the Scottish noblemen had united in the clamours of the clergy, and had expected some great judgment to mark the anger of Heaven. But years had passed on without bringing

the threatened punishments. England was standing prouder and stronger than ever; and even such good Catholics as the Irish chiefs had commenced a similar process of deglutition, much to their comfort. The double example brought with it a double force. Many worthy people began to think it might be wisely imitated; and the suspected of the Church were among the late recusants in the army. Beton drew up a list of more than a hundred earls, knights and gentlemen, whom he represented to be heretics, and to meditate a design of selling their country to England. To cut them off would be a service to Heaven; and their estates, which would be confiscated, would replenish the deficiencies in the treasury. The first time this pretty suggestion had been made to James he had rejected it with fitting detestation; now he told Beton that "he saw his words were true," and that "his nobles desired neither his honour nor his continuance". If the cardinal and the clergy would find him the means of making his raid into England without them, and revenge their backwardness by a separate victory, he would devote himself heart and soul to the Church's cause, and Beton should be his adviser for ever.

The secret was scrupulously guarded. Letters were circulated privately among such of the nobles as were of undoubted orthodoxy, among the retainers and connections of the bishops and abbots, and among those whose personal loyalty would outweigh either prudence or any other interest. The order was to meet the king at Lochmaben on the night of the 24th of November. No details were given of the intended enterprise. A miscellaneous host was summoned to assemble, without concert, without organisation, without an object ascertained, or any leader mentioned but James,

Ten thousand men gathered in the darkness under this wild invitation. The Western Border was feebly defended. The body of the English were at Berwick. The Scots found that they were expected on the instant, before warning could be given, to cross into the Marches of Cumberland, to waste the country in revenge for the inroad of Norfolk, and, if possible, surprise Carlisle. The cardinal and the Earl of Arran would meanwhile distract the attention of the troops at Berwick by a demonstration at Newark.

At midnight, more like a mob than an army, they marched out of Lochmaben. James alone could have given coherence to their movements, for in his name only they were met. James, for the first and last time in his life, displayed either prudence or personal timidity, and allowed them to advance without him. Each nobleman and gentleman held together his personal followers; but no one knew in the darkness who was present, who was absent. A shadow of imagined command lay with Lord Maxwell as Warden of the Marches; but the King of Scots, jealous ever of the best-affected of his lords, intended to keep the credit of the success, yet without sharing in the enterprise. He had therefore perilously allowed the expedition to go forward with no nominal head; and, as soon as the border was crossed, Oliver Sinclair, one of those worthless minions with which the Scottish Court, to its misfortune, was so often burdened, was instructed to declare himself the general-in-chief in the king's name.

The arrangements had been laid skilfully, so far as effecting a surprise. The November night covered the advance, and no hint of the approach of the Scots preceded them. They were across the Esk before daybreak, and the Cumberland farmers, waking from

their sleep, saw the line of their corn-stacks smoking from Longtown to the Roman wall. The garrison of Carlisle, ignorant of the force of the invaders, dared not, for the first hours of the morning, leave the walls of the city, and there was no other available force in readiness. The Scots spread unresisted over the country, wasting at their pleasure.

But the English borderers were not the men to stand by quietly as soon as they had recovered from their first alarm. There were no men-at-arms at hand; but the farmers and their farm-servants had but to snatch their arms and spring into their saddles, and they became at once "the Northern Horse," famed as the finest light cavalry in the known world. As the day grew on they gathered in tens and twenties. By the afternoon, Sir Thomas Wharton, Lord Dacres and Lord Musgrave had collected three or four hundred, who hovered about the enemy, cutting off the stragglers, and driving the scattered parties in upon the main body. Being without organisation and with no one to give orders, the Scots flocked together as they could, and their numbers added to their confusion. The cry rose for direction, and in the midst of the tumult, at the most critical moment, Oliver Sinclair was lifted on spears and proclaimed through the crowd as commander. Who was Sinclair? men asked. Every knight and gentleman, every common clan follower, felt himself and his kindred insulted. The evening was closing in; the attacks of the English became hotter; the tumult and noise increased, "every man calling his own slogan"; and a troop of Cumberland horse showing themselves in the dusk on an unexpected side, a shout was raised that the Duke of Norfolk was upon them with the army of the Tweed. A moment's thought would have shown

them that Norfolk could not be within thirty miles of Carlisle; but his name caused a panic, and reflection was impossible. Few or none in the whole multitude knew the ground, and 10,000 men were blundering like sheep, in the darkness, back upon the border.

But here a fresh difficulty rose. The tide was flowing up the Solway. They had lost the route by which they had advanced in the morning, and had strayed towards the sea. Some flung away their arms and struggled over the water; some were drowned; some ran into the ruins of the houses which they had burnt, and surrendered themselves to women when there were no men to take them. The main body wandered at last into Solway Moss, a morass between Gretna and the Esk, where Wharton, who knew where he was, had them at his mercy, and substantially the whole army were either killed or made prisoners. Intending to remain for several days in England, they had brought tents and stores. They had twenty-four cannon, with carts and ammunition. All were left behind and taken. Lord Maxwell refused to turn his back, and fell early in the evening into the hands of the English. "Stout Oliver was taken without stroke, flying full manfully." In the morning Wharton sent a list of captures to the king, with the names of the Earls of Cassalis and Glencairn, Lords Maxwell, Fleming, Somerville, Oliphant, and Grey, Sir Oliver Sinclair, and two hundred gentlemen. Never, in all the wars between England and Scotland, had there been a defeat more complete, more sudden and disgraceful. More lives were lost at Flodden; but at Flodden two armies had met fairly matched, and the Scotch had fallen with their faces to their enemies. At Solway Moss ten thousand men had fled before a few

hundred farmers, whom they had surprised in their homes. "Worldly men say that all this came by mis-order and fortune," said Knox; "but whoever has the least spunk of the knowledge of God, may as evidently see the work of His hand in this discomfiture as ever was seen in any of the battles left to us in register by the Holy Ghost." The folly of venturing such an expedition without order or leader may account for the failure; but who shall account for the folly? The unlucky king was given over to believe a lie. "The cardinal had promised heaven for the destruction of England;" and the cardinal had mistaken wholly the intentions of heaven upon the matter. In the dead of the night stragglers dropped into Lochmaben, with their tale of calamity. The king had not slept. He had sat still, watching for news; and when the tidings came they were his death blow. With a long, bitter cry, he exclaimed, "Oh! fled Oliver! Is Oliver taken? Oh! fled Oliver!" And, muttering the same miserable words, he returned to Edinburgh, half paralysed with shame and sorrow. There other ominous news were waiting for him. An English herald had been at the court for a fortnight with a message from Henry, to which he expected a reply. The invasion was the answer which James intended, and on the fatal night of the march the herald was dismissed. On the road to Dunbar, two of the northern refugees who had been out in the rebellion overtook and murdered him. A crime for which the king was but indirectly responsible need not have added much to the weight of the lost battle; but one of the murderers had been intimate with Beton. To kill a herald was, by the law of arms, sacrilege, and fresh disgrace had been brought upon a cause of which his better judgment saw too clearly the injustice. The cardinal

came back from the Border to concert measures to repair the disaster of the Solway, but his presence was unendurable. James, as well as Knox, saw in the overwhelming calamity which had prostrated him the immediate judgment of the upper powers, and, in a dreamy, half-conscious melancholy, he left Holyrood, and wandered into Fife to the discarded minister whose advice he had so fatally neglected, the old Lord Treasurer. Kirkaldy himself was absent from home. His wife received the king with loyal affection; but he had no definite purpose in going thither, and he would not remain. The hand of death was upon him, and he knew it, and he waited its last grasp with passive indifference. "My portion in this world is short," he said to her; "I shall not be with you fifteen days." His servants asked him where he would spend his Christmas. "I cannot tell," he said; "but this I can tell—on yule day ye will be masterless, and the realm without a king."

Two boys whom Mary of Guise had borne to him had died in the year preceding. The queen was at Linlithgow, expecting every day her third confinement. But James was weary of earth and earthly interests. He showed no desire to see her. He went languidly to Falkland; and there, on the 8th of December, came tidings that there was again an heir to the crown; that a princess, known afterwards as Mary Stuart, had been brought into the world. But he could not rally out of his apathy. He only said, "The deil go with it. It will end as it begun. It came from a lass, and it will end with a lass." And so, falling back into his old song, "Fie! fled Oliver! Is Oliver taken? All is lost!" in a few more days he moaned away his life. In the pocket of his dress

was found Beton's scroll, with the list of names marked for destruction.

To such end had the blessing of Paul III., and the cap, and the sword, and the midnight mass brought at last a gallant gentleman.

KET'S REBELLION, 1549.

THE eastern counties had been the scene meanwhile ¹ of another insurrection scarcely less formidable.

On the 6th of July, four days after the commencement of the siege of Exeter, there was a gathering of the people for an annual festival at Wymondham, a few miles from Norwich. The crowd was large, and the men who were brought together found themselves possessed with one general feeling—a feeling of burning indignation at the un-English conduct of the gentlemen. The peasant, whose pigs and cow and poultry had been sold or had died, because the commons were gone where they had fed—the yeoman dispossessed of his farm—the farm servant out of employ, because where ten ploughs had turned the soil one shepherd now watched the grazing of the flocks—the artisan smarting under the famine prices which the change of culture had brought with it:—all these were united in suffering; while the gentlemen were doubling, trebling, quadrupling their incomes with their sheep-farms, and adorning their persons and their houses with splendour hitherto unknown.

The English commons were not a patient race. To them it was plain that the commonwealth was betrayed for the benefit of the few. The Protector, they knew, wished them well, but he could not right them for want of power. They must redress their own wrongs

¹ During the rising in the West in favour of the old religion.—A.

with their own hands. The word went out for a rising; Robert Ket, a Wymondham tanner, took the lead; and far and wide round Norwich, out in the country, and over the border in Suffolk, the peasants spread in busy swarms cutting down park palings, driving deer, filling ditches and levelling banks and hedges. A central camp was formed on Mousehold Hill, on the north of Norwich, where Ket established his headquarters; and gradually as many as 16,000 men collected about him in a camp of turf huts roofed with boughs. In the middle of the common stood a large oak-tree, where Ket sat daily to administer justice; and there, day after day, the offending country gentlemen were brought up for trial, charged with robbing the poor. The tribunal was not a bloody one. Those who were found guilty were imprisoned in the camp. Occasionally some gentleman would be particularly obnoxious, and there would be a cry to hang him; but Ket allowed no murdering. About property he was not so scrupulous. Property acquired by enclosing the people's lands, in the code of these early communists, was theft, and ought to be confiscated. "We," their leaders proclaimed, "the king's friends and deputies, do grant license to all men to provide and bring into the camp at Mousehold all manner of cattle and provision of victuals, in what place soever they may find the same, so that no violence or injury be done to any poor man, commanding all persons, as they tender the king's honour and royal majesty and the relief of the commonwealth, to be obedient to us the governors whose names ensue." To this order Ket's signature and fifty others were attached; and in virtue of a warrant which was liberally construed, the country houses over the whole neighbourhood were entered. Not only were sheep,

cows and poultry driven off, but guns, swords, pikes, lances, bows, were taken possession of in the name of the people. A common stock was formed at Mousehold, where the spoil was distributed; and to make up for past wants, they provided themselves, in the way of diet, so abundantly that, in the time which the camp lasted, 20,000 sheep were consumed there, with "infinite beefs," swans, hinds, ducks, capons, pigs and venison.

Considering the wild character of the assemblage, the order observed was remarkable. Chaplains were appointed, and morning and evening services—here not objected to—were regularly read. On the oak-tree, which was called the Oak of Reformation, there was placed a pulpit, where the clergy of the neighbourhood came from time to time, and were permitted without obstruction to lecture the people upon submission. Among others, came Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who, "mounting into the oak, advised them to leave off their enterprise," or, if they refused, at all events not "to waste their victuals," nor "to make the public good a pretext for private revenge". The magistrates and other local authorities were powerless. In London, the Protector could not resolve on any distinct course of action. Of the Norfolk insurgents he was believed distinctly to approve, and even to have been in private communication with their leaders. For several weeks they were unmolested. The city of Norwich was free to them to come and go. The mayor himself, partly by compulsion, had sat with Ket as joint assessor under the oak, and had been obeyed when he advised moderation. The ultimate intention, so far as the people had formed an intention, was to give a lesson to the gentlemen and to reform

the local abuses. They had no thought, like the western rebels, of moving on London, or moving anywhere. They were in permanent session on Mousehold Hill, and there they seemed likely to remain as long as there were sheep left to be eaten and landowners to be punished.

At last, on the 31st of July, a herald appeared at the oak, bidding all the people, in the king's name, depart to their houses, and for all that they had done promising, without exception, a free and entire pardon. The people shouted, "God save the King". They had lived a month at free quarters, they had given a lesson to the gentlemen, who had seen that the Government could not protect them; the pardon was a sanction to their enterprise, which might now fitly end. Undoubtedly, had the rising terminated thus, the commons would have gained what they desired. Ket, however, stood upon the word. "Pardon," he said, was for offenders, and they were no offenders, but good servants of the commonwealth.

The herald replied that he was a traitor, and offered to arrest him. The people thought they were betrayed, and in the midst of wild cries and uproar the mayor drew off into the town, taking the herald with him, and the gates were closed. This was taken at once as a declaration of war. A single night served for the preparations, and the next morning Norwich was assaulted. So fierce and resolute the people were, that boys and young lads pulled the arrows out of their flesh when wounded, and gave them to their own archers to return upon the citizens. After being repulsed again and again, a storming party at last made their way through the river over a weak spot in the walls, and the town was taken.

Regular armies under the circumstances of the now

victorious rebels are not always to be restrained—an English mob was still able to be moderate. The Norwich citizens had not been oppressors of the poor, and plunder was neither permitted nor attempted. The guns and ammunition only were carried off to the camp. The herald attempted to address the people in the market-place, but they bade him begone. Such of the inhabitants as they suspected they detained as prisoners, and withdrew to their quarters.

By this time the council were moving. The Protector proposed at first to go himself into Norfolk; but either he was distrusted by the others, or preferred to leave the odium of severe measures to them. Northampton was selected to lead; and it is to be noticed that no reliance could be placed on levies of troops raised in the ordinary way; Lord Sheffield, Lord Wentworth, Sir Anthony Denny, Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir Thomas Cornwallis, and other members of the privy council, went with him; and their force was composed of the personal retinues of the lords and gentlemen, with a company of Italians.

The Norwich citizens, by this time alarmed at the humour of their neighbours, received them eagerly. Northampton took the command of the town, and the gates were again closed. The next morning the fighting recommenced, the Italians being first engaged; and an Italian officer being taken prisoner, with the same national hatred of foreigners which appeared in Devonshire, he was carried up to Mousehold, stripped naked and hung. The insurgents having the advantage, brought their cannon close to the walls. In the night, under cover of a heavy fire, they attempted an assault; and though they failed, and lost three hundred men, they fought so resolutely and desperately, that Northampton renewed the offer which had been sent by the herald of a free pardon.

But the blood of the commons was now up for battle. They had formed larger views in the weakness of the Government. They replied that they had not taken up arms against the king, but they would save the commonwealth and the king from bad advisers, and they would do it or die in the quarrel. Again the next day they stormed up to the walls. Struck down on all sides, they pressed dauntlessly on; a hundred and forty fell dead on the ramparts, and then Ket forced his way into Norwich, a second time victorious. Sheffield was killed, Cornwallis was taken, Northampton and his other companions fled for their lives. In the confusion some buildings were set on fire, and, as a punishment to the inhabitants for having taken part against them, the rebels this time plundered the houses of some of the more wealthy citizens. But they repented of having discredited their cause. The property which had been taken was made up afterwards in bundles and flung contemptuously into the shops of the owners.

Parallel to this misfortune came the news that Henry of France in person had at last entered the Boulonnaise, and that there was a fresh rising in Yorkshire, to which Russell's success in Devonshire was the only counterpoise. It was characteristic of the administration of Somerset that, with half England in flames, and the other half disaffected, and now openly at war with the most powerful nation on the continent, he was still meditating an invasion of Scotland. Of the Lanzknechts who had been brought over, some were in the west with Russell. The rest had been marched northwards under the command of the Earl of Warwick. But the defeat of Northampton made further perseverance in this direction impossible. Scotland was at last relinquished, left to itself or to France. Orders

were sent to Rutland, who was at Berwick, to cross the Tweed with such force as he had with him, to level the works at Haddington, and, leaving there the bodies of thousands of men, and the hundreds of thousands of pounds which had been spent upon the fortifications, to bring off the garrison. Warwick's destination was changed to Norwich, where he was ordered to proceed without delay. The German troops were to follow him by forced marches.

Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was now passing into prominence; he was the son of Edward Dudley, who had been the instrument of the oppressions of Henry VII., who, on the accession of Henry VIII., had taken part in a treasonable attempt to secure the person of the young king, and had died on the scaffold. The faults of the father had not been visited on the son. John Dudley was employed early in the public service. He had distinguished himself as a soldier, a diplomatist and as an admiral. As Lord Lisle, a title given to him by Henry, he had commanded the English fleet at Spithead at the time of the French invasion of 1545, and he was second in command under Somerset at Musselburgh. Perfectly free from vague enthusiasm, in his faults and in his virtues he was alike distinguished from the Protector. Shrewd, silent, cunning and plausible, he had avoided open collision with the uncle of the king; he had been employed on the northern Border, where he had done his own work skilfully; and if he had opposed Somerset's imprudent schemes, he had submitted, like the rest, as long as submission was possible. He had the art of gaining influence by affecting to disclaim a desire for it; and in his letters, of which many remain in the State Paper Office, there is a tone of studied moderation, a seeming disinterestedness, a thoughtful anxiety

for others. With something of the reality, something of the affectation of high qualities, with great personal courage, and a coolness which never allowed him to be off his guard, he had a character well fitted to impose on others, because, first of all, it is likely that he had imposed upon himself.

The news of the change in his destination, and of the causes of it, reached him about the 10th of August at Warwick. He wrote immediately to Cecil to entreat that Northampton might remain in the chief command. "Lord Northampton," he said, "by misfortune hath received discomfort enough, and haply this might give him occasion to think himself utterly discredited, and so for ever discourage him. I shall be as glad, for my part, to join with him, yea, and with all my heart to serve under him, as I would be to have the whole authority myself. I would wish that no man, for one mischance or evil hap, to which all be subject, should be utterly abject." Without waiting for an answer, and leaving the Germans to follow, he hastened to Cambridge, whither Northampton had retired, taking with him his sons, Lord Ambrose and Lord Robert, Sir Thomas Palmer, Sir Marmaduke Constable, and a few other gentlemen. Rallying the remains of Northampton's force, he made at once for Norfolk. He reached Wymondham on the 22nd of August; on the 23rd he was before the gates of Norwich; and for the third time Norroy Herald carried in the offer of a free pardon, with an intimation that it was made for the last time.

Ket had at length learnt some degree of prudence, and was inclined to be satisfied with his success. He allowed the herald to read the proclamation in all parts of the town and camp, he himself standing at his side; and he had made up his mind to return with him and

have an interview with Warwick, when an unlucky urchin who was present flung himself into an English attitude of impertinence, "with words as unseemly as his gesture was filthy". Some one, perhaps a servant of the herald, levelled his harquebuse, and shot "that ungracious boy through the body". A cut with a whip might have been endured or approved; at the needless murder shouts arose on all sides of treachery. In vain Ket attempted to appease the exasperation. He could not pacify the people, and he would not leave them. The herald retired from the city alone, and the chance of a bloodless termination of the rising was at an end.

The rebels, after the second capture of Norwich, had retained possession of it. Warwick instantly advanced. The gates were blown open, and he forced his way into the market-place, where sixty men, who were taken prisoners, were hanged on the spot. The insurgents, however, on their side, were not idle. A number of them, making the circuit of the walls, intercepted the ammunition waggons in the rear, and carried them off to Mousehold. The cannon were in front, and were placed at the north gate; but, with little or no powder, they were almost useless; and another party of the insurgents, with picked marksmen among them, charged up to the batteries, swept them clear of men by a well-aimed shot from a culverin, and carried off the guns in triumph.

Another storm of the city now seemed imminent. The force that Warwick had with him was the same which had been already defeated; a panic spread among them, and Warwick was urged to abandon the town—to retreat, and wait for reinforcements. But he knew that two days, at the furthest, would now bring them, and he would take the chances of the

interval. Death, he said, was better than dishonour. He would not leave Norwich till he had either put down the rebellion or lost his life. But so imminent appeared the peril at that moment, that he and the other knights and gentlemen drew their swords and kissed each other's blades, "according to ancient custom used among men of war in times of great danger".

Happily for Warwick, the rebels did not instantly follow up their success, and in losing the moment they lost all. On the 25th the Germans came up, and he was safe. The next morning, by a side movement, he cut off the camp from their provisions. They were left "with but water to drink, and fain to eat their meat without bread"; and on the 27th the whole body, perhaps 15,000 strong, broke up from Mousehold, set fire to their cabins, and, covered by the smoke, came down from their high ground into Duffindale. They had made up their minds to fight a decisive action, and they chose a ground where all advantages of irregular levies against regular troops were lost.

On the morning of the 27th they were drawn up in open fields where Warwick could attack at his pleasure. Before the first shot was fired he sent Sir Thomas Palmer forward, not now to offer a general pardon, for he saw that success was in his hand, but excepting only one or two persons. The message was received with a shout of refusal. The rebels opened the action with a round from their cannon which struck down the royal standard; but never for a moment had they a chance of victory; the sustained fire of the Lanzknechts threw their dense and unorganised masses into rapid confusion. As they wavered, Warwick's horse were in the midst of them, and the fields were covered instantly with a scattered and flying crowd. Ket rode for his life, and for the time escaped; the rest fulfilled

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the misleading prophecy, and for three miles strewed Duffindale with their bodies: 3,500 were cut down; one rarely hears of "wounded" on these occasions except among the victors. A few only stood their ground; and, seeing that flight was death, and that death was the worst they had to fear, determined to sell their lives dearly. They made a barricade of carts and waggons, and, with some heavy guns in the midst of them, prepared to fight to the last. Warwick respected their courage and offered them a pardon. They had an impression he had brought down a barrel full of ropes and halters, and that they were to be made over to the mercies of the gentlemen. They said they would submit if their lives were really to be spared; but they would "rather die like men than be strangled at the pleasure of their enemies". Warwick declined to parley. He brought up the Germans with levelled matchlocks, and they threw down their arms and surrendered. In this last party were some of the ringleaders of the movement. He was urged to make an example of them; but he insisted that he must keep his promise. Either from policy or from good feeling he was disinclined to severity. "Pitying their case," he said "that measure must be used in all things;" and when the fighting was over, the executions, considering the times and the provocation, were not numerous. Ket and his brother William were soon after taken and sent to London to be examined by the council. A gunner, two of the prophets and six more were hanged on the Oak of Reformation; and it appears that there were other prisoners whom the Protector released. In the autumn (but not till the change had taken place in the Government) the Kets were returned to their own county for punishment. Robert was hung in chains on Norwich Castle; William on the church

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tower at Wymondham. So ended the Norfolk rebellion, remarkable among other things for the order which was observed among the people during the seven weeks of lawlessness.

PROCLAMATION OF QUEEN JANE,
JULY, 1553.

THE death of Edward VI. was ushered in with signs and wonders, as if heaven and earth were in labour with revolution. The hail lay upon the grass in the London gardens as red as blood. At Middleton Stony, in Oxfordshire, anxious lips reported that a child had been born with one body, two heads, four feet and hands. About the time when the letters patent¹ were signed there came a storm such as no living Englishman remembered. The summer evening grew black as night. Cataracts of water flooded the houses in the city and turned the streets into rivers; trees were torn up by the roots and whirled through the air, and a more awful omen—the forked lightning—struck down the steeple of the church where the heretic service had been read for the first time.

The king died a little before nine o'clock on Thursday evening. His death was made a secret; but in the same hour a courier was galloping through the twilight to Hunsdon to bid Mary mount and fly. Her plans had been for some days prepared. She had been directed to remain quiet, but to hold herself ready to be up and away at a moment's warning. The lords who were to close her in would not be at their posts, and for a few hours the roads would be

¹ Embodying Edward VI.'s device for the succession.—A.

open. The Howards were looking for her in Norfolk; and thither she was to ride at her best speed, proclaiming her accession as she went along, and sending out her letters calling loyal Englishmen to rise in her defence.

So Mary's secret friends had instructed her to act, as her one chance. Mary, who, like all the Tudors, was most herself in the moments of greatest danger, followed a counsel boldly which agreed with her own opinion; and when Lord Robert Dudley came in the morning with a company of horse to look for her, she was far away. Relays of horses along the road, and such other precautions as could be taken without exciting suspicion, had doubtless not been overlooked.

Far different advice had been sent to her by the new ambassadors of the emperor. Scheyfne, who understood England and English habits, and who was sanguine of her success, had agreed to a course which had probably been arranged in concert with him; but on the 6th, the day of Edward's death, Renard and M. de Courieres, arrived from Brussels. To Renard, accustomed to countries where governments were everything and peoples nothing, for a single woman to proclaim herself queen in the face of those who had the armed force of the kingdom in their hands appeared like madness. Little confidence could be placed in her supposed friends, since they had wanted resolution to refuse their signatures to the instrument of her deposition. The emperor could not move; although he might wish well to her cause, the alliance of England was of vital importance to him, and he would not compromise himself with the faction, whose success notwithstanding Scheyfne's assurance, he looked upon as certain. Renard, therefore, lost not a moment in entreating the princess not to venture upon a course

from which he anticipated inevitable ruin. If the nobility or the people desired to have her for queen, they would make her queen. There was no need for her to stir. The remonstrance agreed fully with the opinion of Charles himself, who replied to Renard's account of his conduct with complete approval of it. The emperor's power was no longer equal to an attitude of menace ; he had been taught, by the repeated blunders of Reginald Pole, to distrust accounts of popular English sentiment ; and he disbelieved entirely in the ability of Mary and her friends to cope with a conspiracy so broadly contrived, and supported by the countenance of France. But Mary was probably gone from Hunsdon before advice arrived, to which she had been lost if she had listened. She had ridden night and day without a halt for a hundred miles to Keninghall, a castle of the Howards on the Waveney river. There, in safe hands, she would try the effect of an appeal to her country. If the nation was mute, she would then escape to the Low Countries.

In London, during Friday and Saturday, the death of Edward was known and unknown. Everyone talked of it as certain. Yet the duke still spoke of him as living, and public business was carried on in his name. On the 8th the mayor and aldermen were sent for to Greenwich to sign the letters patent. From them the truth could not be concealed, but they were sworn to secrecy before they were allowed to leave the palace. The conspirators desired to have Mary under safe custody in the Tower before the mystery was published to the world, and another difficulty was not yet got over.

The novelty of a female sovereign, and the supposed constitutional objection to it, were points in favour of the alteration which Northumberland was unwilling to

relinquish. The "device" had been changed in favour of Lady Jane; but Lady Jane was not to reign alone: Northumberland intended to hold the reins tight-grasped in his own hands, to keep the power in his own family, and to urge the sex of Mary as among the prominent occasions of her incapacity. England was still to have a king, and that king was to be Guilford Dudley.

Jane Grey, eldest daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, was nearly of the same age with Edward. Edward had been unhealthily precocious; the activity of his mind had been a symptom, or a cause, of the weakness of his body. Jane Grey's accomplishments were as extensive as Edward's; she had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness. Her character had developed with her talents. At fifteen she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own: but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyrics of admiring courtiers. She has left a portrait of herself drawn by her own hand; a portrait of piety, purity, and free, noble innocence, uncoloured, even to a fault, with the emotional weaknesses of humanity. While the effects of the Reformation in England had been chiefly visible in the outward dominion of scoundrels and in the eclipse of the hereditary virtues of the national character, Lady Jane Grey had lived to show that the defect was not in the Reformed faith, but in the absence of all faith,—that the graces of a St. Elizabeth could be rivalled by the pupil of Cranmer and Ridley.

When married to Guilford Dudley, Lady Jane had

entreated that, being herself so young, and her husband scarcely older, she might continue to reside with her mother. Lady Northumberland had consented; and the new-made bride remained at home till a rumour went abroad that Edward was on the point of death, when she was told that she must remove to her father-in-law's house, till "God should call the king to His mercy"; her presence would then be required at the Tower, the king having appointed her to be the heir to the crown.

This was the first hint which she had received of the fortune which was in store for her. She believed it to be a jest, and took no notice of the order to change her residence, till the Duchess of Northumberland came herself to fetch her. A violent scene ensued with Lady Suffolk. At last the duchess brought in Guilford Dudley, who commanded Lady Jane, on her allegiance as a wife, to return with him; and, "not choosing to be disobedient to her husband," she consented. The duchess carried her off, and kept her for three or four days a prisoner. Afterwards she was taken to a house of the duke's at Chelsea, where she remained till Sunday, the 9th of July, when a message was brought that she was wanted immediately at Sion House, to receive an order from the king.

She went alone. There was no one at the palace when she arrived; but immediately after Northumberland came, attended by Pembroke, Northampton, Huntingdon and Arundel. The Earl of Pembroke as he approached, knelt to kiss her hand. Lady Northumberland and Lady Northampton entered, and the duke, as president of the council, rose to speak.

"The King," he said, "was no more. A godly life had been followed, as a consolation to their sorrows,

by a godly end, and in leaving the world he had not forgotten his duty to his subjects. His Majesty had prayed on his deathbed that Almighty God would protect the realm from false opinions, and especially from his unworthy sister; he had reflected that both the Lady Mary and the Lady Elizabeth had been cut off by Act of Parliament from the succession as illegitimate; the Lady Mary had been disobedient to her father; she had been again disobedient to her brother; she was a capital and principal enemy of God's word; and both she and her sister were bastards born; King Henry did not intend that the crown should be worn by either of them; King Edward, therefore, had, before his death, bequeathed it to his cousin the Lady Jane; and, should the Lady Jane die without children, to her younger sister; and he had entreated the council, for their honours' sake and for the sake of the realm, to see that his will was observed."

Northumberland, as he concluded, dropt on his knees; the four lords knelt with him, and, doing homage to the Lady Jane as queen, they swore that they would keep their faith or lose their lives in her defence.

Lady Jane shook, covered her face with her hands, and fell fainting to the ground. Her first simple grief was for Edward's death; she felt it as the loss of a dearly loved brother. The weight of her own fortune was still more agitating; when she came to herself, she cried that it could not be; the crown was not for her, she could not bear it—she was not fit for it. Then, knowing nothing of the falsehoods which Northumberland had told her, she clasped her hands, and, in a revulsion of feeling, she prayed God that if the great place to which she was called was indeed justly hers,

He would give her grace to govern for His service and for the welfare of His people.

So passed Sunday, the 9th of July, at Sion House. In London, the hope of first securing Mary being disappointed, the king's death had been publicly acknowledged; circulars were sent out to the sheriffs, mayors and magistrates in the usual style, announcing the accession of Queen Jane, and the troops were sworn man by man to the new sovereign. Sir William Petre and Sir John Cheke waited on the emperor's ambassador to express a hope that the alteration in the succession would not affect the good understanding between the courts of England and Flanders. The preachers were set to work to pacify the citizens; and, if Scheyfne is to be believed, a blood cement was designed to strengthen the new throne; and Gardiner, the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Courtenay were directed to prepare for death in three days. But Northumberland would scarcely have risked an act of gratuitous tyranny. Norfolk, being under attainder, might have been put to death without violation of the *forms* of law, by warrant from the Crown; but Gardiner was uncondemned, and Courtenay had never been accused of crime.

The next day, Monday, the 10th of July, the royal barges came down the Thames from Richmond; and at three o'clock in the afternoon Lady Jane landed at the broad staircase at the Tower, as queen, in undesired splendour. A few scattered groups of spectators stood to watch the arrival; but it appeared from their silence, that they had been brought together chiefly by curiosity. As the gates closed, the heralds-at-arms, with a company of the archers of the guard, rode into the city, and at the cross in Cheapside, Paul's Cross and Fleet Street they proclaimed "that the Lady

Mary was unlawfully begotten, and that the Lady Jane Grey was queen". The ill-humour of London was no secret, and some demonstration had been looked for in Mary's favour; but here, again, there was only silence. The heralds cried, "God save the Queen!" The archers waved their caps and cheered, but the crowd looked on impassively. One youth only, Gilbert Potter, whose name for those few days passed into Fame's trumpet, ventured to exclaim, "The Lady Mary has the better title". Gilbert's master, one "Ninian Sanders," denounced the boy to the guard, and he was seized. Yet a misfortune, thought to be providential, in a few hours befell Ninian Sanders. Going home to his house down the river, in the July evening, he was overturned and drowned as he was shooting London Bridge in his wherry; the boatmen, who were the instruments of providence, escaped.

Nor did the party in the Tower rest their first night there with perfect satisfaction. In the evening messengers came in from the eastern counties with news of the Lady Mary, and with letters from herself. She had written to Renard and Scheyfne to tell them that she was in good hands, and for the moment was safe. She had proclaimed herself queen. She had sent addresses to the peers, commanding them on their allegiance to come to her: and she begged the ambassadors to tell her instantly whether she might look for assistance from Flanders; on the active support of the emperor, so far as she could judge, the movements of her friends would depend.

The ambassadors sent a courier to Brussels for instructions; but, pending Charles's judgment to the contrary, they thought they had better leave Mary's appeal unanswered till they could see how events would turn. There was a rumour current indeed

that she had from ten to fifteen thousand men with her ; but this they could ill believe. For themselves, they expected every hour to hear that she had been taken by Lord Warwick and Lord Robert Dudley, who were gone in pursuit of her, and had been put to death.

The lords who were with the new queen were not so confident. They were sitting late at night in consultation with the Duchess of Northumberland and the Duchess of Suffolk, when a letter was brought in to them from Mary. The lords ordered the messenger into arrest. The seal of the packet was broken, and the letter read aloud. It was dated the day before, Sunday, 9th July.

The lords, when the letter was read to the end, looked uneasily in each other's faces. The ladies screamed, sobbed and were carried off in hysterics. There was yet time to turn back ; and had the Reformation been, as he pretended, the true concern of the Duke of Northumberland, he would have brought Mary back himself, bound by conditions which, in her present danger, she would have accepted. But Northumberland cared as little for religion as for any other good thing. He was a great criminal, throwing a stake for a crown ; and treason is too conscious of its guilt to believe retreat from the first step to be possible.

Another blow was in store for him that night before he laid his head upon his pillow. Lady Jane, knowing nothing of the letter from Mary, had retired to her apartment, when the Marquis of Winchester came in to wish her joy. He had brought the crown with him, which she had not sent for ; he desired her to put it on, and see if it required alteration. She said it would

do very well as it was. He then told her that, before her coronation, another crown was to be made for her husband. Lady Jane started; and it seemed as if for the first time the dreary suspicion crossed her mind that she was, after all, but the puppet of the ambition of the duke to raise his family to the throne. Winchester retired, and she sat indignant till Guilford Dudley appeared, when she told him that, young as she was, she knew that the crown of England was not a thing to be trifled with. There was no Dudley in Edward's will, and, before he could be crowned, the consent of Parliament must be first asked and obtained. The boy-husband went whining to his mother, while Jane sent for Arundel and Pembroke, and told them that it was not for her to appoint kings. She would make her husband a duke if he desired it; that was within her prerogative; but king she would not make him. As she was speaking, the Duchess of Northumberland rushed in with her son, fresh from the agitation of Mary's letter. The mother stormed; Guilford cried like a spoilt child that he would be no duke, he would be a king: and, when Jane stood firm, the duchess bade him come away, and not share the bed of an ungrateful and disobedient wife.

The first experience of royalty had brought small pleasure with it. Dudley's kingship was set aside for the moment, and was soon forgotten in more alarming matters. To please his mother, or to pacify his vanity, he was called "Your Grace". He was allowed to preside in the council, so long as a council remained, and he dined alone—tinsel distinctions, for which the poor wretch had to pay dearly

WYATT'S REBELLION, 1554.

ON the flight of the duke¹ being known at the Court, it was supposed immediately that he intended to proclaim his daughter and Guilford Dudley. Rumour, indeed, turned the supposition into fact, and declared that he had called on the country to rise in arms for Queen Jane. But Suffolk's plan was identical with Wyatt's; he had carried with him a duplicate of Wyatt's proclamation, and, accompanied by his brother, he presented himself in the market-place at Leicester on the morning of Monday the 29th of January. Lord Huntingdon had followed close upon his track from London; but he assured the Mayor of Leicester that the Earl of Huntingdon was coming, not to oppose, but to join with him. No harm was intended to the queen; he was ready to die in her defence; his object was only to save England from the dominion of foreigners.

In consequence of these protestations, he was allowed to read his proclamation; the people were indifferent; but he called about him a few scores of his tenants and retainers from his own estates in the country; and on Tuesday morning, while the insurgents in Kent were attacking Cowling Castle, Suffolk rode out of Leicester, in full armour, at the head of his troops, intending first to move on Coventry, then to take Kenilworth and Warwick, and so to advance on

¹ Of Suffolk.—A.

London. The garrison at Warwick had been tampered with, and was reported to be ready to rise. The gates of Coventry he expected to find open. He had sent his proclamation thither the day before, by a servant, and he had friends within the walls who had undertaken to place the town at his disposal.

The state of Coventry was probably the state of most other towns in England. The inhabitants were divided. The mayor and aldermen, the fathers of families and the men of property were conservatives, loyal to the queen, to the mass and to "the cause of order". The young and enthusiastic, supported by others who had good reasons for being in opposition to established authorities, were those who had placed themselves in correspondence with the Duke of Suffolk.

Suffolk's servant (his name was Thomas Rampton), on reaching the town on Monday evening, made a mistake in the first person to whom he addressed himself, and received a cold answer. Two others of the townsmen, however, immediately welcomed him, and told him that "the whole place was at his lord's commandment, except certain of the town council, who feared that, if good fellows had the upper hand, their extremities heretofore should be remembered". They took Rampton into a house, where, presently, another man entered of the same way of thinking, and, in his own eyes, a man of importance. "My lord's quarrel is right well known," this person said. "It is God's quarrel; let him come; let him come, and make no stay, for this town is his own. I say to you assuredly this town is his own. I am it."

It was now night; no time was to be lost, the townsmen said. They urged Rampton to return at once to Suffolk, and hasten his movements. They would themselves read the proclamation at the market-

cross forthwith, and raise the people. Rampton, who had ridden far, and was weary, wished to wait till the morning; if they were so confident of success, a few hours could make no difference: but it appeared shortly that the "good fellows" in Coventry were not exclusively under the influence of piety and patriotism. If a rising commenced in the darkness, it was admitted that "undoubted spoil and peradventure destruction of many rich men would ensue," and with transactions of this kind the duke's servant was unwilling to connect himself.

Thus the hours wore away, and no resolution was arrived at; and, in the meantime, the town council had received a warning to be on their guard. Before daybreak the constables were on the alert, the decent citizens took possession of the gates, and the conspirators had lost their opportunity. In the afternoon Suffolk arrived with a hundred horse under the walls, but there was no admission for him. Whilst he was hesitating what course to pursue, a messenger came in to say that the Earl of Huntingdon was at Warwick. The plot for the revolt of the garrison had been detected, and the whole country was on the alert. The people had no desire to see the Spaniards in England; but sober, quiet farmers and burgesses would not rise at the call of the friend of Northumberland, and assist in bringing back the evil days of anarchy.

The Greys had now only to provide for their personal safety.

Suffolk had an estate a few miles distant, called Astley Park, to which the party retreated from Coventry. There the duke shared such money as he had with him among his men, and bade them shift for themselves. Lord Thomas Grey changed coats with a servant, and rode off to Wales to join Sir James

Crofts. Suffolk himself, who was ill, took refuge with his brother, Lord John, in the cottage of one of his gamekeepers, where they hoped to remain hidden till the hue and cry should be over, and they could escape abroad.

The cottage was considered insecure. Two bowshots south of Astley Church there stood in the park an old decaying tree, in the hollow of which the father of Lady Jane Grey concealed himself; and there, for two winter days and a night, he was left without food. A proclamation had been put out by Huntingdon for Suffolk's apprehension, and the keeper, either tempted by the reward, or frightened by the menace against all who should give him shelter, broke his trust—a rare example of disloyalty—and, going to Warwick Castle, undertook to betray his master's hiding-place. A party of troopers were despatched, with the keeper for a guide; and, on arriving at Astley, they found that the duke, unable to endure the cold and hunger longer, had crawled out of the tree, and was warming himself by the cottage fire. Lord John was discovered buried under some bundles of hay. They were carried off at once to the Tower, whither Lord Thomas Grey and Sir James Crofts, who had failed as signally in Wales, soon after followed them.

The account of his confederates' failure saluted Wyatt on his arrival in Southwark, on the 3rd of February. The intelligence was being published, at the moment, in the streets of London; Wyatt himself, at the same time, was proclaimed traitor, and a reward of a hundred pounds was offered for his capture, dead or alive. The peril, however, was far from over; Wyatt replied to the proclamation by wearing his name, in large letters, upon his cap; the success of the queen's speech in the city irritated the council, who

did not choose to sit still under the imputation of having approved of the Spanish marriage. They declared everywhere, loudly and angrily, that they had not approved of it, and did not approve; in the city itself public feeling again wavered, and fresh parties of the train-bands crossed the water and deserted. The behaviour of Wyatt's followers gave the lie to the queen's charges against them: the prisons in Southwark were not opened; property was respected scrupulously; the only attempt at injury was at Winchester House, and there it was instantly repressed; the inhabitants of the Borough entertained them with warm hospitality; and the queen, notwithstanding her efforts, found herself as it were besieged, in her principal city, by a handful of commoners, whom no one ventured, or no one could be trusted, to attack. So matters continued through Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. The lawyers at Westminster Hall pleaded in harness, and the judges wore harness under their robes; Doctor Weston sang mass in harness before the queen; tradesmen attended in harness behind their counters. The metropolis, on both sides of the water, was in an attitude of armed expectation, yet there was no movement, no demonstration on either side of popular feeling. The ominous strangeness of the situation appalled even Mary herself.

By this time the intercepted letter of Noailles¹ had been deciphered. It proved, if more proof was wanted, the correspondence between the ambassador and the conspirators; it explained the object of the rising—the queen was to be dethroned in favour of her sister; and it was found, also, though names were not men-

¹ French ambassador in England.—A.

tioned, that the plot had spread far upwards among the noblemen by whom Mary was surrounded. Evidence of Elizabeth's complicity it did not contain; while, to Gardiner's mortification, it showed that Courtenay, in his confessions to himself, had betrayed the guilt of others, but had concealed part of his own. In an anxiety to shield him the chancellor pronounced the cipher of Courtenay's name to be unintelligible. The queen placed the letter in the hands of Renard, by whom it was instantly read, and the chancellor's humour was not improved; Mary had the mortification of feeling that she was herself the last object of anxiety either to him or to any of her council; though Wyatt was at the gates of London the council could only spend the time in passionate recriminations; Paget blamed Gardiner for his religious intolerance; Gardiner blamed Paget for having advised the marriage; some exclaimed against Courtenay, some against Elizabeth; but of acting all alike seemed incapable. If the queen was in danger, the council said, she might fly to Windsor, or to Calais, or she might go to the Tower. "Whatever happens," she exclaimed to Renard, "I am the wife of the prince of Spain; crown, rank, life, all shall go before I will take any other husband."

The position, however, could not be of long continuance. Could Wyatt once enter London he assured himself of success; but the gates on the Bridge continued closed. Cheyne and Southwell had collected a body of men on whom they could rely, and were coming up behind from Rochester. Wyatt desired to return and fight them, and then cross the water at Greenwich, as had been before proposed; but his followers feared that he meant to escape; a backward movement would not be permitted, and his next effort was to ascertain whether the passage over the Bridge could be forced.

London Bridge was then a long, narrow street. The gate was at the Southwark extremity; the drawbridge was near the middle. On Sunday or Monday night Wyatt scaled the leads of the gate-house, climbed into a window and descended the stairs into the lodge. The porter and his wife were nodding over the fire. The rebel leader bade them on their lives be still, and stole along in the darkness to the chasm from which the drawbridge had been cut away. There, looking across the black gulf where the river was rolling below, he saw the dusky mouths of four gaping cannon, and beyond them, in the torchlight, Lord Howard himself keeping watch with the guard: neither force nor skill could make a way into the city by London Bridge.

The course which he should follow was determined for him. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Brydges, a soldier and a Catholic, had looked over the water with angry eyes at the insurgents collected within reach of his guns, and had asked the queen for permission to fire upon them. The queen, afraid of provoking the people, had hitherto refused; on the Monday, however, a Tower boat, passing the Southwark side of the water, was hailed by Wyatt's sentries; the watermen refused to stop, the sentries fired, and one of the men in the boat was killed. The next morning (whether permission had been given at last or not was never known) the guns on the White Tower, the Devil's Tower and all the bastions were loaded and aimed, and notice was sent over that the fire was about to open. The inhabitants addressed themselves in agitation to Wyatt; and Wyatt, with a sudden resolution, half felt to be desperate, resolved to march for Kingston Bridge, cross the Thames and come back on London. His

friends in the city promised to receive him could he reach Ludgate by daybreak on Wednesday.

On Tuesday morning, therefore, Shrove Tuesday, which the queen had hoped to spend more happily than in facing an army of insurgents, Wyatt, accompanied by not more than fifteen hundred men, pushed out of Southwark. He had cannon with him, which delayed his march, but at four in the afternoon he reached Kingston. Thirty feet of the bridge were broken away, and a guard of three hundred men were on the other side; but the guard fled after a few rounds from the guns, and Wyatt, leaving his men to refresh themselves in the town, went to work to repair the passage. A row of barges lay on the opposite bank; three sailors swam across, attached ropes to them and towed them over; and, the barges being moored where the bridge was broken, beams and planks were laid across them, and a road was made of sufficient strength to bear the cannon and the waggons.

By eleven o'clock at night the river was crossed and the march was resumed. The weather was still wild, the roads miry and heavy, and through the winter night the motley party plunged along. The Rochester men had, most of them, gone home, and those who remained were the London deserters, gentlemen who had compromised themselves too deeply to hope for pardon, or fanatics, who believed they were fighting the Lord's battle, and some of the Protestant clergy. Ponet, the late Bishop of Winchester, was with them; William Thomas, the late clerk of the council; Sir George Harper, Anthony Knyvet, Lord Cobham's sons, Pelham, who had been a spy of Northumberland's on the continent, and others more or less conspicuous in the worst period of the late reign

From the day that Wyatt came to Southwark the whole guard had been under arms at Whitehall, and a number of them, to the agitation of the Court ladies, were stationed in the queen's ante-chamber. But the guard was composed of dangerous elements. Sir Hunfrey Radcliff, the lieutenant, was a "favourer of the gospel"; and the "Hot Gospeller" himself, on his recovery from his fever, had returned to his duties. No additional precautions had been taken, nor does it seem that, on Wyatt's departure, his movements were watched. Kingston Bridge having been broken, his immediate approach was certainly unlooked for; nor was it till past midnight that information came to the palace that the passage had been forced, and that the insurgents were coming directly back upon London. Between two and three in the morning the queen was called from her bed. Gardiner, who had been, with others of the council, arguing with her in favour of Courtenay the preceding day, was in waiting; he told her that her barge was at the stairs to carry her up the river, and she must take shelter instantly at Windsor.

Without disturbing herself, the queen sent for Renard. "Shall I go or stay?" she asked.

"Unless your Majesty desire to throw away your crown," Renard answered, "you will remain here till the last extremity; your flight will be known, the city will rise, seize the Tower and release the prisoners; the heretics will massacre the priests, and Elizabeth will be proclaimed queen."

The lords were divided. Gardiner insisted again that she must and should go. The others were uncertain, or inclined to the opinion of Renard. At last Mary said that she would be guided by Pembroke and

Clinton. If those two would undertake to stand by her, she would remain and see out the struggle.

They were not present, and were sent for on the spot. Pembroke for weeks past had certainly wavered; Lord Thomas Grey believed at one time that he had gained him over, and to the last felt assured of his neutrality. Happily for Mary, happily, it must be said, for England—for the Reformation was not a cause to be won by such enterprises as that of Sir Thomas Wyatt—he decided on supporting the queen, and promised to defend her with his life. At four o'clock in the morning drums went round the city, calling the train-bands to an instant muster at Charing Cross. Pembroke's conduct determined the young lords and gentlemen about the Court, who with their servants were swiftly mounted and under arms; and by eight more than ten thousand men were stationed along the ground, then an open field, which slopes from Piccadilly to Pall Mall. The road or causeway on which Wyatt was expected to advance ran nearly on the site of Piccadilly itself. An old cross stood near the head of St. James's Street, where guns were placed; and that no awkward accident like that at Rochester might happen on the first collision, the gentlemen, who formed four squadrons of horse, were pushed forwards towards Hyde Park Corner.

Wyatt, who ought to have been at the gate of the city two hours before, had been delayed in the meantime by the breaking down of a gun in the heavy road at Brentford. Brett, the captain of the city deserters, Ponet, Harper and others urged Wyatt to leave the gun where it lay and keep his appointment. Wyatt, however, insisted on waiting till the carriage could be repaired, although in the eyes of everyone but himself the delay was obvious ruin. Harper, seeing him

obstinate, stole away a second time to gain favour for himself by carrying news to the Court. Ponet, unambitious of martyrdom, told him he would pray God for his success, and, advising Brett to shift for himself, made away with others towards the sea and Germany. It was nine o'clock before Wyatt brought the draggled remnant of his force, wet, hungry and faint with their night march, up the hill from Knightsbridge. Near Hyde Park Corner a lane turned off; and here Pembroke had placed a troop of cavalry. The insurgents straggled on without order. When half of them had passed, the horse dashed out and cut them in two, and all who were behind were dispersed or captured. Wyatt, caring now only to press forward, kept his immediate followers together, and went straight on. The queen's guns opened, and killed three of his men; but, lowering his head, he dashed at them and over them; then, turning to the right, to avoid the train-bands, he struck down towards St. James's, where his party again separated. Knyvet and the young Cobhams, leaving St. James's to their left, crossed the park to Westminster. Wyatt went right along the present Pall-Mall, past the line of the citizens. They had but to move a few steps to intercept his passage, close in and take him; but not a man advanced, not a hand was lifted; where the way was narrow they drew aside to let him pass. At Charing Cross Sir John Gage was stationed, with part of the guard, some horse, and among them Courtenay, who in the morning had been heard to say he would not obey orders; he was as good a man as Pembroke. As Wyatt came up Courtenay turned his horse towards Whitehall and began to move off, followed by Lord Worcester. "Fie! my lord," Sir Thomas Cornwallis cried to him, "is this the action of a gentleman?" But

deaf, or heedless, or treacherous, he galloped off, calling "Lost, lost! all is lost!" and carried panic to the Court. The guard had broken at his flight, and came hurrying behind him. Some cried that Pembroke had played false. Shouts of treason rung through the palace. The queen, who had been watching from the palace gallery, alone retained her presence of mind. If others durst not stand the trial against the traitors, she said, she herself would go out into the field and try the quarrel, and die with those that would serve her.

At this moment Knyvet and the Cobhams, who had gone round by the old palace, came by the gates as the fugitive guard were struggling in. Infinite confusion followed. Gage was rolled in the dirt, and three of the judges with him. The guard shrunk away into the offices and kitchens to hide themselves. But Knyvet's men made no attempt to enter. They contented themselves with shooting a few arrows, and then hurried on to Charing Cross to rejoin Wyatt. At Charing Cross, however, their way was now closed by a company of archers, who had been sent back by Pembroke to protect the Court. Sharp fighting followed, and the cries rose so loud as to be heard on the leads of the White Tower. At last the leaders forced their way up the Strand; the rest of the party were cut up, dispersed or taken.

Wyatt himself, meanwhile, followed by three hundred men, had hurried on through lines of troops who still opened to give him passage. He passed Temple Bar, along Fleet Street, and reached Ludgate. The gate was open as he approached, when some one seeing a number of men coming up, exclaimed, "These be Wyatt's antients". Muttered curses were heard among the by-standers; but Lord Howard was on the spot; the gates, notwithstanding the murmurs,

were instantly closed; and when Wyatt knocked, Howard's voice answered, "Avaunt! traitor; thou shalt not come in here". "I have kept touch," Wyatt exclaimed; but his enterprise was hopeless now. He sat down upon a bench outside the Belle Sauvage Yard. His followers scattered from him among the by-lanes and streets; and of the three hundred, twenty-four alone remained, among whom were now Knyvet and one of the young Cobhams. With these few he turned at last, in the forlorn hope that the train-bands would again open to let him pass. Some of Pembroke's horse were coming up. He fought his way through them to Temple Bar, where a herald cried, "Sir, ye were best to yield; the day is gone against you; perchance ye may find the queen merciful". Sir Maurice Berkeley was standing near him on horseback, to whom, feeling that further resistance was useless, he surrendered his sword; and Berkeley, to save him from being cut down in the tumult, took him up upon his horse. Others in the same way took up Knyvet and Cobham, Brett and two more. The six prisoners were carried through the Strand back to Westminster, the passage through the city being thought dangerous; and from Whitehall Stairs, Mary herself looking on from a window of the palace, they were borne off in a barge to the Tower.

The queen had triumphed, triumphed through her own resolution, and would now enjoy the fruits of victory.

THE ARRIVAL OF PHILIP IN ENGLAND, 1554.

A LETTER from Philip would have been a consolation to Mary in the midst of the troubles which she had encountered for his sake ; but the languid lover had never written a line to her ; or, if he had written, not a line had reached her hand ; only a ship which contained despatches from him for Renard had been taken, in the beginning of May, by a French cruiser, and the thought that precious words of affection had, perhaps, been on their way to her and were lost was hard to bear.

In vain she attempted to cheer her spirits with the revived ceremonials of Whitsuntide. She marched day after day, in procession, with canopies and banners, and bishops in gilt slippers, round St. James's, round St. Martin's, round Westminster. Sermons and masses alternated now with religious feasts, now with *Diriges* for her father's soul. But all was to no purpose ; she could not cast off her anxieties, or escape from the shadow of her subjects' hatred, which clung to her steps. Insolent pamphlets were dropped in her path and in the offices of Whitehall ; she trod upon them in the passages of the palace ; they were placed by mysterious hands in the sanctuary of her bedroom. At length, chafed with a thousand irritations, and craving for a husband who showed so small anxiety to come to her, she fled from London, at the beginning of June, to Richmond.

The trials of the last six months had begun to tell upon Mary's understanding: she was ill with hysterical longings; ill with the passions which Gardiner had kindled and Paget disappointed. A lady who slept in her room told Noailles that she could speak to no one without impatience, and that she believed the whole world was in a league to keep her husband from her. She found fault with everyone—even with the prince himself. Why had he not written? she asked again and again. Why had she never received one courteous word from him? If she heard of merchants or sailors arriving from Spain, she would send for them and question them; and some would tell her that the prince was said to have little heart for his business in England; others terrified her with tales of fearful fights upon the seas; and others brought her news of the French squadrons that were on the watch in the Channel. She would start out of her sleep at night, picturing a thousand terrors, and among them one to which all else were insignificant, that her prince, who had taken such wild possession of her imagination, had no answering feeling for herself—that, with her growing years and wasted figure, she could never win him to love her.

“The unfortunate queen,” wrote Henry of France, “will learn the truth at last. She will wake too late, in misery and remorse, to know that she has filled the realm with blood for an object which, when she has gained it, will bring nothing but affliction to herself or to her people.”

But the darkest season has its days of sunshine, and Mary's trials were for the present over. If the statesmen were disloyal, the clergy and the universities appreciated her services to the Church, and, in the midst of her trouble, Oxford congratulated her on

having been raised up for the restoration of life and light to England. More pleasant than this pleasant flattery was the arrival, on the 19th of June, of the Marquis de las Navas from Spain, with the news that by that time the prince was on his way.

It was even so. Philip had submitted to his unwelcome destiny, and six thousand troops being required pressingly by the emperor in the Low Countries, they attended him for his escort. A paper of advices was drawn for the prince's use by Renard, directing him how to accommodate himself to his barbarous fortune. Neither soldiers nor mariners would be allowed to land. The noblemen, therefore, who formed his retinue, were advised to bring Spanish musketeers, disguised in liveries, in the place of pages and lacqueys. Their arms could be concealed amidst the baggage. The war would be an excuse for the noblemen being armed themselves, and the prince, on landing, should have a shirt of mail under his doublet. As to manner, he must endeavour to be affable: he would have to hunt with the young lords, and to make presents to them; and, with whatever difficulty, he must learn a few words of English, to exchange the ordinary salutations. As a friend, Renard recommended Paget to him; he would find Paget "a man of sense".

Philip, who was never remarkable for personal courage, may be pardoned for having come reluctantly to a country where he had to bring men-at-arms for servants, and his own cook for fear of being poisoned. The sea, too, was hateful to him, for he suffered miserably from sickness. Nevertheless, he was coming, and with him such a retinue of gallant gentlemen as the world has rarely seen together. The Marquis de los Valles, Gonzaga, d'Aguilar, Medina Celi, Antonio de Toledo, Diego de Mendoza, the Count de Feria, the

Duke of Alva, Count Egmont and Count Horn—men whose stories are written in the annals of two worlds: some in letters of glorious light, some in letters of blood which shall never be washed out while the history of mankind survives. Whether for evil or good, they were not the meek innocents for whom Renard had at one time asked so anxiously.

In company with these noblemen was Sir Thomas Gresham, charged with half a million of money in bullion, out of the late arrivals from the New World; which the emperor, after taking security from the London merchants, had lent the queen, perhaps to enable her to make her marriage palatable by the restoration of the currency.

Thus preciously freighted, the Spanish fleet, one hundred and fifty ships, large and small, sailed from Corunna at the beginning of July. The voyage was weary and wretched. The sea-sickness prostrated both the prince and the troops, and to the sea-sickness was added the terror of the French—a terror, as it happened, needless, for the English exiles, by whom the prince was to have been intercepted, had, in the last few weeks, melted away from the French service, with the exception of a few who were at Scilly. Sir Peter Carew, for some unknown reason, had written to ask for his pardon, and had gone to Italy; but the change was recent and unknown, and the ships stole along in silence, the orders of the prince being that not a salute should be fired to catch the ear of an enemy. At last, on the 19th of July, the white cliffs of Freshwater were sighted; Lord Howard lay at the Needles with the English fleet; and on Friday, the 20th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the flotilla was safely anchored in Southampton Water.

The queen was on her way to Winchester, where

she arrived the next morning, and either in attendance upon her, or waiting at Southampton, was almost the entire peerage of England. Having made up their minds to endure the marriage, the lords resolved to give Philip the welcome which was due to the husband of their sovereign, and, in the uncertain temper of the people, their presence might be necessary to protect his person from insult or from injury.

It was an age of glitter, pomp and pageantry; the anchors were no sooner down than a barge was in readiness, with twenty rowers in the queen's colours of green and white; and Arundel, Pembroke, Shrewsbury, Derby and other lords went off to the vessel which carried the royal standard of Castile. Philip's natural manner was cold and stiff, but he had been schooled into graciousness. Exhausted by his voyage, he accepted delightedly the instant invitation to go on shore, and he entered the barge accompanied by the Duke of Alva. A crowd of gentlemen was waiting to receive him at the landing-place. As he stepped out—not perhaps without some natural nervousness and sharp glances round him—the whole assemblage knelt. A salute was fired from the batteries, and Lord Shrewsbury presented him with the order of the Garter. An enthusiastic eye-witness thus describes Philip's appearance:—

“Of visage he is well favoured, with a broad forehead and grey eyes, straight-nosed and of manly countenance. From the forehead to the point of his chin his face groweth small. His pace is princely, and gait so straight and upright as he loseth no inch of his height; with a yellow head and a yellow beard; and thus to conclude, he is so well proportioned of body, arm, leg and every other limb to the same, as nature cannot work a more perfect pattern, and, as I have

learned, of the age of twenty-eight years. His Majesty I judge to be of a stout stomach, pregnant-witted, and of most gentle nature."

Sir Anthony Brown approached, leading a horse with a saddle-cloth of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold and pearls. He presented the steed with a Latin speech, signifying that he was his Highness's Master of the Horse; and Philip, mounting, went direct to Southampton Church, the English and Spanish noblemen attending bareheaded, to offer thanks for his safe arrival. From the church he was conducted to a house which had been furnished from the royal stores for his reception. Everything was, of course, magnificent. Only there had been one single oversight. Wrought upon the damask hangings, in conspicuous letters, were observed the ominous words: "Henry, by the Grace of God, King of England, France and Ireland, and Supreme Head of the Church of England".

Here the prince was to remain till Monday to recover from his voyage; perhaps to ascertain, before he left the neighbourhood of his own fleet, the humour of the barbarians among whom he had arrived. In Latin (he was unable to speak French) he addressed the lords on the causes which had brought him to England, the chief among those causes being the manifest will of God, to which he felt himself bound to submit. It was noticed that he never lifted his cap in speaking to anyone, but he evidently endeavoured to be courteous. With a stomach unrecovered from the sea, and disdain-ing precautions, he sat down on the night of his arrival to a public English supper; he even drained a tankard of ale, as an example, he said, to his Spanish companions. The first evening passed off well, and he retired to seek such rest as the strange land and

strange people, the altered diet, and the firing of guns, which never ceased through the summer night, would allow him.

Another feature of his new country awaited Philip in the morning; he had come from the sunny plains of Castile; from his window at Southampton he looked out upon a steady downfall of July rain. Through the cruel torrent he made his way to the church again to mass, and afterwards Gardiner came to him from the queen. In the afternoon the sky cleared, and the Duchess of Alva, who had accompanied her husband, was taken out in a barge upon Southampton Water. Both English and Spaniards exerted themselves to be mutually pleasing; but the situation was not of a kind which it was desirable to protract. Six thousand Spanish troops were cooped in the close, uneasy, transports, forbidden to land lest they should provoke the jealousy of the people; and when, on Sunday, his Highness had to undergo a public dinner, in which English servants only were allowed to attend upon him, the Castilian lords, many of whom believed that they had come to England on a bootless errand, broke out into murmurs.

Monday came at last; the rain fell again, and the wind howled. The baggage was sent forward in the morning in the midst of the tempest. Philip lingered in hopes of a change; but no change came, and after an early dinner the trumpet sounded to horse. Lords, knights and gentlemen had thronged into the town, from curiosity or interest, out of all the counties round. Before the prince mounted it was reckoned, with uneasiness, that as many as four thousand cavaliers, under no command, were collected to join the procession.

A grey gelding was led up for Philip; he wrapped

himself in a scarlet cloak, and started to meet his bride—to complete a sacrifice the least congenial, perhaps, which ever policy of state extracted from a prince.

The train could move but slowly. Two miles beyond the gates a drenched rider, spattered with chalk mud, was seen galloping towards them; on reaching the prince he presented him with a ring from the queen, and begged his Highness, in her Majesty's name, to come no further. The messenger could not explain the cause, being unable to speak any language which Philip could understand, and visions of commotion instantly presented themselves, mixed, it may be, with a hope that the bitter duty might yet be escaped. Alva was immediately at his master's side; they reined up, and were asking each other anxiously what should next be done, when an English lord exclaimed in French, with courteous irony: "Our Queen, sire, loves your Highness so tenderly that she would not have you come to her in such wretched weather". The hope, if hope there had been, died in its birth; before sunset, with drenched garments and draggled plume, the object of so many anxieties arrived within the walls of Winchester.

To the cathedral he went first, wet as he was. Whatever Philip of Spain was entering upon, whether it was a marriage or a massacre, a state intrigue or a midnight murder, his opening step was ever to seek a blessing from the holy wafer. He entered, kissed the crucifix, and knelt and prayed before the altar; then, taking his seat in the choir, he remained while the choristers sang a *Te Deum laudamus*, till the long aisles grew dim in the summer twilight, and he was conducted by torchlight to the deanery.

The queen was at the bishop's palace, but a few hundred yards distant. Philip, doubtless, could have endured the postponement of an interview till morning; but Mary could not wait, and the same night he was conducted into the presence of his haggard bride, who now, after a life of misery, believed herself at the open gate of Paradise. Let the curtain fall over the meeting, let it close also over the wedding solemnities which followed with due splendour two days later. There are scenes in life which we regard with pity too deep for words. The unhappy queen, unloved, unlovable, yet with her parched heart thirsting for affection, was flinging herself upon a breast to which an iceberg was warm; upon a man to whom love was an unmeaning word, except as the most brutal of passions. For a few months she created for herself an atmosphere of unreality. She saw in Philip the ideal of her imagination, and in Philip's feelings the reflex of her own; but the dream passed away—her love for her husband remained; but remained only to be a torture to her. With a broken spirit and bewildered understanding, she turned to heaven for comfort.

THE LOSS OF CALAIS, 1557-58.

FOR the last ten years the French had kept their eyes on Calais. The recovery of Boulogne was an insufficient retaliation for the disgrace which they had suffered in the loss of it, while the ill success with which the English maintained themselves in their new conquest, suggested the hope, and proved the possibility, of expelling them from the old. The occupation of a French fortress by a foreign power was a perpetual insult to the national pride; it was a memorial of evil times; while it gave England inconvenient authority in the "narrow seas". Scarcely a month had passed since Mary had been on the throne without a hint from some quarter or other to the English Government to look well to Calais; and the recent plot for its surprise was but one of a series of schemes which had been successively formed and abandoned.

In 1541 the defences of Guisnes, Hammes and Calais had been repaired by Henry VIII. The dykes had been cleared and enlarged, the embankments strengthened and the sluices put in order. But in the wasteful times of Edward the works had fallen again into ruin; and Mary, straitened by debt, by a diminished revenue and a supposed obligation to make good the losses of the clergy, had found neither means nor leisure to attend to them.

In the year 1500 the cost of maintaining the three

fortresses was something less than £10,000 a year ; and the expense had been almost or entirely supported by the revenue of the Pale. The more extended fortifications had necessitated an increase in the garrison ; two hundred men were now scarcely sufficient to man the works ; while, owing to bad government, and the growing anomaly of the English position, the wealthier inhabitants had migrated over the frontiers, and left the Pale to a scanty, wretched, starving population, who could scarcely extract from the soil sufficient for their own subsistence. While the cost of the occupation was becoming greater, the means of meeting it became less. The country could no longer thrive in English hands, and it was time for the invaders to be gone.

The Government in London, however, seemed, notwithstanding warnings, to be unable to conceive the loss of so old a possession to be a possibility ; and Calais shared the persevering neglect to which the temporal interests of the realm were subjected. The near escape from the Dudley treason¹ created a momentary improvement. The arrears of wages were paid up and the garrison was increased. Yet a few months after, when war was on the point of being declared, there were but two hundred men in Guisnes, a number inadequate to defend even the castle ; and although the French fleet at that time commanded the Channel, Calais contained provisions to last but a few weeks. Lord Grey, the governor of Guisnes, reported in June, after the declaration, that the French were collecting in strength in the neighbourhood, and that unless he was reinforced he was at their mercy. A small detachment was sent over in consequence of

¹ A conspiracy formed in 1556 by Henry Dudley, Northumberland's cousin, to send Mary to Philip in Spain and make Elizabeth queen.—A.

Grey's letter ; but on the 2nd of July Sir Thomas Cornwallis informed the queen that the numbers were still inadequate. "The enemy," Cornwallis said, "perceiving our weakness, maketh daily attempts upon your subjects, who are much abashed to see the courage of your enemies, whom they are not able to hurt nor yet defend themselves." He entreated that a larger force should be sent immediately, and maintained in the Pale during the war. The charge would be great, but the peril would be greater if the men were not provided ; and, as her Majesty had been pleased to enter into the war, her honour must be more considered than her treasure.

The arrival of the army under Pembroke removed the immediate ground for alarm ; and after the defeat of the French the danger was supposed to be over altogether. The queen was frightened at the expenses which she was incurring, and again allowed the establishment to sink below the legitimate level. Lord Wentworth was left at Calais with not more than five hundred men. Grey had something more than a thousand at Guisnes, but a part only were English ; the rest were Burgundians and Spaniards. More unfortunately, also, a proclamation had forbidden the export of corn in England, from which Calais had not been excepted. Guisnes and Hammes depended for their supplies on Calais, and by the middle of the winter there was an actual scarcity of food.

Up to the beginning of December, notwithstanding, there were no external symptoms to create uneasiness ; military movements lay under the usual stagnation of winter, and except a few detachments on the frontiers of the Pale, who gave trouble by marauding excursions, the French appeared to be resting in profound repose. On the 1st of December the governor of Guisnes re-

ported an expedition for the destruction of one of their outlying parties, which had been accomplished with ominous cruelty.

"I advertised your Grace," Lord Grey wrote to the queen, "how I purposed to make a journey to a church called Bushing, strongly fortified by the enemy, much annoying this your Majesty's frontier. It may please your Majesty, upon Monday last, at nine of the clock at night, having with me Mr. Aucher, marshal of Calais, Mr. Alexander, captain of Newnham Bridge, Sir Henry Palmer, my son,¹ and my cousin Louis Dives, with such horsemen and footmen as could be conveniently spared abroad in service, leaving your Majesty's pieces in surety, I took my journey towards the said Bushing, and carried with me two cannon and a sacre, for that both the weather and the ways served well to the purpose, and next morning came hither before day. And having before our coming enclosed the said Bushing with two hundred footmen harquebuziers, I sent an officer to summon the same in the King's Highness' and your Majesty's name; whereunto the captain there, a man of good estimation, who the day before was sent there with twelve men by M. Senarpont, captain of Boulogne, answered, that he was not minded to render, but would keep it with such men as he had, which were forty in number or thereabouts, even to the death; and further said, if their fortune was so to lose their lives, he knew that the King his master had more men alive to serve, with many other words of French bravery. Upon this answer, I caused the gunners to bring up their artillery to plank, and then shot off immediately ten or twelve times. But yet for all this they would not yield. At length, when

¹ Sir Arthur Grey.

the cannon had made an indifferent breach, the Frenchmen made signs to parley, and would gladly have rendered; but I again, weighing it not meet to abuse your Majesty's service therein, and having Sir H. Palmer there hurt, and some others of my men, refused to receive them, and, according to the law of arms, put as many of them to the sword as could be gotten at the entry of the breach, and all the rest were blown up with the steeple at the rasing thereof, and so all slain."

The law of arms forbade the defence of a fort not rationally defensible; but it was over hardly construed against a gallant gentleman. Grey was a fierce, stern man. It was Grey who hung the priests in Oxfordshire from their church towers. It was Grey who led the fiery charge upon the Scots at Musselburgh, and, with a pike wound, which laid open cheek, tongue and palate, he "pursued out the chase," till, choked by heat, dust and his own blood, he was near falling under his horse's feet.

Three weeks passed, and still the French had made no sign. On the 22nd an indistinct rumour came to Guisnes that danger was near. The frost had set in; the low, damp ground was hard, the dykes were frozen; and in sending notice of the report to England, Grey said that Calais was unprovided with food; Guisnes contained a few droves of cattle brought in by forays over the frontier, but no corn. On the 27th the intelligence became more distinct and more alarming. The Duke of Guise was at Compiègne. A force of uncertain magnitude, but known to be large, had suddenly appeared at Abbeville. Something evidently was intended, and something on a scale which the English commanders felt ill prepared to encounter. In a hurried council of war, held at Calais, it was resolved to make no attempt to meet the enemy in

the field until the arrival of reinforcements, which were written for in pressing haste.

But the foes with whom they had to deal knew their condition, and were as well aware as themselves that success depended on rapidity. Had the queen paid attention to Grey's despatch of the 22nd there was time to have trebled the garrison* and thrown in supplies; but it was vague, and no notice was taken of it. The joint letter of Grey and Wentworth, written on the 27th, was in London in two days, and there were ships at Portsmouth and in the Thames which ought to have been ready for sea at a moment's warning. Orders were sent to prepare; the Earl of Rutland was commissioned to raise troops; and the queen, though without sending men, sent a courier with encouragements and promises. But, when every moment was precious, a fatal slowness, and more fatal irresolution, hung about the movements of the Government. On the 29th Wentworth wrote again that the French were certainly arming and might be looked for immediately. On the 31st the queen, deceived probably by some emissary of Guise, replied that "she had intelligence that no enterprise was intended against Calais or the Pale," and that she had therefore countermanded the reinforcements.

The letter containing the death sentence, for it was nothing less, of English rule in Calais was crossed on the way by another from Grey, in which he informed the queen that there were thirty or forty vessels in the harbour at Ambletue, two fitted as floating batteries, the rest loaded with hurdles, ladders and other materials for a siege. Four-and-twenty thousand men were in the camp above Boulogne; and their mark he knew to be Calais. For himself, he would defend his charge to

the death ; but help must be sent instantly, or it would be too late to be of use.

The afternoon of the same day, December 31, he added, in a postscript, that flying companies of the French were at that moment before Guisnes ; part of the garrison had been out to skirmish, but had been driven in by numbers ; the whole country was alive with troops.

The next morning Wentworth reported to the same purpose, that, on the land side, Calais was then invested. The sea was still open, and the forts at the mouth of the harbour on the Rysbank¹ were yet in his hands. Heavy siege cannon, however, were said to be on their way from Boulogne, and it was uncertain how long he could hold them.

The defences of Calais towards the land, though in bad repair, had been laid out with the best engineering skill of the time. The country was intersected with deep, muddy ditches ; the roads were causeways, and at the bridges were bulwarks and cannon. Guisnes, which was three miles from Calais, was connected with it by a line of small forts and "turnpikes". Hammes lay between the two, equidistant from both. Towards the sea the long line of low sandhills, rising in front of the harbour to the Rysbank, formed a natural pier ; and on the Rysbank was the castle, which commanded the entrance and the town. The possession of the Rysbank was the possession of Calais.

The approaches to the sandhills were commanded by a bulwark towards the south-west called the Sandgate, and further inland by a large work called Newnham Bridge. At this last place were sluices, through which, at high water, the sea could be let in over the marshes.

¹ A piece of rising ground standing between Calais and the sea.—A.

If done effectually, the town could by this means be effectually protected ; but unfortunately, owing to the bad condition of the banks, the sea water leaked in from the high levels to the wells and reservoirs in Calais. The night of the 1st of January the French remained quiet ; with the morning they advanced in force upon Newnham Bridge. An advanced party of English archers and musketeers who were outside the gate were driven in, and the enemy pushed in pursuit so close under the walls that the heavy guns could not be depressed to touch them. The English, however, bored holes through the gates with augers, fired their muskets through them, and so forced their assailants back. Towards Hammes and Guisnes the sea was let in, and the French, finding themselves up to their waists in water, and the tide still rising, retreated on that side also. Wentworth wrote in the afternoon in high spirits at the result of the first attack. The brewers were set to work to fill their vats with fresh water, that full advantage might be taken of the next tide. Working parties were sent to cut the sluices, and the English commander felt confident that if help was on the way, or could now be looked for, he could keep his charge secure. But the enemy, he said, were now 30,000 strong ; Guise had taken the Sandgate, and upwards of a hundred boats were passing backwards and forwards to Boulogne and Ambletue, bringing stores and ammunition. If the queen had a body of men in readiness, they must come without delay. If she was unprepared, "the passages should be thrown open," and "liberty be proclaimed for all men to come that would bring sufficient victuals for themselves"; thus, he "was of opinion that there would be enough with more speed than would be made by order".

So far Wentworth had written. While the pen

was in his hand a message reached him that the French, without waiting for their guns, were streaming up over the Rysbank, and laying ladders against the walls of the fort. He had but time to close his letter, and send his swiftest boat out of the harbour with it, when the castle was won, and ingress and egress at an end. The same evening the heavy guns came from Boulogne, and for two days and nights the town was fired upon incessantly from the Sandbank and from "St. Peter's Heath".

The fate of Calais was now a question of hours; Wentworth had but five hundred men to repel an army, and he was without provisions. Calais was probably gone, but Guisnes might be saved; Guisnes could be relieved with a great effort out of the Netherlands. On the night of the 4th Grey found means to send a letter through the French lines to England. "The enemy," he said, "were now in possession of Calais harbour, and all the country between Calais and Guisnes." He was "clean cut off from all relief and aid which he looked to have"; and there was no other way for the succour of Calais and the other fortresses but "a power of men out of England or from the King's Majesty, or from both," either to force the French into a battle or to raise the siege. Come what would, he would himself do the duty of a faithful subject, and keep the castle while men could hold it.

The Court, which had been incredulous of danger till it had appeared, was now paralysed by the greatness of it. Definite orders to collect troops were not issued till the 2nd of January. The Earl of Rutland galloped the same day to Dover, where the musters were to meet, flung himself into the first boat that he found, without waiting for them, and was half-way across the Channel when he was met

by the news of the loss of the Rysbank. Rutland therefore returned to Dover, happy so far to have escaped sharing the fate of Wentworth, which his single presence could not have averted. The next day, the 3rd, parties of men came in slowly from Kent and Sussex; but so vague had been the language of the proclamation that they came without arms; and, although the country was at war with France, there were no arms with which to provide them, either in Deal, Dover or Sandwich. Again, so indistinct had been Rutland's orders, that although a few hundred men did come in at last tolerably well equipped, and the Prince of Savoy had collected some companies of Spaniards at Gravelines, and had sent word to Dover for the English to join him, Rutland was now obliged to refer to London for permission to go over. On the 7th permission came; it was found by that time, or supposed to be found, that the queen's ships were none of them seaworthy, and an order of the council came out to press all competent merchant ships and all able seamen everywhere for the queen's service. Rutland contrived at last, by vigorous efforts, to collect a few hoys and boats, but the French had now ships of war in co-operation with them, and he could but approach the French coast near enough to see that he could venture no nearer, and again return.

He would have been too late to save Calais at that time, however, even if he had succeeded in crossing.

The day preceding, the 6th of January, after a furious cannonade, Guise had stormed the castle. The English had attempted to blow it up when they could not save it, but their powder train had been washed with water, and they failed. The Spaniards, for once honourably careful of English interests, came along the shore from Gravelines alone, since no one joined

them from England, and attempted in the face of overwhelming odds to force their way into the town; but they were driven back, and Wentworth, feeling that further resistance would lead to useless slaughter, demanded a parley, and after a short discussion accepted the terms of surrender offered by Guise. The garrison and the inhabitants of Calais, amounting in all, men, women and children, to 5,000 souls, were permitted to retire to England with their lives, and nothing more. Wentworth and fifty others were to remain prisoners; the town, with all that it contained, was to be given up to the conquerors.

On these conditions the English laid down their arms and the French troops entered. The spoil was enormous, and the plunder of St. Quentin was not unjustly revenged; jewels, plate and money were deposited on the altars of the churches, and the inhabitants, carrying with them the clothes which they wore, were sent as homeless beggars in the ensuing week across the Channel.

Then only, when it was too late, the queen roused herself. As soon as Calais had definitely fallen, all the English counties were called on by proclamation to contribute their musters. Then all was haste, eagerness, impetuosity; those who had money were to provide for those who had none, till "order could be taken".

The Vice-Admiral, Sir William Woodhouse, was directed to go instantly to sea, pressing everything that would float, and promising indemnity to the owners in the queen's name. Thirty thousand men were rapidly on their way to the coast; the weather had all along been clear and frosty, with calms and light east winds, and the sea off Dover was swiftly covered with a miscellaneous crowd of vessels. On

the 10th came the queen's command for the army to cross to Dunkirk, join the Duke of Savoy, and save Guisnes.

But the opportunity which had been long offered, and long neglected, was now altogether gone; the ships were ready, troops came and arms came, but a change of weather came also, and westerly gales and storms. On the night of the 10th a gale blew up from the south-west which raged for four days: such vessels as could face the sea slipped their moorings, and made their way into the Thames with loss of spars and rigging; the hulls of the rest strewed Dover beach with wrecks, or were swallowed in the quicksands of the Goodwin.

The effect of this last misfortune on the queen was to produce utter prostration. Storms may rise, vessels may be wrecked and excellent enterprises may suffer hindrance by the common laws or common chances of things; but the queen in every large occurrence imagined a miracle; Heaven she believed was against her. Though Guisnes was yet standing, she ordered Woodhouse to collect the ships again in the Thames, "forasmuch as the principal cause of their sending forth had ceased"; and on the 13th she counter-ordered the musters, and sent home all the troops which had arrived at Dover.

Having given way to despondency, the Court should have communicated with Grey, and directed him to make terms for himself and the garrisons of Guisnes and Hammes. In the latter place there was but a small detachment; but at Guisnes were eleven hundred men, who might lose their lives in a desperate and now useless defence. The disaster, however, had taken away the power of thinking or resolving upon anything.

It must be said for Philip that he recognised more clearly and discharged more faithfully the duty of an English sovereign than the queen or the queen's advisers. Spanish and Burgundian troops were called under arms as fast as possible; and when he heard of the gale he sent ships from Antwerp and Dunkirk to bring across the English army. But when his transports arrived at Dover they found the men all gone. Proclamations went out on the 17th to call them back; but two days after there was a counter-panic and a dread of invasion, and the perplexed levies were again told that they must remain at home. So it went on to the end of the month; the resolution of one day alternated with the hesitation of the next, and nothing was done.

The queen's government had lost their heads. Philip, having done his own part, did not feel it incumbent on him to risk a battle with inferior numbers when those who were more nearly concerned were contented to be supine. Guisnes, therefore, and its defenders were left to their fate.

On Thursday, the 13th, the Duke of Guise appeared before the gates. The garrison could have been starved out in a month, but Guise gave England credit for energy, and would not run the risk of a blockade. To reduce the extent of his lines, Grey abandoned the town, burnt the houses and withdrew into the castle. The French made their approaches in form. On the morning of Monday, the 17th, they opened fire from two heavily armed batteries, and by the middle of the day they had silenced the English guns, and made a breach which they thought practicable. A storming party ventured an attempt; after sharp fighting the advanced columns had to retreat; but as they drew back the batteries re-opened, and so effectively that

the coming on of night alone saved the English from being driven at once, and on the spot, from their defences. The walls were of the old sort, constructed when the art of gunnery was in its infancy, and brick and stone crumbled to ruins before the heavy cannon which had come lately into use.

Under shelter of the darkness earthworks were thrown up, which proved a better protection; but the French on their side planted other batteries, and all Tuesday and Wednesday the terrible bombardment was continued. The old walls were swept away; the ditch was choked with the rubbish, and was but a foot in depth; the French trenches had been advanced close to its edge, and on Wednesday afternoon twelve companies of Gascons and Swiss again dashed at the breaches. The Gascons were the first; the Swiss followed "with a stately leisure"; and a hand-to-hand fight began all along the English works. The guns from a single tower, which had been left standing, causing loss to the assailants, it was destroyed by the batteries. The fight continued till night, when darkness as before put an end to it.

The earthworks could be again repaired, but the powder began to fail, and this loss was irreparable. Lord Grey, going his rounds in the dark, trod upon a sword point, and was wounded in the foot. The daylight brought the enemy again, who now succeeded in making themselves masters of the outer line of defence. Grey, crippled as he was, when he saw his men give way, sprung to the top of the rampart, "wishing God that some shot would take him". A soldier caught him by the scarf and pulled him down, and all that was left of the garrison fell back, carrying their commander with them into the keep. The gate was rammed close, but Guise could now finish his work at

his leisure, and had the English at his mercy. He sent a trumpeter in the evening to propose a parley, and the soldiers insisted that if reasonable terms could be had they should be accepted. The extremity of the position was obvious, and Grey, as we have seen, was no stranger to the law of arms in such cases. Hostages were exchanged, and the next morning the two commanders met in the French camp.

Better terms were offered by Guise than had been granted to Calais—Grey, Sir Henry Palmer and a few officers were to consider themselves prisoners; the rest of the garrison might depart with their arms, and “every man a crown in his purse”. Grey demanded that they should march out with their colours flying; Guise refused, and after an hour’s discussion they separated without a conclusion.

But the soldiers were insensible to nice distinctions; if they had the reality, they were not particular about the form. Grey lectured them on the duties of honour; for his part, he said, he would rather die under the red cross than lose it. The soldiers replied that their case was desperate; they would not be thrust into butchery or sell their lives for vain glory. The dispute was at its height when the Swiss troops began to lay ladders to the walls; the English refused to strike another blow; and Grey, on his own rule, would have deserved to be executed had he persisted longer.

Guise’s terms were accepted. He had lived to repay England for his spear wound at Boulogne, and the last remnant of the continental dominions of the Plantagenets was gone.

Measured by substantial value, the loss of Calais was a gain. English princes were never again to lay claim to the crown of France, and the possession of a fortress on French soil was a perpetual irritation. But Calais

was called the "brightest jewel in the English crown". A jewel it was, useless, costly, but dearly prized. Over the gate of Calais had once stood the insolent inscription:—

Then shall the Frenchman Calais win,
When iron and lead like cork shall swim :

and the Frenchmen had won it, won it in fair and gallant fight.

If Spain should rise suddenly into her ancient strength and tear Gibraltar from us, our mortification would be faint compared to the anguish of humiliated pride with which the loss of Calais distracted the subjects of Queen Mary.

THE SURRENDER OF HAVRE, 1563.

PEACE was signed in France on the 25th of March, and notice was sent to Warwick that the purpose of the war being happily accomplished, he was expected to withdraw from Havre.

The prince,¹ however, was unwilling to press matters to extremity. On the 8th of April he protested in a second and more gracious message that neither by him nor by the admiral had the town been placed in English hands; but he offered, in the name of himself, the queen-regent and the entire nobility of France to renew solemnly and formally the clause in the Treaty of Cambray for the restoration of Calais in 1567; to repay Elizabeth the money which she had lent him, and to admit the English to free trade and intercourse with all parts of France.

Could Elizabeth have temperately considered the value of these proposals she would have hesitated before she refused them; but she was irritated at having been outwitted in a transaction in which her own conduct had not been pure. The people, with the national blindness to everything but their own injuries, were as furious as the queen. The garrison at Havre was only anxious for an opportunity of making "the French cock cry cuck". They promised Elizabeth that "the least molehill about her town should not be lost without many bloody blows"; and

¹ Of Condé.—A.

when a few days later there came the certainty that they would really be besieged, they prayed "that the queen would bend her brows and wax angry at the shameful treason"; "the Lord Warwick and all his people would spend the last drop of their blood before the French should fasten a foot in the town".

The French inhabitants of Havre had almost settled the difficulty for themselves. Feeling no pleasure, whatever they might affect, in having "their antient enemies" among them, they opened a correspondence with the Rhingrave. A peasant passing the gates with a basket of chickens was observed to have something under his clothes. A few sheets of white paper was all which the guard could discover; but these, when held to the fire, revealed a conspiracy to murder Warwick and admit the French army. The townspeople, men, women and children, were of course instantly expelled; and the English garrison in solitary possession worked night and day to prepare for the impending struggle.

It was with no pleasure that Condé felt himself obliged to turn against Elizabeth the army which her own money had assisted him to raise. She had answered his proposals by sending to Paris a copy of the articles which both the prince and the admiral had subscribed. "No one thing," she said, "so much offended her as their unkind dealing after her friendship in their extremity;" while Sir Thomas Smith, on the other side, described Condé as a second king of Navarre going the way of Baal Peor, and led astray by "Midianitish women". Yet, had Elizabeth's own dealings been free from reproach, it was impossible for Condé, had he been ever so desirous of it, to make the immediate restoration of Calais a condition of the peace. Had the war been fought out with the support

of England in the field till the Catholics had been crushed, even then his own Huguenots would scarcely have permitted the surrender. Had he held out upon it when the two factions were left standing so evenly balanced, he would have enlisted the pride of France against himself and his cause, and identified religious freedom with national degradation. Before moving on Havre he made another effort. He sent M. de Bricquemaut to explain his position and to renew his offers enlarged to the utmost which he could venture. The young king wrote himself also accepting Elizabeth's declaration that her interference had been in no spirit of hostility to France, entreating that she would continue her generosity, and, peace being made, recall her forces. The ratification of the treaty of Cambray was promised again, with "hostages at her choice" for the fulfilment of it, from the noblest families in France.

But it was all in vain. Elizabeth at first would not see Bricquemaut. She swore she would have no dealings with "the false Prince of Condé," and desired, if the French king had any message for her, that it should be presented by the ambassador, Paul de Foix. When de Foix waited on her with Charles's letter she again railed at the prince as "a treacherous, inconstant, perjured villain". De Foix, evidently instructed to make an arrangement if possible, desired her if she did not like the prince's terms to name her own conditions, and promised that they should be carefully considered. At first she would say nothing. Then she said she would send her answer through Sir Thomas Smith; then suddenly she sent for Bricquemaut, and told him that "her rights to Calais being so notorious, she required neither hostages nor satisfaction; she would have Calais delivered over; she would have her money

paid down ; and she would keep Havre till both were in her hands”.

Bricquemaut withdrew, replying briefly that if this was her resolution she must prepare for war. Once more de Foix was ordered to make a final effort. The council gave him the same answer which Elizabeth had given to Bricquemaut. He replied that the English had no right to demand Calais before the eight years agreed on in the treaty of Cambray were expired. The council rejoined that the treaty of Cambray had been broken by the French themselves in their attempt to enforce the claims of Mary Stuart, that the treaty of Edinburgh remained unratified, and that the fortifications at Calais and the long leases by which the lands in the Pale had been let proved that there was and could be no real intention of restoring it ; “so that it was lawful for the Queen to do any manner of thing for the recovery of Calais ; and being come to the quiet possession of Havre without force or any other unlawful means she had good reason to keep it”.

On Bricquemaut's return Catherine de Medici lost not a moment. The troops of the Rhingrave, which had watched Havre through the spring, were reinforced. The armies of the prince and of the Guises, lately in the field against each other, were united under the Constable, and marched for Normandy.

In England ships were hurried to sea ; the western counties were allowed to send out privateers to pillage French commerce ; and depôts of provisions were established at Portsmouth, with a daily service of vessels between Spithead and the mouth of the Seine. Recruits for the garrison were raised wherever volunteers could be found. The prisoners in Newgate and the Fleet—highwaymen, cutpurses, shoplifters, burglars, horse-stealers, “tall fellows” fit for service

—were drafted into the army in exchange for the gallows; and the council determined to maintain in Havre a constant force of six thousand men and a thousand pioneers, sufficient, it was hoped, with the help of the fleet and the command of the sea, to defy the utmost which France could do.

Every day there was now fighting under the walls of the town, and the first successes were with the English. Fifty of the prisoners taken at Caudebecque, who had since worked in the galleys, killed their captain and carried their vessel into Havre. A sharp action followed with the Rhingrave, in which the French lost fourteen hundred men, and the English comparatively few.

Unfortunately young Tremayne was among the killed, a special favourite of Elizabeth, who had distinguished himself at Leith, the most gallant of the splendid band of youths who had been driven into exile in her sister's time, and had roved the seas as privateers. The queen was prepared for war, but not for the cost of war. She had resented the expulsion of the French inhabitants of Havre: she had "doubted" if they were driven from their homes "whether God would be contented with the rest that would follow"; she was more deeply affected with the death of Tremayne; and Warwick was obliged to tell her that war was a rough game; she must not discourage her troops by finding fault with measures indispensable to success; for Tremayne, he said, "men came there to venture their lives for her Majesty and their country, and must stand to that which God had appointed either to live or die".

The English had a right to expect that they could hold the town against any force which could be brought against them; while the privateers, like a troop of

wolves, were scouring the Channel and chasing French traders from the seas. One uneasy symptom alone betrayed itself: on the 7th of June Lord Warwick reported that a strange disease had appeared in the garrison, of which nine men had suddenly died.

But the intimation created little alarm. For three more weeks the English Court remained sanguine, and talked not only of keeping Havre, but of carrying the war deeper into Normandy. "I was yesterday with the Queen," wrote De Quadra¹ on the 2nd of July. "She said she was about to send 6,000 additional troops across the Channel, and the French should perhaps find the war brought to their own doors. Cecil and the admiral said the same to me. They have fourteen ships well armed and manned besides their transports, and every day they grow more eager and exasperated."

But on that day news was on the way which abridged these large expectations. "The strange disease" was the plague; and in the close and narrow streets where 7,000 men were packed together amidst foul air and filth and summer heat, it settled down to its feast of death. On the 7th of June it was first noticed; on the 27th the men were dying at the rate of sixty a day; those who fell ill rarely recovered; the fresh water was cut off, and the tanks had failed from drought. There was nothing to drink but wine and cider; there was no fresh meat, and there were no fresh vegetables. The windmills were outside the walls and in the hands of the enemy; and though there was corn in plenty the garrison could not grind it. By the 29th of June the deaths had been five hundred. The corpses lay unburied or floated rotting

¹ Spanish ambassador in England.—A.

in the harbour. The officers had chiefly escaped; the common men, worse fed and worse lodged, fell in swathes like grass under the scythe, and the physicians died at their side.

The Prince of Condé, notwithstanding the last answer to de Foix, had written on the 26th of June a very noble letter to Elizabeth. "To prevent war," he said, "the King and Queen, the Princes of the blood, the Lords of the Council, the whole Parliament of Paris, would renew the obligation to restore Calais at the eight years' end. It was an offer which the Queen of England could accept without stain upon her honour, and by agreeing to it she would prove that she had engaged in the quarrel with a chief eye to the glory of God and the maintenance of the truth."

Elizabeth had fiercely refused; and when this terrible news came from Havre she could not—would not—realise its meaning. She would send another army, she would call out the musters, and feed the garrison from them faster than the plague could kill. Cost what it would Havre should be held. It was but a question of men, money and food; and the tarnished fame of England should be regained.

And worse and worse came the news across the water. When June ended, out of his seven thousand men Warwick found but three thousand fit for duty, and the enemy were pressing him closer, and Montmorency had joined the Rhingrave. Thousands of workmen were throwing up trenches under the walls, and thousands of women were carrying and wheeling earth for them. Of the English pioneers but sixty remained alive, and the French cannon were already searching and sweeping the streets. Reinforcements were hurried over by hundreds and then by thousands. Hale, vigorous English countrymen, they were landed

on that fatal quay: the deadly breath of the destroyer passed upon them, and in a few days or hours they fell down, and there were none to bury them, and the commander could but clamour for more and more and more.

On the 11th of July but fifteen hundred men were left. In ten days more at the present death rate Warwick said he would have but three hundred alive. All failed except English hearts. "Notwithstanding the deaths," Sir Adrian Poynings reported, "their courage is so good as if they be supplied with men and victual they trust by God's help yet to withstand the force of the enemy and to render the Queen a good account thereof." Those who went across from England, though going, as they knew, to all but certain death, "kept their high courage and heart for the service".

Ship after ship arrived at Havre with its doomed freight of living men, yet Warwick wrote that still his numbers waned, that the newcomers were not enough to repair the waste. The ovens were broken with the enemy's shot, the bakers were dead of the plague. The besiegers by the middle of the month were closing in upon the harbour mouth. A galley sent out to keep them back was shot through and sunk with its crew under the eye of the garrison. On the 19th their hearts were cheered by large arrivals, but they were raw boys from Gloucestershire, new alike to suffering and to arms. Cannon had been sent for from the Tower, and cannon came, but they were old and rusted and worthless. "The worst of all sorts," wrote Warwick, "is thought good enough for this place." It was the one complaint which at last was wrung from him.

To add to his difficulties the weather broke up in storms. Clinton had twenty sail with him, and three

thousand men ready to throw in. If the fleet could have lain outside the harbour the ships' guns could have kept the approaches open. But a south-west gale chained Clinton in the Downs; the transports which sailed from St. Helen's could not show behind the island, and there was a fear that the garrison, cut off from relief, might have been overpowered in their weakness and destroyed.

Too late for the emergency, and still with sullen unwillingness to yield, the queen on the 20th sent over Throgmorton to accept Condé's terms. But the French Court was with the besieging army, and knew the condition of Warwick's troops too well to listen. The harbour was by that time closed; the provisions were exhausted; the French understood their power and meant to use it. Warwick, ordered as he had been to hold the place under all conditions, "was prepared to die sword in hand" rather than surrender without the queen's permission; but in a few days at latest those whom the sword and pestilence had spared famine would make an end of. Fortunately Sir Francis Knowles, who was in command at Portsmouth, had sent to the Court to say that they must wait for no answer from France; they must send powers instantly to Warwick to make terms for himself. A general attack had been arranged for the morning of the 27th. Lord Warwick knew that he would be unable to resist, and with the remnant of his men was preparing the evening before to meet a soldier's death, when a boat stole in with letters, and he received Elizabeth's permission to surrender at the last extremity.

War, plague and storm had done their work, and had done it with fatal efficacy. Clinton was chafing helplessly at his anchorage "while the French were lying exposed on the beach at Havre". He could not

reach them, and they could but too effectually reach Warwick. Knowing that to delay longer was to expose the handful of noble men who survived with him to inevitable death, and himself wounded and ill, the English general sent at once to the Constable to make terms. The Constable would not abuse his advantage, and on the 29th of July Havre was restored to France, the few English troops remaining being allowed to depart with their arms and goods unmolested and at their leisure.

The day after the weather changed, and Clinton arrived to find that all was over, and that Warwick himself was on board a transport ready to sail. The queen-mother sent M. de Lignerolles on board Clinton's ship to ask him to dine with her. He excused himself under the plea that he could not leave his men; but he said to de Lignerolles "that the plague of deadly infection had done for them that which all the force of France could never have done".

Thus ended this unhappy enterprise in a disaster which, terrible as it seemed, was more desirable for England than success. Elizabeth's favouring star had prevented a conquest from being consummated which would have involved her in interminable war. Had it not been for the plague she might have held Havre; but she could have held it only at a cost which, before many years were over, would have thrown her an exhausted and easy prey at the feet of Philip.

The first thought of Warwick, ill as he was, on reaching Portsmouth was for his brave companions. They had returned in miserable plight, and he wrote to the council to beg that they might be cared for. But there was no occasion to remind Elizabeth of such a duty as this: had she been allowed she would have gone at once at the risk of infection to thank them for

their gallantry. In a proclamation under her own hand she commended the soldiers who had faced that terrible siege to the care of the country; she entreated every gentleman, she commanded every official, ecclesiastical or civil, in the realm to see to their necessities "lest God punish them for their unmercifulness"; she insisted with generous forethought "that no person should have any grudge at those poor captains and soldiers because the town was rendered on conditions"; "she would have it known and understood that there wanted no truth, courage, nor manhood in any of them from the highest to the lowest"; "they would have withstood the French to the utmost of their lives; but it was thought the part of Christian wisdom not to tempt the Almighty to contend with the inevitable mortal enemy of the plague".

Happy would it have been had the loss of Havre ended the calamities of the summer. But the garrison, scattering to their homes, carried the infection through England. London was tainted already, and with the heat and drought of August the pestilence in town and village held on its deadly way.

The eruption on the skin which was usual with the plague does not seem to have attended this visitation of it. The first symptom was violent fever, burning heat alternating with fits of shivering; the mouth then became dry, the tongue parched, with a pricking sensation in the breast and loins; headache followed and languor, with a desire to sleep, and after sleep came generally death, "for the heart did draw the poison, and the poison by its own malice did pierce the heart". When a man felt himself infected "he did first commend himself to the highest Physician and craved mercy of Him". Where he felt pain he was bled, and he then drank the "*aqua contra pestem*"

—the plague water—buried himself in his bed, and if possible perspired. To allay his thirst he was allowed sorrel-water and verjuice, with slices of oranges and lemons. Light food—rabbit, chicken or other bird—was taken often and in small quantities. To prevent the spread of the contagion the houses and streets and staircases were studiously cleaned; the windows were set wide open and hung with fresh green boughs of oak or willow; the floors were strewed with sorrel, lettuce, roses and oak leaves, and freely and frequently sprinkled with spring water or else with vinegar and rose-water. From cellar to garret six hours a day the houses were fumigated with sandalwood and musk, aloes, amber and cinnamon. In the poorest cottages there were fires of rosemary and bay. Yet no remedy availed to prevent the mortality, and no precaution to check the progress of the infection. In July the deaths in London had been two hundred a week; through the following month they rose swiftly to seven hundred, eight hundred, a thousand, in the last week of the month to two thousand; and at that rate with scarcely a diminution the people continued to die till the November rains washed the sewers and kennels clean, and the fury of the disorder was spent.

The bishops, attributing the calamity to supernatural causes, and seeing the cause for the provocation of the Almighty in the objects which excited their own displeasure, laid the blame upon the theatres, and petitioned the Government to inhibit plays and amusements. Sir William Cecil, not charging Providence till man had done his part, found the occasion rather in the dense crowding of the lodging-houses, "by reason that the owners and tenants for greediness and lucre did take unto them other inhabitants and families to dwell

in their chambers"; he therefore ordered that "every house or shop should have but one master and one family," and that aliens and strangers should remove.

The danger alarmed the council into leniency towards the State prisoners. The Tower was emptied. The Catholic prelates were distributed among the houses of their rivals and successors; Lady Catherine Grey was committed to the charge of her father's brother, broken in health, heart and spirit, praying, but praying in vain, that "her lord and husband might be restored to her," and pining slowly towards the grave into which a few years later she sank.

The victims who died of the plague were chiefly obscure.

THE MURDER OF DARNLEY, 1567.

ST. MARY'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, called commonly Kirk-a-Field, was a roofless and ruined church, standing just inside the old town walls of Edinburgh, at the north-western corner of the present college. Adjoining it there stood a quadrangular building which had at one time belonged to the Dominican monks. The north front was built along the edge of the slope which descends to the Cowgate; the south side contained a low range of unoccupied rooms which had been "priests' chambers"; the east consisted of offices and servants' rooms; the principal apartments in the dwelling into which the place had been converted were in the western wing, which completed the square. Under the windows there was a narrow strip of grass-plot dividing the house from the town wall; and outside the wall were gardens into which there was an opening through the cellars by an underground passage. The principal gateway faced north and led direct into the quadrangle.

Here it was that Paris¹ found Bothwell with Sir James Balfour. He delivered his letter and gave his message. The earl wrote a few words in reply. "Commend me to the Queen," he said as he gave the note, "and tell her that all will go well. Say that Balfour and I have not slept all night, that everything is arranged, and that the King's lodgings are ready for

¹ Bothwell's page.—A.

him. I have sent her a diamond. You may say I would send my heart too were it in my power—but she has it already.”

A few more words passed, and from Bothwell Paris went to Maitland, who also wrote a brief answer. To the verbal question he answered, “Tell her Majesty to take the King to Kirk-a-Field”; and with these replies the messenger rode back through the night to his mistress.

She was not up when he arrived; her impatience could not rest till she was dressed, and she received him in bed. He gave his letters and his message. She asked if there was anything further. He answered that Bothwell bade him say “he would have no rest till he had accomplished their enterprise, and that for love of her he would train a pike all his life”. The queen laughed. “Please God,” she said, “it shall not come to that.”

A few hours later she was on the road with her victim. He could be moved but slowly. She was obliged to rest with him two days at Linlithgow; and it was not till the 30th¹ that she was able to bring him to Edinburgh. As yet he knew nothing of the change of his destination, and supposed that he was going on to Craigmillar. Bothwell however met the cavalcade outside the gates and took charge of it. No attention was paid either to the exclamation or remonstrance; Darnley was informed that the Kirk-a-Field house was most convenient for him, and to Kirk-a-Field he was conducted.

“The lodgings” prepared for him were in the west wing, which was divided from the rest of the house by a large door at the foot of the staircase. A passage

¹ Of January, 1567.—A.

ran along the ground floor from which a room opened which had been fitted up for the queen. At the head of the stairs a similar passage led first to the king's room—which was immediately over that of the queen—and further on to closets and rooms for the servants.

Here it was that Darnley was established during the last hours which he was to know on earth. The keys of the doors were given ostentatiously to his groom of the chamber, Thomas Nelson; the Earl of Bothwell being already in possession of duplicates. The door from the cellar into the garden had no lock, but the servants were told that it could be secured with bolts from within. The rooms themselves had been comfortably furnished, and a handsome bed had been set up for the king with new hangings of black velvet. The queen however seemed to think that they would be injured by the splashing from Darnley's bath, and desired that they might be taken down and changed. Being a person of ready expedients too she suggested that the door at the bottom of the staircase was not required for protection. She had it taken down and turned into a cover for the bath-vat; "so that there was nothing left to stop the passage into the said chamber but only the portal door".

After this little attention she left her husband in possession; she intended herself to sleep from time to time there, but her own room was not yet ready.

The further plan was still unsettled. Bothwell's first notion was to tempt Darnley out into the country some sunny day for exercise and then to kill him. But "this purpose was changed because it would be known"; and was perhaps abandoned with the alteration of the place from Craigmillar.

The queen meanwhile spent her days at her husband's

side, watching over his convalescence with seemingly anxious affection, and returning only to sleep at Holyrood. In the starry evenings, though it was midwinter, she would go out into the garden with Lady Reres, and "there sing and use pastime". After a few days her apartment at Kirk-a-Field was made habitable; a bed was set up there in which she could sleep, and particular directions were given as to the part of the room where it was to stand. Paris through some mistake misplaced it. "Fool that you are," the queen said to him when she saw it, "the bed is not to stand there; move it yonder to the other side." She perhaps meant nothing, but the words afterwards seemed ominously significant. A powder barrel was to be lighted in that room to blow the house and every one in it into the air. They had placed the bed on the spot where the powder was to stand, immediately below the bed of the king.

Whatever she meant, she contrived when it was moved to pass two nights there. The object was to make it appear as if in what was to follow her own life had been aimed at as well as her husband's. Wednesday, the 5th, she slept there, and Friday, the 7th, and then her penance was almost over, for on Saturday the thing was to have been done.

Among the wild youths who followed Bothwell's fortunes three were found who consented to be the instruments—young Hay the Laird of Tallo, Hepburn of Bolton, and the Laird of Ormeston—gentlemen retainers of Bothwell's house, and ready for any desperate adventure. Delay only created a risk of discovery, and the earl on Friday arranged his plans for the night ensuing.

It seems however that at the last moment there was an impression either that the powder might fail or that

Darnley could be more conveniently killed in a scuffle with an appearance of accident. Lord Robert Stuart, Abbot of St. Cross, one of James the Fifth's wild brood of children whom the Church had provided with land and title, had shared in past times in the king's riots, and retaining some regard for him had warned the poor creature to be on his guard. Darnley, making love to destruction, told the queen; and Stuart, knowing that his own life might pay the forfeit of his interference, either received a hint that he might buy his pardon by doing the work himself, or else denied his words and offered to make the king maintain them at the sword's point. A duel, could it be managed, would remove all difficulty; and Bothwell would take care how it should end.

Something of this kind was in contemplation on the Saturday night, and the explosion was deferred in consequence. The queen that evening at Holyrood bade Paris tell Bothwell "that the Abbot of St. Cross should go to the king's room and do what the earl knew of". Paris carried the message, and Bothwell answered, "Tell the Queen that I will speak to St. Cross and then I will see her".

But this too came to nothing. Lord Robert went, and angry words, according to some accounts, were exchanged between him and Darnley; but a sick man unable to leave his couch was in no condition to cross swords; and for one more night he was permitted to survive.

So at last came Sunday, eleven months exactly from the day of Rizzio's murder; and Mary Stuart's words, that she would never rest till that dark business was revenged, were about to be fulfilled. The Earl of Murray, knowing perhaps what was coming, yet unable to interfere, had been long waiting for an

opportunity to leave Edinburgh. Early that morning he wrote to his sister to say that Lady Murray was ill at St. Andrew's, and that she wished him to join her; the queen with some reluctance gave him leave to go.

It was a high day at the Court: Sebastian, one of the musicians, was married in the afternoon to Margaret Cawood, Mary Stuart's favourite waiting-woman. When the service was over, the queen took an early supper with the Bishop of Argyle, and afterwards, accompanied by Cassilis, Huntly and the Earl of Argyle, she went as usual to spend the evening with her husband, and professed to intend to stay the night with him. The hours passed on. She was more than commonly tender; and Darnley, absorbed in her caresses, paid no attention to sounds in the room below him, which had he heard them might have disturbed his enjoyment.

At ten o'clock that night two servants of Bothwell, Powrie and Patrick Wilson, came by order to the earl's apartments in Holyrood. Hepburn, who was waiting there, pointed to a heap of leather bags and trunks upon the floor, which he bade them carry to the gate of the gardens at the back of Kirk-a-Field. They threw the load on a pair of pack-horses and led the way in the dark as they were told; Hepburn himself went with them, and at the gate they found Bothwell, with Hay, Ormeston, and another person, muffled in their cloaks. The horses were left standing in the lane. The six men silently took the bags on their shoulders and carried them to the postern door which led through the town wall. Bothwell then went in to join the queen, and told the rest to make haste with their work and finish it before the queen should go. Powrie and Wilson were dismissed; Hepburn and the three others dragged the bags through the

cellar into Mary Stuart's room. They had intended to put the powder into a cask, but the door was too narrow, so they carried it as it was and poured it out in a heap upon the floor.

They blundered in the darkness. Bothwell, who was listening in the room above, heard them stumbling at their work, and stole down to warn them to be silent; but by that time all was in its place. The dark mass, in which the fire-spirit lay imprisoned, rose dimly from the ground; the match was in its place, and the earl glided back to the queen's side.

It was now past midnight. Hay and Hepburn were to remain with the powder alone. "You know what you have to do," Ormeston whispered; "when all is quiet above, you fire the end of the lint and come away."

With these words Ormeston passed stealthily into the garden. Paris, who had been assisting in the arrangement, went upstairs to the king's room, and his appearance was the signal concerted beforehand for the party to break up. Bothwell whispered a few words in Argyle's ear; Argyle touched Paris on the back significantly: there was a pause—the length of a Paternoster—when the queen suddenly recollected that there was a masque and a dance at the palace on the occasion of the marriage, and that she had promised to be present. She rose, and with many regrets that she could not stay as she intended, kissed her husband, put a ring on his finger, wished him good-night, and went. The lords followed her. As she left the room, she said as if by accident, "It was just this time last year that Rizzio was slain".

In a few moments the gay train was gone. The queen walked back to the glittering halls in Holyrood; Darnley was left alone with his page, Taylor,

who slept in his room, and his two servants, Nelson and Edward Seymour. Below in the darkness, Bothwell's two followers shivered beside the powder heap, and listened with hushed breath till all was still.

The king, though it was late, was in no mood for sleep, and Mary's last words sounded awfully in his ears. As soon as she was gone he went over "her many speeches," he spoke of her soft words and her caresses which had seemed sincere, "but the mention of Davie's slaughter marred all his pleasure".

"What will she do?" said he, "it is very lonely." The shadow of death was creeping over him; he was no longer the random boy who two years before had come to Scotland filled with idle dreams of vain ambition. Sorrow, suffering, disease and fear had done their work. That night, before or after the queen's visit, he was said to have opened the Prayer-book, and to have read over the 55th Psalm, which by a strange coincidence was in the English service for the day that was dawning.

True or false, such was the tale at the time; and the words have a terrible appropriateness.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and hide not thyself from my petition.

"My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

"Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.

"It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonour, for then I could have borne it.

"It was even thou, my companion, my guide and my own familiar friend."

Forlorn victim of a cruel age! Twenty-one years old—no more. At the end of an hour he went to bed.

with his page at his side. An hour later they two were lying dead in the garden beyond the wall.

The exact facts of the murder were never known—only at two o'clock that Monday morning a "crack" was heard which made the drowsy citizens of Edinburgh turn in their sleep, and brought down all that side of Balfour's house of Kirk-a-Field in a confused heap of dust and ruin. Nelson, the sole survivor, went to bed and slept when he left his master, and "knew nothing till he found the house falling about him"; Edward Seymour was blown in pieces; but Darnley and his page were found forty yards away under a tree, with "no sign of fire on them," and with their clothes scattered at their side.

Some said that they were smothered in their sleep; some that they were taken down into a stable and "wirried"; some that "hearing the keys grate in the doors below them, they started from their beds and were flying down the stairs, when they were caught and strangled". Hay and Hepburn told one consistent story to the foot of the scaffold: When the voices were silent overhead they lit the match and fled, locking the doors behind them. In the garden they found Bothwell watching with his friends, and they waited there till the house blew up, when they made off and saw no more. It was thought however that in dread of torture they left the whole dark truth untold; and over the events of that night a horrible mist still hangs unpenetrated and unpenetrable for ever.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MURRAY, 1570.

ALTHOUGH to the Catholics, to the friends of Mary Stuart, to the friends generally of anarchy and the right of every man to do as he pleased—a large class at this time in Scotland—the administration of Murray was in every way detestable, yet the disinterested integrity of his character, the activity and equity of his government, had commanded respect even from those who most disliked him. They might oppose his policy and hate his principles, but personal ill-will, as he had never deserved it from any one, had never hitherto been felt towards him, except by his sister. The arrest of Northumberland, and the supposed intention of surrendering him to Elizabeth, had called out a spirit against him which had not before existed, and an opportunity was created for his destruction which had been long and anxiously watched for.

The plot for the murder was originally formed in Mary Stuart's household, if she herself was not the prime mover in it. The person selected for the deed was James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, nephew of the Archbishop of St. Andrews and of the Duke of Chatelherault. The conduct of the Hamiltons for the past ten years had been uniformly base. They had favoured the Reformation while there was a hope of marrying the heir of their house to Elizabeth. When this hope failed, they tried to secure Mary Stuart for him; and when she declined the honour, thought of

carrying her off by force. The archbishop had been a party to the murder of Darnley. He had divorced Bothwell and helped the queen to marry him, in the hope that she would ruin herself. When she was at Lochleven the house of Hamilton would have voted for her death if their title to the crown had been recognised. Had they won at Langside she was to have repaid their service by marrying the Abbot of Arbroath.

A steady indifference to every interest but their own, a disregard of every obligation of justice or honour, if they could secure the crown of Scotland to their lineage, had given a consistency to the conduct of the Hamiltons beyond what was to be found in any other Scottish family. No scruples of religion had disturbed them, no loyalty to their sovereign, no care or thought for the public interests of their country. Through good and evil, through truth and lies, through intrigues and bloodshed, they worked their way towards the one object of a base ambition.

Murray was the great obstacle. With Murray put out of the way the little James would not be long a difficulty. For the present and for their immediate convenience they were making use of Mary Stuart's name, as she for her own purposes was making use of theirs. The alliance would last as long as was convenient, and at this point they were united in a common desire for the regent's death.

Bothwellhaugh had been taken at Langside. His life was forfeited, and he had been pardoned by Murray, against the advice of those who knew his nature and the effect which generosity would produce upon him. His lands had been escheated and taken possession of, his family were removed from his house, and picturesque visions of a desolate wife driven out into the

woods to wander shelterless have served in the eyes of Mary Stuart's admirers to justify the vengeance of a half-maddened husband. But the story rests on legend. Such indeed had been the actual fate of Lady Murray when Mary Stuart was in the flush of her successes after her marriage with Darnley; but the Castle of Hamilton was large enough to receive the household of so near a kinsman of its chiefs, and Bothwellhaugh was the willing instrument of a crime which had been concerted between Mary Stuart's followers and the sons of the Duke of Chatelherault. Assassination was an accomplishment in his family. John Hamilton, a notorious desperado, who was his brother or near relative, had been employed in France to murder Coligny, and, singularly enough, at that very moment Philip II., who valued such services, had his eye upon him as a person who might be sent to look after—so Philip pleasantly put it—the Prince of Orange. The cavalier would have taken with the utmost kindness to the occupation, but his reputation for such atrocities was so notorious that Philip was advised to choose some one against whom the prince would be less likely to be upon his guard.

Edinburgh not offering convenient opportunities, an intimation was brought to Murray, that if he would go to Dumbarton Lord Fleming was ready to surrender the castle. He went as far as Glasgow, but only to find that he had been misled, and he returned after a few days to Stirling. Bothwellhaugh had been on the watch for him at more than one spot upon the road, but he had been unable to make certain of his aim, and he did not mean to risk a failure. Circumstances requiring the regent's presence again in Edinburgh, he left Stirling on the afternoon of the 22nd of January, and that night slept at Linlithgow. The

town then consisted of one long narrow street. Four doors beyond the regent's lodgings was a house belonging to the Archbishop of St. Andrews which was occupied by one of his dependents. From the first landing-place a window opened upon the street, the staircase leading directly down from it to the back garden, at the end of which was a lane. A wooden balcony ran along outside the house on a level with the window. It was railed in front, and when clothes were hung upon the bars they formed a convenient screen behind which a man could easily conceal himself. Here on the morning of the 23rd crouched Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. The Abbot of Arbroath had lent him his own carbine; the best horse in the stables of Hamilton Castle was at the garden gate in the lane, a second was waiting a mile distant, and any one who rode down the street in the direction of Edinburgh would have to pass within three yards of the assassin's hiding-place. The secret had not been kept with entire fidelity. Some one, it was not known who, came to Murray's bedside before he rose, told him that Bothwellhaugh was lying in wait for him, and named the house where he would be found. But Murray was the perpetual object of conspiracies. He received similar warnings probably on half the days on which he went abroad. He had made up his mind to danger as part of his position, and he had ceased to heed it. He had no leisure to think about himself, and whether he lived or died was not of vital moment to him. He paid just sufficient attention to the warning to propose to leave the town by the opposite gate; but when he came out and mounted his horse, he found his guard drawn up and the street not easily passable in that direction, and he thought too little about the matter to disturb them. It was said that he would have

started at a gallop. But the people were all out to look at him. To have ridden fast through the crowd would have been dangerous, and so at a foot's pace he passed in front of Bothwellhaugh. To miss him so was impossible.

The shot was fired—he put his hand to his side and said that he was wounded; but he was able to alight, and leaning on Lord Sempell he returned to the house which he had just left. He had been hit “above the navel at the buttoning of the doublet”. “The ball had passed through him and killed a horse on the other side.” In the confusion the murderer escaped. The clothes upon the rail concealed the smoke, and minutes passed before the window was discovered from which the shot had been fired. Parties of men were on guard in the lane to defend him if he was in danger; but their help was not required, and in a few hours he himself had brought the news of his success to Hamilton Castle, where he was received with an ecstasy of exultation. Thence a day or two after he made his way to France to receive the thanks of Mary Stuart, and to live upon the wages of this and other villainies.

The regent did not at first believe that he was seriously hurt, but on examination of the wound, it was seen that he had but a few hours to live. His friends in their bitter grief reminded him of the advice which he had neglected after Langside. He said calmly that “he could never repent of his clemency”. With the same modest quietness with which he had lived he made his few arrangements. He commended the king to Sempell and Mar, and “without speaking a reproachful word of any man,” died a little before midnight.

Many a political atrocity has disgraced the history

of the British nation. It is a question whether among them all there can be found any which was more useless to its projectors or more mischievous in its immediate consequences. It did not bring back Mary Stuart. It did not open a road to the throne to the Hamiltons or turn back the tide of the Reformation. It flung only a deeper tint of ignominy on his sister and her friends, and it gave over Scotland to three years of misery.

With a perversity scarcely less than the folly which destroyed his life, his memory has been sacrificed to sentimentalism ; and those who can see only in the Protestant religion an uprising of Antichrist, and in the Queen of Scots the beautiful victim of sectarian iniquity, have exhausted upon Murray the resources of eloquent vituperation, and have described him as a perfidious brother building up his own fortunes on the wrongs of his injured sovereign. In the eyes of theologians, or in the eyes of historians who take their inspiration from theological systems, the saint changes into the devil and the devil into the saint, as the point of view is shifted from one creed to another. But facts prevail at last, however passionate the predilection ; and when the verdict of plain human sense can get itself pronounced, the "good Regent" will take his place among the best and greatest men who have ever lived.

Measured by years his career was wonderfully brief. He was twenty-five when the English were at Leith ; he was thirty-five when he was killed. But in times of revolution men mature quickly. His lot had been cast in the midst of convulsions where, at any moment, had he cared for personal advantages, a safe and prosperous course lay open to him ; but so far as his conduct can be traced, his interests were divided only between

duty to his country, duty, as he understood it, to God, and affection for his unfortunate sister. France tried in vain to bribe him, for he knew that the true good of Scotland lay in alliance and eventual union with its ancient enemy; and he preferred to be used, trifled with, or trampled on by Elizabeth to being the trusted and valued friend of Catherine de Medici. In all Europe there was not a man more profoundly true to the principles of the Reformation, or more consistently—in the best sense of the word—a servant of God. His house was compared to “a holy temple,” where no foul word was ever spoken. A chapter of the Bible was read every day after dinner and supper in his family. One or more ministers of the kirk were usually among his guests, and the conversation chiefly turned on some serious subject. Yet no one was more free from sour austerity. He quarrelled once with Knox, “so that they spoke not together for eighteen months,” because his nature shrunk from extremity of intolerance, because he insisted that while his sister remained a Catholic she should not be interdicted from the mass. The hard convictions of the old reformer were justified by the result. The mass in those days meant intrigue, conspiracy, rebellion, murder, if nothing else would serve; and better it would have been for Mary Stuart, better for Scotland, better for the broad welfare of Europe, if it had been held at arm’s length while the battle lasted, by every country from which it had once been expelled. But the errors of Murray—if it may be so said of any errors—deserved rather to be admired than condemned. In the later differences which arose between him and the queen, he kept at her side so long as he could hold her back from wrong. He resisted her by force when in marrying Darnley she seemed plunging

into an element in which she or the Reformation would be wrecked ; and when he failed and in failing was disowned with insults by Elizabeth, he alone of all his party never swerved through personal resentment from the even tenor of his course.

Afterwards, when his sister turned aside from the pursuit of thrones to lust and crime, Murray took no part in the wild revenge which followed. He withdrew from a scene where no honourable man could remain with life, and returned only to save her from judicial retribution. Only at last when she forced upon him the alternative of treating her as a public enemy or of abandoning Scotland to anarchy and ruin, he took his final post at the head of all that was good and noble among his countrymen, and there met the fate which from that moment was marked out for him.

As a ruler he was severe but inflexibly just. The corruption which had begun at the throne had saturated the courts of law. In the short leisure which he could snatch from his own labours he sat on trials with the judges ; and "his presence struck such reverence into them that the poor were not oppressed by false accusations, nor tired out by long attendance, nor their causes put off to gratify the rich". He had his father's virtues without his father's infirmities ; and so with such poor resources as he could command at home, with hollow support from England, and concentrating upon his own person the malignity of political hatred and spurious sentiment, he held on upon his road till the end came and he was taken away.

Scotland was struck to the heart by his death. The pathetic intensity of popular feeling found expression in a ballad which was published at Edinburgh immedi-

ately after Murray's death. It was written probably by Robert Lord Sempell, on whose arm he lent after he was wounded.

The strife of faction was hushed in the great grief which fell on all in whom generous feeling was not utterly extinguished. Those who had been loudest in their outcries against him were shamed by his loss into forgetfulness of their petty grievances, and desired only to revenge a crime which had a second time brought dishonour upon their country.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, 1572.

THE Founder of Christianity, when He sent the Apostles into the world to preach the Gospel, gave them a singular warning. They were to be the bearers of good news to mankind, and yet He said He was not come to send peace on earth, but a sword—He was come to set house against house and kindred against kindred—the son would deliver up his father to death, the brother his sister, the mother the child; the strongest ties of natural affection would wither in the fire of hate which His words were about to kindle. The prophecy, which referred in the first instance to the struggle between the new religion and Judaic bigotry, has fulfilled itself continuously in the history of the Church. Whenever the doctrinal aspect of Christianity has been prominent above the practical, whenever the first duty of the believer has been held to consist in holding particular opinions on the functions and nature of his Master, and only the second in obeying his Master's commands, then always, with a uniformity more remarkable than is obtained in any other historical phenomena, there have followed dissension, animosity, and in later ages bloodshed.

Christianity, as a principle of life, has been the most powerful check upon the passions of mankind. Christianity as a speculative system of opinion has converted them into monsters of cruelty. Higher

than the angels, lower than the demons, these are the two aspects in which the religious man presents himself in all times and countries.

The first burst of the Reformation had taken the Catholic powers by surprise. It had spread like an epidemic from town to town, and nation to nation. No conscientious man could pretend that the Church was what it ought to be. Indiscriminate resistance to all change was no longer possible; and with no clear perception where to stand or where to yield, half the educated world had been swept away by the stream. But the first force had spent itself. The reformers had quarrelled among themselves; the Catholics had recovered heart from their opponents' divisions; the Council of Trent had given them ground to stand upon; and with clear conviction, and a unity of creed and purpose, they had set themselves steadily, with voice and pen and sword, to recover their lost ground. The enthusiasm overcame for a time the distinctions of nations and languages. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian, the German, remembered only that he was a son of the Church, that he had one master the Pope, and one enemy the heretic and the schismatic. In secular convulsions the natural distress at the sight of human suffering is seldom entirely extinguished. In the great spiritual struggle of the sixteenth century religion made humanity a crime, and the most horrible atrocities were sanctified by the belief that they were approved and commanded by Heaven. The fathers of the Church at Trent had enjoined the extirpation of heresy, and the evil army of priests thundered the accursed message from every pulpit which they were allowed to enter, or breathed it with yet more fatal potency in the confessional. Nor were

the other side slow in learning the lesson of hatred. The Lutheran and the Anglican, hovering between the two extremes, might attempt forbearance, but as the persecuting spirit grew among the Catholics European Protestantism assumed a stronger and a sterner type. The Catholic on the authority of the Church made war upon *spiritual* rebellion. The Protestant believed himself commissioned like the Israelites to extinguish the worshippers of images. "No mercy to the heretics" was the watchword of the Inquisition; "the idolaters shall die" was the answering thunder of the disciples of Calvin; and as the death-wrestle spread from land to land, each party strove to outbid the other for Heaven's favour by the ruthlessness with which they carried out its imagined behests. Kings and statesmen in some degree retained the balance of their reason. Coligny, Orange, Philip, even Alva himself, endeavoured at times to check the frenzy of their followers; but the multitude was held back by no responsibilities; their creeds were untempered by other knowledge, and they could indulge the brutality of their natural appetites without dread of the Divine displeasure; while alike in priest's stole or Geneva gown, the clergy, like a legion of furies, lashed them into wilder madness.

On land the chief sufferers had been the Protestants: on the sea they had the advantage, and had used it. The privateers had for the most part disposed swiftly of the crews and passengers of their prizes. Prisoners were inconvenient and dangerous; the sea told no tales, and the dead did not come back. With the capture of Brille and Flushing the black flag had been transferred to the shore. Sir Humfrey Gilbert, following the practice which he had learnt in

Ireland, hung the Spaniards as fast as he caught them. The Hollanders had shown no mercy to the priests; they had been the instruments of Alva's Blood Council, and the measure which they had dealt was dealt in return to them. The Prince of Orange crossed the Rhine in July, coming forward towards Mons. He took Ruremonde by assault, and the monks in the abbeys and priories there were instantly murdered. Mechlin opened its gates to him, and after Mechlin some other neighbouring towns followed the example; in all of them the prince could not prevent his cause from being dishonoured by the same atrocities.

While these scenes were in progress the admiral and Count Louis were preparing for the great campaign which was to end in the expulsion of the Spaniards, the death or capture of Alva, and the liberation of the Low Countries. For the French Government to go to war with Spain as the ally of the Prince of Orange would be equivalent to an open declaration in favour of their own Huguenots; and with examples of the treatment of their brethren before them, the French priests and monks had reason to be alarmed at the prospect of Calvinist ascendancy. The Paris clergy, confident in the support of the populace, had denounced throughout the summer the liberal policy of the king. One of them, de Sainte Foix, in the very Court itself, had held out the story of Jacob and Esau to the ambition of the Duke of Anjou; and the favour shown to Count Louis, the alliance with excommunicated England, and the approaching marriage of the Princess Margaret had not tended to moderate their vehemence. The war was pronounced to be impious; the Catholic king was fulfilling a sacred duty in crushing the enemies of God; and those who would have

France interfere to save them were denounced as traitors to Holy Church.

Yet as the weeks passed on, it seemed as if all their exertions would be wasted. The traditions of Francis I. were not dead. The opportunity for revenging St. Quentin and tearing in pieces the treaty of Cambray was splendidly alluring. The Catholic leaders, Guise, Nevers, Tavannes, even Anjou himself, clamoured and threatened, but Charles was carried away by the temptation, and perhaps by nobler motives. Coligny said that whoever was against the war was no true Frenchman, and the Court appeared to agree with Coligny. The Princess Margaret's marriage, independent of its political bearing, was in itself a defiance of the Papacy. Pius V. had refused absolutely to allow or sanction it till the King of Navarre was reconciled to the Church. Pius had died in the May preceding, but his successor, Gregory XIII., had maintained the objection, and though less peremptory, had attached conditions to his consent to which Charles showed no signs of submitting.

The only uncertainty rose from the attitude of England. Catherine de Medici had acquiesced in the war, with the proviso from the first that France and England should take up the quarrel together. As the Catholic opposition increased in intensity, Elizabeth's support became more and more indispensable. If the king risked the honour of France alone in a doubtful cause, and experienced anything like disaster, whatever else happened his own ruin was certain. As soon therefore as it was discovered that Elizabeth was not only playing with the Alençon marriage, but was treating secretly with Alva to make her own advantage out of the crisis, the queen-mother's resolution gave way—or rather, for resolution is not a word to

be thrown away upon Catherine de Medici—she saw that war was too dangerous to be ventured. Religion, in its good sense and in its bad sense, was equally a word without meaning to her. She hated and she despised Calvinism; it was a new superstition as overbearing as the old, and without the sanction of traditionary existence; it had shaken her own power and her son's throne, and though, if it would serve her purpose, she was ready to make use of it, she was no less willing, if it stood in her way, to set her foot upon its neck. The impatience of the Huguenots would not endure disappointment, and their own safety was as much involved as that of the Prince of Orange in the intended campaign. The idea of a general massacre of the Huguenots had been long familiar to the minds of the Catholics. If the project on Flanders was abandoned, they knew that they would be unable to live in the districts of France where they were out-numbered, and they declared without reserve that they would fall back into the west, and there maintain their own liberties. But the reopening of the civil war was a terrible prospect. Coligny still had a powerful hold on the mind of the king. The queen-mother when she attempted to oppose him found her influence shaking; and even she herself, as late certainly as the 10th of August, was hesitating on the course which she should adopt. On that day she was still clinging to the hope that Elizabeth might still take Alençon; it was only when she found distinctly that it would not be, that she fell back upon her own cunning.

The French Court had broken up in June, to re-assemble in August for the marriage of the princess. The admiral went down to Chatillon, and while there he received a warning not to trust himself again in

Paris. But he dared not, by absenting himself, impair his influence with the king. His intentions were thoroughly loyal. He said that he would rather be torn by horses than disturb again the internal peace of France; and he had been many times within hearing of the bells of Notre Dame with fewer friends about him than he would find assembled in the capital. The retinues of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, his own followers, the trains of Rochefoucault, Montgomery and Montmorency, the noblemen and gentlemen of Languedoc and Poitou—all these would be there, and these were the men who for ten years had held at bay the united strength of Catholic France, and were now gathering in arms to encounter Alva. If evil was intended towards them some other opportunity would be chosen, and personal danger, at least for the present, he could not anticipate.

Thus at the appointed time the admiral returned to the Court, and notwithstanding Elizabeth's tricks, he found the king unchanged. The Duke of Guise shook hands with him in Charles's presence, and Charles again spoke to him with warmth and confidence of the Flanders expedition. On the 18th of August the great event came off which the Catholics had tried in vain to prevent, and which was regarded as the symbol of the intended policy of France. The dispensation from Rome was still withheld, but the Cardinal of Bourbon ventured in the face of its absence to officiate at the ceremony in the cathedral. The sister of the king became the bride of a professed heretic, and when the princess afterwards attended mass, her husband ostentatiously withdrew, and remained in the cloister. A few more days and Coligny would be on his way to the army. Though England had failed him, and might perhaps be hostile, the king

still meant to persevere. The queen-mother had tried all her arts—tears, threats, entreaties—and at times not without effect. Charles's instincts were generous, but his purpose was flexible, and his character was half formed. His mother had ruled him from the time that he had left his cradle, and he had no high convictions, no tenacity of principle or vigour of will, to contend against her. But there was a certain element of chivalry about him which enabled him to recognise in Coligny the noblest of his subjects, and he had a soldier's ambition to emulate his father and grandfather. The Duke of Anjou, who related afterwards the secret history of these momentous days, said that whenever the king had been alone with the admiral, the queen-mother found him afterwards cold and reserved towards herself. Anjou himself went one day into his brother's cabinet; the king did not speak to him, but walked up and down the room fingering his dagger, and looking as if he could have stabbed him. If the war was to be prevented, something must be done, and that promptly. Guise, notwithstanding his seeming cordiality with Coligny, was supposed to be meditating mischief, and the king, by Coligny's advice, kept the Royal Guard under arms in the streets. Catherine, who hated both their houses, calculated that by judicious irritation she might set the duke and the admiral at each other's throats, and rid herself at once of both of the too dangerously powerful subjects. The admiral's own declaration had failed to persuade the Guises that he was innocent of the murder of the duke's father—Poltrot was still generally believed to have been privately instigated by him—and Catherine intimated to the Duchesse de Nemours, the late Duke of Guise's widow, that if she would, she might have her revenge.

Were Coligny killed, the king would be again manageable. The Huguenots would probably take arms to avenge his death. After a few days of fury a little water would wash the blood from the streets of Paris, and the catastrophe would be explained to the world as the last act of the civil war.

In becoming acquainted with the women among whom she was educated, we cease to wonder at the Queen of Scots' depravity. To the duchesse the assassination of the admiral was the delightful gratification of a laudable desire. The Duke of Guise and his uncle the Duke of Aumale were taken into counsel; an instrument was found in a man named Maurevert, who had tried his hand already in the same enterprise, and having failed, was eager for a new opportunity. He was placed in a house between the Louvre and the Rue de Bethisi, where his intended victim lodged; and after waiting for two days, on the morning of the 22nd, as the admiral was slowly walking past, reading, Maurevert succeeded in shooting him. The work was not done effectually; the gun was loaded with slugs, one of which shattered a finger, the other lodged in an arm. The admiral was assisted home—the house from which the shot was fired was recognised as belonging to the Guise family, and the assassin was seen galloping out of St. Antoine on a horse known to be the duke's. The king, when the news reached him, was playing tennis with Guise himself and Teligny the admiral's son-in-law. He dashed his racket on the pavement, and went angrily to the palace. Navarre and Condé came to him to say that their lives were in danger, and to ask permission to leave Paris. The king said it was he who had been wounded, and he would make such an example of the murderers as should be a lesson to all posterity. Condé

and all who were afraid might come to the Louvre for protection. Charles placed a guard at Coligny's house; he sent his own surgeon to attend him, and went himself to his bedside.

The queen-mother and Anjou, not daring to trust the king out of their sight, accompanied him. The admiral desired to speak to Charles alone, and he sent them out of the room. When he followed them, they pressed him to tell them what Coligny had said. Charles, after a pause, answered: "He said that you two had too much hand in the management of the State; and, by God's death, he spoke true".

So passed the 22nd of August. The next morning Guise and Aumale came to the palace to say that if their presence in Paris caused uneasiness, they were ready to leave the city; and the king bade them go. His words and manner were so completely reassuring that the Huguenot leaders put away their misgivings.

The Vidame of Chartres still urged flight, distrusting Charles's power to protect them; but Condé, Teligny, Rochefoucault, Montgomery, all opposed him. To retire would be to leave the admiral in danger. His wound appeared only to have increased the king's resolution to stand by him; and being themselves most anxious to prevent disturbance and give no cause of offence, they would not even permit their followers to watch in the streets. A few hundred of them paraded in arms in the afternoon under the windows of the Hôtel Guise; but not a single act of violence was committed to excuse a Catholic rising; and when they broke up at night, they left the city ostentatiously to the ordinary police and the Royal Guard.

So far the queen-mother's plot had failed. The admiral was not dead. The Huguenots had not broken

the peace. The Guises were disgraced; and, if they were arrested, they were likely to reveal the name of their instigator. That same afternoon Catherine sent for the Count de Retz, Marshal Tavannes and the Duc de Nevers to the gardens of the Tuileries: all these were members of Charles's council, ardent Catholics' and passionately opposed to the Spanish war. After some hours' consultation, they adjourned, still undecided what to do, to the king's cabinet. For many years—ever since his father's death—to get possession of the king's person had been a favourite scheme of the Prince of Condé and the admiral. They had wished to separate him from his Italian mother, to bring him up a Protestant, or to keep him, at all events, as a security for their own safety. The conspiracy of Amboise had been followed once, if not twice, by similar projects. The admiral especially, ever prompt and decisive, was known throughout to have recommended such a method of ending the civil war. That at this particular crisis a fresh purpose of the same kind was formed or thought of is in itself extremely improbable, and the Court afterwards entirely failed to produce evidence of such a thing. It is likely however that impatient expressions tending in that direction might have been used by the admiral's friends. The temptation may easily have been great to divide Charles from his Catholic advisers at a time when he was himself so willing to be rid of their control, and, at all events, past examples gave plausibility to the suggestion that it might be so. With some proofs, forged or real, in her hand that he was in personal danger, the queen-mother presented herself to her son. She told him that at the moment that she was speaking the Huguenots were arming. Sixteen thousand of them intended to assemble in the morning, seize the

palace, destroy herself, the Duke of Anjou, and the Catholic noblemen, and carry off Charles. The conspiracy, she said, extended through France. The chiefs of the congregations were waiting for a signal from Coligny to rise in every province and town. The Catholics had discovered the plot, and did not mean to sit still to be murdered. If the king refused to act with them, they would choose another leader; and whatever happened, he would be himself destroyed.

Unable to say that the story could not be true, Charles looked inquiringly at Tavannes and de Nevers, and they both confirmed the queen-mother's words. Shaking his incredulity with reminders of Amboise and Meaux, Catherine went on to say that one man was the cause of all the troubles in the realm. The admiral aspired to rule all France, and she—she admitted, with Anjou and the Guises—had conspired to kill him to save the king and the country. She dropped all disguise. The king, she said, must now assist them or all would be lost. The first blow had failed, but it must be repeated at once. The admiral, with the rest of the Huguenot leaders, must die.

A grown man, in possession of his senses, would have suspected the story from the proposal with which it ended. Had there been truth in it, the hands which could murder could arrest: the conspirators could be taken in their beds, and, if found guilty, could be legally punished. It was easy to say however that the Huguenots were present in such force that the only safety was in surprise. Charles was a weak, passionate boy, alone in the dark conclave of iniquity. He stormed, raved, wept, implored, spoke of his honour, his plighted word; swore at one moment that the admiral should not be touched, then prayed them to try other means. But clear, cold and venomous,

Catherine told him it was too late. If there was a judicial inquiry, the Guises would shield themselves by telling all that they knew. They would betray her; they would betray his brother; and, fairly or unfairly, they would not spare himself. He might protest his innocence, but the world would not believe him. For an hour and a half the king continued to struggle.

"You refuse, then," Catherine said at last. "If it be so, your mother and your brother must care for themselves. Permit us to go." The king scowled at her. "Is it that you are afraid, Sire?" she hissed in his ear.

"By God's death," he cried, springing to his feet, "since you will kill the admiral, kill them all. Kill all the Huguenots in France, that none may be left to reproach me. Mort Dieu! Kill them all."

He dashed out of the cabinet. A list of those who were to die was instantly drawn up. Navarre and Condé were first included; but Catherine prudently reflected that to kill the Bourbons would make the Guises too strong. Five or six names were added to the admiral's, and these Catherine afterwards asserted were all that it was intended should suffer. Even she herself perhaps was not prepared for the horrors that would follow when the mob were let loose upon their prey.

Night had now fallen. Guise and Aumale were still lurking in the city, and came with the Duke of Montpensier at Catherine's summons. The persons who were to be killed were in different parts of the town. Each took charge of a district. Montpensier promised to see to the palace; Guise and his uncle undertook the admiral; and below these, the word went out to the leaders of the already organised sections, who had been disappointed once, but whose

hour was now come. The Catholics were to recognise one another in the confusion by a white handkerchief on the left arm and a white cross in their caps. The Royal Guard, Catholics to a man, were instruments ready made for the work. Guise assembled the officers : he told them that the Huguenots were preparing to rise, and that the king had ordered their instant punishment. The officers asked no questions, and desired no better service. The business was to begin at dawn. The signal would be the tolling of the great bell at the Palace of Justice, and the first death was to be Coligny's.

The soldiers stole to their posts. Twelve hundred lay along the Seine, between the river and the Hôtel de Ville ; other companies watched at the Louvre. As the darkness waned, the queen-mother went down to the gate. The stillness of the dawn was broken by an accidental pistol-shot. Her heart sank, and she sent off a messenger to tell Guise to pause. But it was too late. A minute later the bell boomed out, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew had commenced.

The admiral was feverish with his wounds, and had not slept. The surgeon and a Huguenot minister, named Malin, had passed the night with him. At the first sounds he imagined that there was an *émeute* of the Catholics at the Court ; but the crash of his own gate, and shots and shrieks in the court below the window, told him that, whatever was the cause, his own life was in danger. He sat up in his bed. "M. Malin," he said, "pray for me ; I have long expected this." Some of his attendants rushed half-dressed into the room. "Gentlemen, save yourselves," he said to them ; "I commend my soul to my Saviour."

They scattered, escaping or trying to escape by the roofs and balconies ; a German servant alone remained

with him. The door was burst open immediately after, and the officer who was in charge of the house, a Bohemian servant of Guise, and a renegade Huguenot soldier, rushed in with drawn swords.

“Are you the admiral?” the Bohemian cried.

“I am,” replied Coligny; “and, young man, you should respect my age and my wounds: but the term of my life does not rest in the pleasure of such as thou.”

The Bohemian, with a curse, stabbed him in the breast, and struck him again on the head. The window was open. “Is it done?” cried Guise from the court below, “is it done? Fling him out that we may see him.” Still breathing, the admiral was hurled upon the pavement. The Bastard of Angoulême wiped the blood from his face to be sure of his identity, and then kicking him as he lay, shouted, “So far well. Courage, my brave boys! now for the rest.” One of the Duc de Nevers’s people hacked off the head. A rope was knotted about the ankles, and the corpse was dragged out into the street amidst the howling crowd. Teligny, who was in the adjoining house, had sprung out of bed at the first disturbance, ran down into the court, and climbed by a ladder to the roof. From behind a parapet he saw his father-in-law murdered, and, scrambling on the tiles, concealed himself in a garret; but he was soon tracked, torn from his hiding-place, and thrown upon the stones with a dagger in his side. Rochefoucault and the rest of the admiral’s friends who lodged in the neighbourhood were disposed of in the same way, and so complete was the surprise that there was not the most faint attempt at resistance.

Montpensier had been no less successful in the Louvre. The staircases were all beset. The retinues

of the King of Navarre and the prince had been lodged in the palace at Charles's particular desire. Their names were called over, and as they descended unarmed into the quadrangle they were hewn in pieces. There, in heaps, they fell below the royal window under the eyes of the miserable king, who was forced forward between his mother and his brother that he might be seen as the accomplice of the massacre. Most of the victims were killed upon the spot. Some fled wounded up the stairs, and were slaughtered in the presence of the princesses. One gentleman rushed bleeding into the apartment of the newly-married Margaret, clung to her dress, and was hardly saved by her intercession. By seven o'clock the work which Guise and his immediate friends had undertaken was finished, with but one failure. The Count Montgomery and the Vidame of Chartres lodged in the Faubourg St. Germain, across the water, on the outskirts of the town. A party of assassins had been sent to dispatch them, but had loitered on the way to do some private murdering on their own account. When the news reached Montgomery that Paris was up, he supposed, like Coligny, that the Catholics had risen against the Court. He ran down the river's bank with a handful of men behind him, opposite the Tuileries, intending to cross to help his friends; but the boats were all secured on the other side. The soldiers shot at him from under the palace. It was said—it rests only on the worthless authority of Brantome—that Charles himself in his frenzy snatched a gun from a servant and fired at him also. Montgomery did not wait for further explanation. He, the Vidame, and a few others, sprang on their horses, rode for their lives, and escaped to England.

The mob meanwhile was in full enjoyment. Long

possessed with the accursed formulas of the priests, they believed that the enemies of God were given into their hands. While dukes and lords were killing at the Louvre, the bands of the sections imitated them with more than success; men, women, and even children, striving which should be the first in the pious work of murder. All Catholic Paris was at the business, and every Huguenot household had neighbours to know and denounce them. Through street and lane and quay and causeway the air rang with yells and curses, pistol-shots and crashing windows; the roadways were strewn with mangled bodies, the doors were blocked by the dead and dying. From garret, closet, roof or stable crouching creatures were torn shrieking out, and stabbed and hacked at; boys practised their hands by strangling babies in their cradles, and headless bodies were trailed along the trottoirs. Carts struggled through the crowd carrying the dead in piles to the Seine, which, by special Providence, was that morning in flood, to assist in sweeping heresy away. Under the sanction of the great cause, lust, avarice, fear, malice and revenge, all had free indulgence, and glutted themselves to nausea. Even the distinctions of creed itself became at last confounded; and every man or woman who had a quarrel to avenge, a lawsuit to settle, a wife or husband grown inconvenient, or a prospective inheritance if obstacles could be removed, found a ready road to the object of their desires.

Towards midday some of the quieter people attempted to restore order. A party of the town police made their way to the palace. Charles caught eagerly at their offers of service, and bade them do their utmost to put the people down; but it was all in vain. The soldiers, maddened with plunder and blood, could not

be brought to assist, and without them nothing could be done. All that afternoon and night, and the next day and the day after, the horrible scenes continued, till the flames burnt down at last for want of fuel. The number who perished in Paris was computed variously from two to ten thousand. In this, as in all such instances, the lowest estimate is probably the nearest to the truth.

The massacre was completed—completed in Paris, only, as it proved, to be continued elsewhere. It was assuming a form however considerably larger than anything which the contrivers of it had contemplated; and it became a question what explanation of such a business should be given to the world. The age was not tender-hearted; but a scene of this kind was as yet unprecedented, and transcended far the worst atrocities which had been witnessed in the Netherlands. The opinion of Europe would require some account of it, and the Court at first thought that half the truth might represent the whole. On the 24th, while the havoc was at its height, circulars went round to the provinces that a quarrel had broken out between the Houses of Guise and Coligny; that the admiral and many more had been unfortunately killed, and that the king himself had been in danger through his efforts to control the people. The governors of the different towns were commanded to repress at once any symptoms of disorder which might show themselves, and particularly to allow no injury to be done to the Huguenots. Aumale and Guise had gone in pursuit of Montgomery, and at the moment were not in Paris. The queen-mother used the opportunity to burden them with the entire responsibility. But her genius had overshot its mark, and she was not to escape so easily. Guise returned in the evening to find the odium cast upon himself. He at once insisted that

the circulars should be recalled. The Parliament of Paris was assembled, and the king was compelled to admit publicly that the troops had received their orders from himself. The story of the Huguenot conspiracy was revived, systematised and supported by pretended confessions made at the moment of death by men who could now offer no contradiction. The Protestants of the provinces, finding themselves denounced from the throne, were likely instantly to take arms to defend themselves. Couriers were therefore despatched with second orders that they should be dealt with as they had been dealt with at Paris; and at Lyons, Orleans, Rouen, Bourdeaux, Toulon, Meaux, in half the towns and villages of France, the bloody drama was played over again. The king, thrown out into the hideous torrent of blood, became drunk with frenzy, and let slaughter have its way, till even Guise himself affected to be shocked, and interposed to put an end to it; not however till, according to the belief of the times, a hundred thousand men, women and children had been miserably murdered.

The guilt of such enormous wickedness may be distinguished from its cause. The guilt was the queen-mother's; the cause was Catholic fanaticism. Catherine de Medici had designed the political murder of a few inconvenient persons, with a wicked expectation that their friends in return might kill Guise and his uncle, whose power was troublesome to her. The massacre was the spontaneous work of theological frenzy heated to the boiling point. No imaginable army of murderers could have been provided by the most accomplished conspirator who would have executed such a work in such a way. The actors in it were the willing instruments of teachers of religion as sincere in their madness as themselves. The equity

of history requires that men be tried by the standard of their times. The citizens of Paris and Orleans may be pardoned if they were not more enlightened than the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom and the Most Catholic King of Spain. Philip, when the news reached him, is said to have laughed for the first and only time in his life. He was happy in being saved from a combination which had threatened him with the loss of his Low Countries. But a deeper source of gratification to him was the public evidence that his brother-in-law no longer intended to tamper with heresy, that France was in no further danger of following England into schism, and that the seamless robe of the Saviour was not to be parted among His executioners.

At Rome, in the circle of the saints, the delight was even more unbounded. Where the blood was flowing the voice of humanity could not utterly be stifled, and expressions of displeasure began early to be heard. In the Holy City there was a universal outpouring of thanksgiving to the Father who had taken pity on His children. The cannon were fired at St. Angelo, the streets were illuminated, Pope Gregory with his cardinals walked in procession from sanctuary to sanctuary to offer their sacrifice of adoring gratitude. As, for an act of hostility committed five centuries before, a prophet of Israel commanded the extermination of an entire nation; as then the baby was not spared at the breast, the mother with child, the aged and the sick were slaughtered in their beds—all murdered; as the hideous fury was extended to the cattle in the field, and all living things were piled together in a gory mass of carnage: so another slaughter of scarce inferior horror had again been perpetrated in the name of religion, and the Vicar of Christ, like a second Samuel, bestowed upon the deed the especial

blessing of the Almighty. The scene of the massacre was painted by the Pope's orders, with an inscription immortalising his own gratification and approval. He struck a commemorative medal, with on the one side his own image, on the other the destroying Angel immolating the Huguenots. He despatched Cardinal Orsini to Paris to congratulate the king; and the assassins of Lyons, on whose hands the blood of the innocents was scarcely dry, knelt before the holy man in the cathedral as he passed through, and received his apostolic blessing. Such was the judgment upon the massacre in the Catholic world, where no worldly interests obscured the clearness of the sacred vision.

THE ARREST OF CAMPIAN, 1581.

DURING the session of Parliament Campian was hiding in London, printing his *Ten Reasons for being a Catholic*, which were to complete the conversion of England. He had a friend living on the Harrow Road, whom he often visited. His walk led him past the Tyburn gallows, and, instinct telling him what might one day befall him there, he touched his hat to the ugly thing whenever he went by. The *Ten Reasons* came out, throwing Oxford, among other places, into an ecstasy of enthusiasm; and Campian and Parsons, who had been in London also, then went into the country to the house of Lady Stonor, near Henley. The publication of the book had increased the determination of the Government to disarm and punish its author; but the persecution had created much general pity for the hunted Jesuits. Notwithstanding the threatened penalties, some Protestants were found, of the milder sort, who concealed them from their pursuers; and the care of their friends and the wilful blindness of the country gentlemen had hitherto served to screen them. But the search was now growing hot, and greater precaution had become necessary.

At Lyford, near Abingdon, twenty miles from Henley, there was an ancient "moated grange," the abode of a Mr. Yates, a Catholic who was in confinement in London. His wife was at home, and with her were

eight Brigittine nuns, who had gone to Belgium on the death of Queen Mary, but had returned on finding that they had no persecution to fear, and were now lingering out their lives and their devotions in this Berkshire manor house, with the knowledge and consent of the queen. The ladies, hearing that Campian was in the neighbourhood, were extremely anxious to receive the communion from him. They had two priests in constant attendance. They were not in want of the sacraments, and the house being notorious and likely to be watched, his appearance there was thought unnecessary and imprudent.

Parsons had resolved to return alone to London. His companion he proposed to send to Norfolk, where the Catholics were numerous and concealment would be easy. The nuns however were pressing, and Campian was anxious to please them; and Father Robert gave a reluctant consent, on condition that his stay should not be protracted beyond one day and night.

To Lyford therefore he went, on Wednesday, the 12th of July. He was received with tender enthusiasm. The long summer evening was passed in conferences and confessions, and absolutions and pious tears. Mass was said at dawn, and the devotions were protracted through the morning: an early dinner followed, and the dangerous visit was safely over. Campian and Emerson mounted and rode away across the country. Their road led them near Oxford. It was hard for them to pass the place to which so many memories attached them without pausing to look at it. They lingered, and put up their horses at an alehouse, where they were soon surrounded by a crowd of students. The same afternoon some Catholic gentlemen happened to call at Lyford, and hearing that they had so nearly missed Campian, one of them followed, and overtook

him and begged him to return. The students added their entreaties. If Campian would but remain at Lyford on Sunday, half Oxford, they said, would ride over to hear him preach. The temptation was strong. Knowing his weakness, Parsons had placed him under Emerson's authority: but Emerson wanted strength, and clamour and entreaty prevailed. He gave the required permission, and himself went on upon his way; while Campian "turned again by the road that he came," promising to follow in the ensuing week. The expected sermon became of course the talk of the university. An agent of Leicester, named Eliot, was in Oxford at the time with a warrant in his pocket for Campian's apprehension. He gave notice to a magistrate, collected a posse of constables, and on Sunday morning early concealed them in the neighbourhood of the grange; whilst he himself went boldly to the gate, and pretending to be a Catholic requested to be admitted to mass. The nuns and the Catholic visitors had for two days enjoyed to the full the presence of their idolised teacher. The Sunday only remained, and then he was to leave them indeed. The students had crowded over as they promised, and Eliot passed in as one of them. Mass was celebrated. They all communicated; and then followed the last sermon which Campian was ever to preach.

The subject was the tears of Jesus at the aspect of Jerusalem, Jerusalem that murdered the prophets and stoned them that were sent to her. England was that Jerusalem, and he and his fellows were the prophets. The Protestants on their side could sing the same song. Campian, though not past middle age, could remember the martyrs at Oxford, and the burning of those four hundred mechanics at whom it pleased him to scoff. Who was to choose between the witnesses? But the

dreams of hysteria are to the dreamers the inspiration of the Almighty. He was never more brilliant, his eloquence being subdued and softened by the sense that his end was near. Eliot—Judas Eliot as he was afterwards called—glided out before he had ended. A few minutes after a servant rushed into the assembly to say that the doors were beset by armed men.

Those who are acquainted with English manor houses must have seen often narrow staircases piercing the walls, and cells hollowed out in the seeming solid masonry. These places were the priests' chambers of the days of the persecution, where in sudden alarms they could be concealed. Into one of them Campian and the two chaplains were instantly hurried. The entrance, scarcely to be detected by those who knew where to look for it, was in Mrs. Yates's room behind the bed curtains. The constables with Eliot at their head were admitted, searched every place, and could find nothing. The magistrate who was in attendance apologised to Mrs. Yates, and was about to withdraw his men, when Eliot, who had seen Campian there with his own eyes, and knew that no one had left the house, produced the council's warrant, and insisted on a further search. It was continued till dark, but still without success. The brave Mrs. Yates showed no anxiety, begged the constables to remain for the night, entertained them hospitably, and dosed them heavily with ale. Sound slumber followed; Campian and his two companions were brought out of their hiding-place, and at that moment might have easily escaped, but enthusiasm and prudence were ill companions. A "parting of friends" was necessary, and "last words," and tears and sobs, at Mrs. Yates's bedside. The murmur of voices was heard below-stairs, and disturbed the sleepers in the hall. The three priests were again

hurried into the wall, and at daybreak the search was renewed. Again it was unsuccessful. The magistrate, an unwilling instrument throughout, was about to depart with a sarcastic remark to Eliot on the accuracy of his information; they were descending the staircase for the last time, when Eliot, striking the wall, heard something unusual in the sound. A servant of the house who was at his side became agitated. Eliot called for a mattock, dashed in the plaster, and found the men that he was in search of lying side by side upon a narrow bed. They had confessed their sins to each other. They had said their *Fiat voluntas tua*. Three times they had invoked St. John as Campian's patron saint. But St. John had left them to their fate. Campian was taken out without violence, and was carried first to Aldermaston, the house of Humfrey Forster, the Sheriff of Berkshire. Forster, who, like most English gentlemen, was more than half a Catholic, received him rather as a guest than a prisoner, but was obliged to communicate with the council, and received orders to send him up at once. The sympathy which protected him in the country did not extend to London. He was brought into the city in his lay disguise, wearing cap and feather, buff jerkin and velvet hose, his feet tied under his horse's belly, and his arms pinioned behind his back. A placard was fastened on his head, with the words, "Campian, the seditious Jesuit". He was led along through a yelling crowd to the Tower gate, where Sir Owen Hopton received him, and his lodging for the night was "Little Ease"—a narrow cell at one end of the torture chamber, underground, entirely dark, where he could neither stand nor lie at length.

The next day the council directed that some better lodging should be provided for him. Neither the

queen nor Leicester had forgotten the brilliant youth who had flattered them at Oxford. The earl sent for Campian; and being introduced into a private room, he found himself in the presence of Elizabeth herself. She wished to give him a chance of saving himself. She asked whether he regarded her as his lawful sovereign. The relaxation of the Bull allowed him to say that he did. She asked whether he thought that the Bishop of Rome could lawfully excommunicate her. A distinct declaration of loyalty, a frank repudiation of the temporal pretensions of the Pope, were all that was required of him. He would not make either. He said that he was no umpire between parties so far above him, he could not decide a question on which the learned were divided. He would pay her Majesty what was hers, but he must pay to God what was God's. He was returned to the Tower with directions that he should be kindly treated.

AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, 1582.

ORANGE was well understood to be the soul of the revolt. Could Orange be removed, Philip feared little either Alençon or any other person, and as all efforts to gain him over had been tried in vain, his life had been sought for some years past by the indirect means which are either murder or legitimate execution according to the character of the victim. Bothwellhaugh, who killed Murray, had been employed to assassinate him in 1573, and party after party of English Catholic officers had tried it afterwards. In 1579 a youth introduced himself to Don Bernardino, in London, with a letter of credit from a merchant of Bruges. He said that he was in possession of a poison which if rubbed on the lining of a man's hat would dry up his brain and would kill him in ten days, and if the ambassador approved, he was ready to try its effects upon the Prince of Orange. Don Bernardino, not expecting much result, yet gave him his blessing, and bade him do his best. Other experiments more promising were tried afterwards, but none had hitherto succeeded. Finally Philip declared the prince outlawed, and promised a public reward to any one who would put him out of the way in the service of God and his country. The king's pleasure being made known, Don Pedro Arroyo, father of one of the royal secretaries, announced that he knew a man who would make the

venture. Philip offered eighty thousand dollars, with the order of St. Iago; and the reward being held sufficient, Don Pedro gave in the name of Gaspar de Anastro, a Spanish merchant at Antwerp. A formal contract was drawn out and signed, and Anastro watched an opportunity to strike the blow.

Finding however that he could get the job done cheaper, and clear a sum of money without peril to himself, the merchant pretended that "his courage was weak," and asked if he might employ a substitute. Philip had no objection; provided the prince was killed the means were of no consequence, and he left Anastro to manage as he pleased. In his house was a lad eighteen years old, the son of a sword cutler at Bilbao, named Juan Jaureguy. Ignorant, superstitious, under-sized and paltry-looking, Jaureguy was known to the cashier, Don Antonio Venero, to be a boy of singular audacity; and a present of three thousand dollars, and the persuasion of the chaplain, a Dominican priest, worked him into a proper state of mind. An *Agnus Dei* was hung about his neck; a wax taper and a dried toad were stuffed in his pocket, and he was told that they would render him invisible. A Jesuit catechism was given him for his spiritual comfort, and Parma promised that if the charms failed, and he was taken, he would compel his release by the threat of hanging every prisoner in his hands. Thus equipped and encouraged, and commending himself and his enterprise to the Virgin and the angel Gabriel, he prepared for the deed. The qualifications for successful political assassins are singularly rare. Jaureguy however possessed them all. Sunday, the 18th—28th of March was Alençon's birthday. Antwerp was to be illuminated in the evening, and the streets and squares were expected to be crowded.

Some little jars had been felt already between the States and the French. Alençon was known to be impatient of the prince's control, and the Spaniards calculated that if the murder could be accomplished when the people were collected and excited there would be an instant suspicion of treachery, and that an attack upon the French and a universal massacre of the citizens in retaliation by their allies would be a not improbable consequence.

The plot was ingeniously laid, and had all but succeeded. The prince had dined in his own house. He had risen from the table, and had passed with his son, Count Maurice, and a few friends into another room, where he was seated on a low chair. Jaureguy had introduced himself among the servants, pretending that he wanted to present a petition. He approached Orange so close as to be able to touch him, and then snatching a pistol from under his cloak fired it full in the prince's face. At the moment of the shot the prince was rising from his seat, and happened to be turning his head. The ball entered under the right ear, passed through the roof of his mouth, and went out below the left eye. He staggered and fell. The assassin tried to draw a dagger, and finish his work, but he had overloaded his pistol, which had broken his thumb in the recoil. An instant later, and before he could speak, half a dozen swords were through his body. All was immediately confusion. A cry of horror rung through the city. Suspicion fell, but too naturally, where the Spaniards expected. Shouts were heard of "Kill the French, kill the French," and had Jaureguy waited till night when the fête had commenced, Alençon and his suite would have probably been slaughtered on the spot. Orange himself had swooned, and was at first sup-

posed to be dead. He recovered consciousness however in time to allay the worst alarm. Believing that he had but a few minutes to live, and anticipating the direction which popular fury might assume, he sent for the burgomaster, and assured him that to his certain knowledge it was the work not of France, but of Spain. The assassin was identified by papers found about his person. Anastro, when the police went for him, had fled, but Antonio Venero was taken, and at once confessed, and before darkness fell the truth was known throughout the city.

The prince lay in extreme danger, and but for his extraordinary calmness, the wound would have been certainly mortal. One of the large arteries of the throat had been divided, which the surgeons were unable to tie. Again and again the bleeding burst out, and his death was every moment expected. Daily bulletins were sent to England, and the delighted Catholics watched eagerly for the news which was to make their satisfaction complete.

“The Prince was gasping when the post left,” wrote Mendoza on the 4th—14th of April. “The physicians gave no hope, and the Queen hears that all is over. We may assume his death as certain, and we can but give infinite thanks to God that He has thus chastised so abominable a heretic and rebel.” “We have news from Antwerp of the 9th—19th,” he wrote a week after. “The Prince was still alive, two surgeons holding the wound closed with their fingers, and relieving one another every hour. On the 7th—17th, conceiving that in human reason it was not possible for him to live, they laid open his right cheek in the hope of reaching the injured vein. We may suppose it to be the good providence of God

to increase his agonies by prolonging his life. The pain which he suffered, they say, is terrible. In the opinion of those here, a few hours must now bring an end."

Mary Stuart's gratification was no less than that of the Spanish ambassador. "I have heard," she said, "that an artery is cut, and that the Prince is in danger. I praise God for this His mercy to the Church, and to the King my brother, the Church's chief protector."

Equally great was the consternation in Protestant England, and beyond all in the queen. Ill as it had pleased her to use him, none knew better than she the value of William of Nassau. Her own life had been threatened as often as his, and his fate, when he was thought to be dying, appeared but a foretaste of her own. The first news entirely overwhelmed her. The realm had its own fears. The very thought of a sudden vacancy of the throne was simply appalling; and in the midst of her terrors, Burghley had to remind her of the duty which she had so long refused to perform of naming a successor. In her first excitement, her thoughts turned into the stereotyped track. She swore she would send for Alençon and marry him; and Walsingham, who knew what would follow, and feared that a fresh affront to France might be fatal, prevented her with difficulty from sending a gentleman of her household to recall the duke into the realm.

Both hopes and fears were this time disappointed. The prince's fine constitution and admirable courage gave him a chance of recovery when a weaker person must have died. Once more Philip had failed, but he nursed his purpose; and the Catholic faith, which has influenced human character in so many curious ways,

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was singularly productive of men who would risk their lives to deliver the Church from an enemy.

On the 2nd—12th of May, Orange returned thanks for his recovery in the cathedral at Antwerp.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMADA IN IRELAND, 1588.

It is time to return to the flying Armada.

When Howard bore up for the Forth the Spaniards for the first time breathed freely, and began to examine into their condition. An inquiry was held on board the *San Martin* into the causes of their misfortunes. Officers who had shown cowardice in action were degraded, and set to row in the galleasses; and Don Christobal de Avila, captain of the *Santa Barbara*, was hanged. The stores had probably been injured by the salt water which had made its way through the shot-holes. In some ships the wine as well as the water-casks had been pierced, and it was found necessary to reduce the allowances throughout the fleet. Eight ounces of bread, half a pint of wine and a pint of water was all that could be afforded for each man. Sidonia promised two thousand ducats to a French pilot if he would bring the Armada into a Spanish port. Calderon sketched a chart of the route which he submitted to the duke's council. The wounded began to fail rapidly, and each day in every galleon there was the sad ceremony of flinging the dead into the sea. Calderon's ship contained the medicines and delicacies for the sick, and, passing daily from galleon to galleon, he knew the condition of them all.

Of the hundred and fifty sail which had left Coruña,

a hundred and twenty could still be counted when Howard left them. For five days they were in the gale which he met on his way back to the Thames, and which he described as so peculiarly violent. The unusual cold brought with it fog and mist, and amidst squalls and driving showers, and a sea growing wilder as they passed the shelter of the Scotch coast, they lost sight of each other for nearly a week. On the 9th—19th of August the sky lifted, and Calderon found himself with the *Almirante* of Don Martinez de Recalde, the galleon of Don Alonzo, the *San Marcos* and twelve other vessels. Sick signals were flying all round, and the sea was so high that it was scarcely possible to lower a boat. The large ships were rolling heavily. Their wounded sails had been split by the gusts, and masts and yards carried away. That night it again blew hard. The fog closed in once more, and the next morning Calderon was alone in the open sea without a sail in sight, having passed between the Orkneys and the Shetlands. Recalde and da Leyva had disappeared with their consorts, having as Calderon conjectured gone north. He himself stood on west and south-west. On the 12th—22nd he saw a number of sails on the horizon; on the 13th—23rd he found himself with Sidonia and the body of the fleet, and Sidonia signalled to him to come on board. Observations showed that they were then in $58^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude. Their longitude they did not know. They were probably a hundred and fifty miles west north-west of Cape Wrath. Sidonia asked anxiously for Recalde and da Leyva. Calderon could but say where he had last seen them. He supposed that they had gone to the Faroe Isles or to Iceland, where there were German fishing stations which had a trade with Spain.

Again a council was held. The sickness had become frightful. Those who had escaped unwounded were falling ill from want and cold, and the wounded were dying by hundreds, the incessant storms making care and attention impossible. Calderon and the French pilot insisted that at all costs and hazards they must keep off the Irish coast. Diego Florez, distressed for the misery of the men, to whose sufferings want of water had become a fearful aggravation, imagined that along the west shore there must be a harbour somewhere; and that they would find rest and shelter among a hospitable Catholic people. The Bishop of Killaloe, a young Fitzmaurice, and a number of Irish friars were in the fleet. Diego Florez had possibly heard them speak of their country and countrymen, and there were fishing connections between Cadiz and Valencia and Galway, which he and many others must have known of, though they had not been on the coast in person. But the Irish themselves were with Alonzo da Leyva, and Sidonia happily took the opinion of the pilots. The day was fine and the sick were divided; those which could be moved were transferred wherever there was most room for them, and as Calderon passed to and fro among the galleons with his medicines and his arrowroot, he was received everywhere with the eager question, where was Alonzo da Leyva? There was scarcely a man who did not forget his own wretchedness in anxiety for the idol of them all.

The calm had been but an interlude in the storm. The same night the wild west wind came down once more, and for eleven consecutive days they went on in their misery, unable to communicate except by signals, holding to the ocean as far as their sailing powers would let them, and seeing galleon after

galleon, Oquendo's among them, falling away to leeward amidst driving squalls and rain, on the vast rollers of the Atlantic. An island, which he supposed to be ten leagues from the coast, Calderon passed dangerously near. It was perhaps Achill, whose tremendous cliffs fall sheer two thousand feet into the sea, or perhaps Innisbofin or Innishark. On the 4th—14th of September, he with Sidonia and fifty vessels, fifty-two ships only out of a hundred and fifty, leaking through every seam, and their weary crews ready to lie down and die from exhaustion, crawled past the Blaskets, and were out of danger.

And where were all the rest? Thirty, large and small, had been sunk or taken in the Channel. There remained nearly seventy to be still accounted for.

Don Martinez and da Leyva, with five and twenty of them, had steered north after passing the Orkneys. They went on to latitude 62°, meaning, as Calderon had rightly conjectured, to make for the settlement in Iceland. They had suffered so severely in the action, that they probably doubted their ability to reach Spain at all. The storms however, which grew worse as the air became colder, obliged them to abandon their intention. One galleon was driven on the Faroe Isles; the rest turned about, and, probably misled by the Irish, made for the Shannon or Galway. As they braced to the wind, their torn rigging gave way; spar after spar, sail after sail, was carried away. Those which had suffered most dropped first to leeward. A second was lost on the Orkneys; a third fell down the coast of Scotland, and drifted on the Isle of Mull. It was one of the largest ships in the whole fleet. The commander (his name is unknown) was a grandee of the first rank, always "served in silver". He had made his way into some kind of

harbour where he was safe from the elements; but the Irish Scots of the Western Isles were tempted by the reports of the wealth which he had with him. The fainting crew could not defend themselves, and the ship was fired and burnt, with almost every one that it contained.

Their companions holding a better, but only rather better course, rolled along upon the back of Ireland, groping for the hoped-for shelter. The coming of the Spaniards had been long dreamt of by the Irish as the era of their deliverance from tyranny. It had been feared as their most serious danger by the scanty English garrison. The result of the fight in the Channel, if known at all, was known only by vague report; and the country was thrown into a ferment of excitement, when, in the first week of September, Spanish sails were reported in numbers as seen along the western coast, off Donegal, off Sligo, in Clew Bay, at the mouth of the Shannon; in fact everywhere.

At first there was a universal panic. Seven ships were at Carrigafoyle. The Mayor of Limerick, in sending word of their appearance to the council, converted them into seven score. Twenty-four men were said to have landed at Tralee. Sir William Fitzwilliam, who had returned to be deputy, and was more infirm and incapable than ever, described them as twenty-four galleons. Rumour gradually took more authentic form. Beyond doubt, Spaniards were on the coast, distressed, but likely notwithstanding to be extremely dangerous, if they were allowed to land in safety, and to distribute arms and powder among the Irish clans. With one consent, but without communicating with each other, the English officers seem to have concluded that there was but one course for them to pursue. The party at Tralee were Sidonia's

household servants, who had been driven into the bay in a small frigate, had surrendered, and had been brought on shore half dead. They begged hard for life; they had friends at Waterford, they said, who would pay a handsome ransom for them. But fear and weakness could not afford to be magnanimous. Sir Edward Denny, who commanded at Tralee Castle, gave orders for their execution, and they were all put to the sword.

Two days before, two large galleons had rounded the point of Kerry, and had put into Dingle. They belonged to Recalde's squadron: one of them was the *Almirante* herself, with Don Martinez on board, who was dying from toil and anxiety. They wanted water; they had not a drop on board, but the dregs of the putrid puddle which they had brought with them from Spain; and they sent boats on shore to beg for a supply. It was the same Dingle where Sanders and Fitzmaurice had landed eight years before, with processions and incense, and the Papal banner displayed—the sacred spot of Catholic Ireland. Now the ships of the Most Catholic King, which had come to fight the Irish battle as well as their own, pleaded in vain to be allowed to fill their water-casks. The boats' crews gave so piteous an account of Recalde's condition, the Catholic cause was so clearly now the losing one, that it was decided they should have no relief at Dingle. It was already a spot of tragical memory to the Spaniards. The boats were seized, the men who had landed imprisoned, and those on board the galleons, hunted already within a hair's-breadth of destruction, and with death making daily havoc among them, hoisted their ragged sails, and went again to sea.

Another galleon of a thousand tons, named *Our*

Lady of the Rosary, which Calderon had watched sadly falling away before the waves, had also nearly weathered the headland of Kerry. She had all but escaped. Clear of the enormous cliffs of the Blasket Islands, she had no more to fear from the sea. Between the Blaskets and the mainland there is a passage which is safe in moderate weather, but the gale, which had slightly moderated, had risen again. The waves as they roll in from the Atlantic on the shallowing shores of Ireland boil among the rocks in bad weather with a fury unsurpassed in any part of the ocean. Strong tidal currents add to the danger, and when *Our Lady of the Rosary* entered the sound, it was a cauldron of boiling foam. There were scarcely hands to work the sails. Out of seven hundred, five hundred were dead, and most of the survivors were gentlemen, and before she was half way through she struck among the breakers upon the island. A maddened officer ran the pilot (a Genoese) through the heart, "saying he had done it by treason". Some of the gentlemen tried to launch a boat, but no boat could live for a moment in such a sea. The pilot's son lashed himself to a plank, and was washed on shore alone of the whole company, and all the rest lay among cannon and doubloon chests amidst the rocks in Blasket Sound.

The same 10th of September witnessed another and more tremendous catastrophe in Thomond. The seven ships in the mouth of the Shannon sent their cockboats with white flags into Kilrush, asking permission for the men to come on land. There were no English there, but there were local authorities who knew that the English would hold them answerable, and the request was refused. Here, as everywhere, the Spaniards' passionate cry was for water. They

offered a butt of wine for every cask of water; they offered money in any quantity that the people could ask. Finally, they offered the Sheriff of Clare "a great ship, with all its ordnance and furniture," for license to take as much water as would serve their wants. All was in vain. The Sheriff was afraid of an English gallows, and not one drop could the miserable men obtain for themselves by prayer or purchase. They were too feeble to attempt force. A galleass landed a few men, but they were driven back empty-handed; so abandoning and burning one of the galleons which was no longer seaworthy, the other six went despairingly out into the ocean again. But it was only to encounter their fate in a swifter form. They were caught in the same gale which had destroyed *Our Lady of the Rosary*. They were dashed to pieces on the rocks of Clare, and out of all their crews a hundred and fifty men struggled through the surf, to be carried as prisoners immediately to Galway.

Two other galleons were seen at the Isle of Arran. The end of one was unknown, save that it never returned to Spain. The other, commanded by Don Lewis of Cordova, who had his nephew and several other Spanish nobles with him, threatened to founder, and Don Lewis, trusting to the Spanish connections of Galway, carried her up opposite to the town, and sent a strong party, or what would have been a strong party, had it been composed of healthy men and not of tottering skeletons, to the quay. They were made prisoners on the spot, and Don Lewis, under whose eyes they were taken, offered to surrender, if he could have a promise of life for himself and his companions. The mayor said that they must give up their arms. While they were hesitating, they saw the Irish snatching the chains and tearing off the clothes of their

comrades, and with feeble hands they attempted to weigh their anchor and go back into the bay. But it could not be. They dropped at their work, and could not rise again. The mayor took possession of the ship, and sent the crew into the castle, so exhausted that they could not swallow the food which was given them, "but cast it up again".

Other vessels went on shore at different points of Connemara. Sir Richard Bingham, the governor of Connaught, sent round orders that every one who came to land alive must be brought into Galway. Armed searching parties were detached through Clare and Connemara to see that the command was obeyed; and several hundred half-dead wretches were added to those who had been already taken. Bingham was a fine soldier and a humane man, and that he could see but one way of dealing with so large and so dangerous a body of prisoners, must be accepted as some evidence that nothing else could have been easily done with them. Rest and food would only give them back their strength, and the feeble garrisons were scarce in sufficient strength to restrain the Irish alone. Directions were therefore given that they should be all put to death, and every one of the unfortunate creatures was deliberately shot or hanged, except Don Lewis and nine others, whose ransoms, it was hoped, might be found valuable. George Bingham, Sir Richard's son, or brother, went up into Mayo to see the same work done there also; and "thus," wrote Sir Richard himself, "having made a clean dispatch of them, both in town and country, we rested Sunday all day, giving praise and thanks to Almighty God for her Majesty's most happy success and deliverance from her dangerous enemies". Don Lewis, with his nephew, and the rest whose lives had been spared,

were ordered to Drogheda, to be carried thence to England. Don Lewis only arrived: the others either died on the road, or being unable to march, were killed by their escort to save the trouble of carrying them.

Young Bingham's presence proved unnecessary in Mayo. The native Irish themselves had spared him all trouble in inquiring after prisoners. The fear that they might show sympathy with the Spaniards was well founded, so long as there was a hope that the Spaniards' side might be the winning one; but as the tale of their defeat spread abroad, and the knowledge with it that they were too enfeebled to defend themselves, the ties of a common creed and a common enmity to England were not strong enough to overcome the temptation to plunder. The Castilian gentlemen were richly dressed, and their velvet coats and gold chains were an irresistible attraction. The galleon of Don Pedro de Mendoza had made Clew Bay in a sinking state, and was brought up behind Clare Island. Don Pedro went ashore with a hundred companions, carrying his chests of treasures with him. The galleon was overtaken by the gale of the 10th of September, which had made the havoc at the mouth of the Shannon. She was dashed on the rocks, and all who had been left on board were drowned. "Dowdany O'Malley, chief of the island," completed the work, by setting upon Don Pedro and the rest. They were killed to the last man, and their treasure taken.

A consort of Don Pedro was driven past Clare Island into the bay, and wrecked at Burrishoole. The savages flocked like wolves to the shore. The galleon went to pieces. The crew were flung on the sands, some drowned, some struggling still for life; but whether they were dead or alive made no difference to the hungry rascals who were watching to prey

upon them. A stroke of a club brought all to a common state, and, stripped of the finery which had been their destruction, they were left to the wash of the tide.

More appalling still, like the desolation caused by some enormous flood or earthquake, was the scene between Sligo and Ballyshannon. A glance at the map will explain why there was a concentration of havoc on those few miles of coast. The coast of Mayo trends directly westward from Sligo for seventy miles, and crippled vessels, which had fallen upon a lee shore, were met by a wall of cliff, stretching across their course for a degree and a half of longitude. Their officers had possibly heard that there was shelter somewhere in the bay. Many ships were observed for days hovering between Rossan Point and Killala; but without experienced pilots they could not have found their way in the finest weather among the shoals and islands. They too were overtaken by the same great storm. The numbers that perished are unknown; there are no means to distinguish between those that foundered out in deep water and those that went to pieces on the beach. The actual scene, however, as described by two English witnesses, was as frightful as human eye ever looked upon.

“When I was at Sligo,” wrote Sir Geoffrey Fenton, “I numbered on one strand of less than five miles in length eleven hundred dead bodies of men, which the sea had driven upon the shore. The country people told me the like was in other places, though not to the like number.”

Sir William Fitzwilliam made a progress to the west coast from Dublin shortly after. “As I passed from Sligo,” he said, “I held on towards Bundroys,¹ and so

¹ Bundroys Castle, at the mouth of the Erne.

to Ballyshannon, the uttermost part of Connaught that way. I went to see the bay where some of those ships were wrecked, and where, as I heard, lay not long before twelve or thirteen hundred of the dead bodies. I rode along upon that strand near two miles, but left behind me a long mile or more, and then turned off from the shore, leaving before me a mile and better; in both which places they said that had seen it there lay as great store of the timber of wrecked ships as was in that place which myself had viewed; being, in my opinion, more than would have built five of the greatest ships that ever I saw, besides mighty great boats, cables and other cordage answerable thereunto, and some such masts for bigness and length as I never saw any two could make the like."

The sea was not answerable for all. The cruelty of nature was imitated by the cruelty of man, and those lines of bodies showed gashes on them not made by rock or splintered spar. "The miseries they sustained upon this coast," wrote Sir George Carew, "are to be pitied in any but Spaniards. Of those that came to the land by swimming or enforced thereto by famine, very near three thousand were slain." "They were so miserably distressed coming to land," reported another, "that one man, named Melaghlin M'Cabbe, killed eighty with his gallowglass axe." The nobler or wiser O'Neil wrung his hands over the disgrace of his country, but could not hinder it; and the English looked on with a not unnatural satisfaction at work which was dissolving in murder an alliance which they had so much cause to fear

"The blood which the Irish have drawn upon them," said Sir George Carew, "doth assure her Majesty of better obedience to come, for, that friendship being broken, they have no other stranger to trust to. This

people was very doubtful before the victory was known to be her Majesty's, but when they saw the great distress and weakness that the enemy was in, they did not only put as many as they could to the sword, but are ready with all their forces to attend the deputy in any service. The ancient love between Ireland and Spain is broken."

"God," concluded Fenton, "hath wrought for her Majesty against these idolatrous enemies, and suffered this nation to blood their hands upon them, whereby, it may be hoped, is drawn perpetual diffidence between the Spaniards and them as long as this memory endureth."

The harvest was reaped by the Irish. Sir Richard Bingham and his kindred were at hand to glean the ears that were left. Including the execution at Galway, Bingham claimed to have killed eleven hundred. "Divers gentlemen of quality" had been spared for their ransom, but special orders came down from Dublin to execute all, and the gentlemen followed the rest. Of the whole number that fell into the hands of the English, Don Lewis of Cordova was the only survivor.

Such was the fate of the brilliant chivalry of Spain; the choicest representatives of the most illustrious families in Europe. They had rushed into the service with an emotion pure and generous as ever sent Templar to the sepulchre of Christ. They believed that they were the soldiers of the Almighty. Pope and bishop had commended them to the charge of the angels and the saints. The spell of the names of the apostles had been shattered by English cannon. The elements, which were deemed God's peculiar province—as if to disenchant Christendom, were disenchantment possible, of so fond an illusion—whirled them

upon a shore which the waves of a hundred million years had made the most dangerous in the world; there as they crawled half drowned through the surf to fall into the jaws of the Irish wolves.

One more tragical story remains to be told. When Calderon recovered the main body of the fleet off Cape Wrath, and the anxious question was asked him from every ship, Where was Alonzo de Leyva?—it was not for de Leyva's sake alone, though no officer in the Armada was more loved and honoured; it was because the freight of the vessel which bore him was more than usually precious. The noblest youths in Castile, whose families had been hardly persuaded to let them accompany the expedition, had been placed specially under Don Alonzo's care. His ship had been in the thickest of every fight. She had suffered severely and could not bear her sails. She had not gone north with Recalde when Calderon left her; but with another galleon she had drifted away to leeward. With extreme difficulty she had cleared the extreme point of Mayo, but unable to go further she had made her way into Blacksod Bay, and anchored outside Ballycroy. That she had reached so intricate a spot undestroyed was perhaps explained by the presence on board of young Maurice Fitzgerald, the son of Sir James "the traitor," whose pirate habits may have taught him many secrets of the western coast. Fitzgerald died while she lay there, and "was cast into the sea in a cypress chest with great solemnity". It was the country of the MacWilliams, the home and nest of the famous Granny O'Malley. Fourteen Italians were set on shore to try the disposition of the people. They fell in with one Richard Burke, called "the Devil's Hook" or "Devil's Son," perhaps one of Granny's own brood, who robbed them and took them prisoners. This was on the

9th of September. In the storm of the 10th the ship, which had left her best anchors at Calais, fell helplessly on shore. The sea was broken by a headland which covers the bay; de Leyva and his companions reached the sands, and were able to carry arms with them. They found an old castle at no great distance from the water and attempted to put it in a state of defence. Report said that Sidonia himself was in this party. Bingham was making haste to the spot when he heard that they had re-embarked in another galleon, and were beating out again to sea. The south-west wind was still so heavy that it was thought impossible they could escape. Many shots were heard from the offing the night after they sailed, and the ship with all it contained was supposed to have gone to the bottom. The galleon was left to be plundered. Casks of wine and oil were rolled on shore. Trunks and mails of the young hidalgos were dragged out and rifled by the experienced "Devil's Hook," and the sands of Ballycrooy were strewed with velvets and gold brocade. The sheriff came to the rescue in the queen's name; but the jackals were too strong for him, or the constables put on jackals' skins and scrambled with the rest for the prey. Not a rag or a coin was rescued.

Meanwhile the shots were not de Leyva's, but came from another straggler which was dashed in pieces upon the rocks of Erris. De Leyva, finding the wind heading him, had determined to run back and try for Scotland, trusting rather to the humanity of the heretic James than to the orthodox cruelties of the Irish. He fell in with a second galleon off the coast, and the last of the four galleasses, and together they laboured hard to draw off from the shore. But Rossan Point stood out too far for them to clear, and they made for Callibeg or Killibeg harbour. The galleass

got in "sore broken," but still able to float. The two galleons ran on the rocks at the opening, and de Leyva was wrecked a second time.

Again, however, no lives were lost. Fourteen hundred men from the ships got safe on land. The galleass contained six hundred more, and they were all well provided with arms. Arms, however, were not food; and they were starving. The Bishop of Killaloe and an Irish friar who had been with Don Alonzo, and had been saved with the rest, undertook that they should be hospitably treated, and a few hundreds of them marched inland with the bishop for a guide. They fell in with a party of Anglo-Irish sent by Fitzwilliam from the Pale, and led by two brothers named Ovington. It was night: the Ovingtons fell upon them, killed twenty and wounded more. In the morning they found they were dealing with men who were half dead already. The Spaniards had laid down their harquebuses and had not strength to lift them again. "The best," it was observed, "seemed to carry some kind of majesty; the rest were men of great calling." Perhaps natural pity—perhaps the fear of O'Neil who was in the neighbourhood—perhaps respect for the bishop, so far influenced the Ovingtons that they did not kill them. They contented themselves with stripping some of them naked and letting them go.

In the extreme north of Ulster—where O'Neil and O'Donnell were still virtual sovereigns, where the MacSweenies ruled under them with feudal authority and appear in the Elizabethan maps as giants sitting in mail upon their mountains, battleaxe in hand—the fear of the English was less felt than in other parts of Ireland. O'Neil, who was furious at the savagery which had been perpetrated on the coast, when he heard

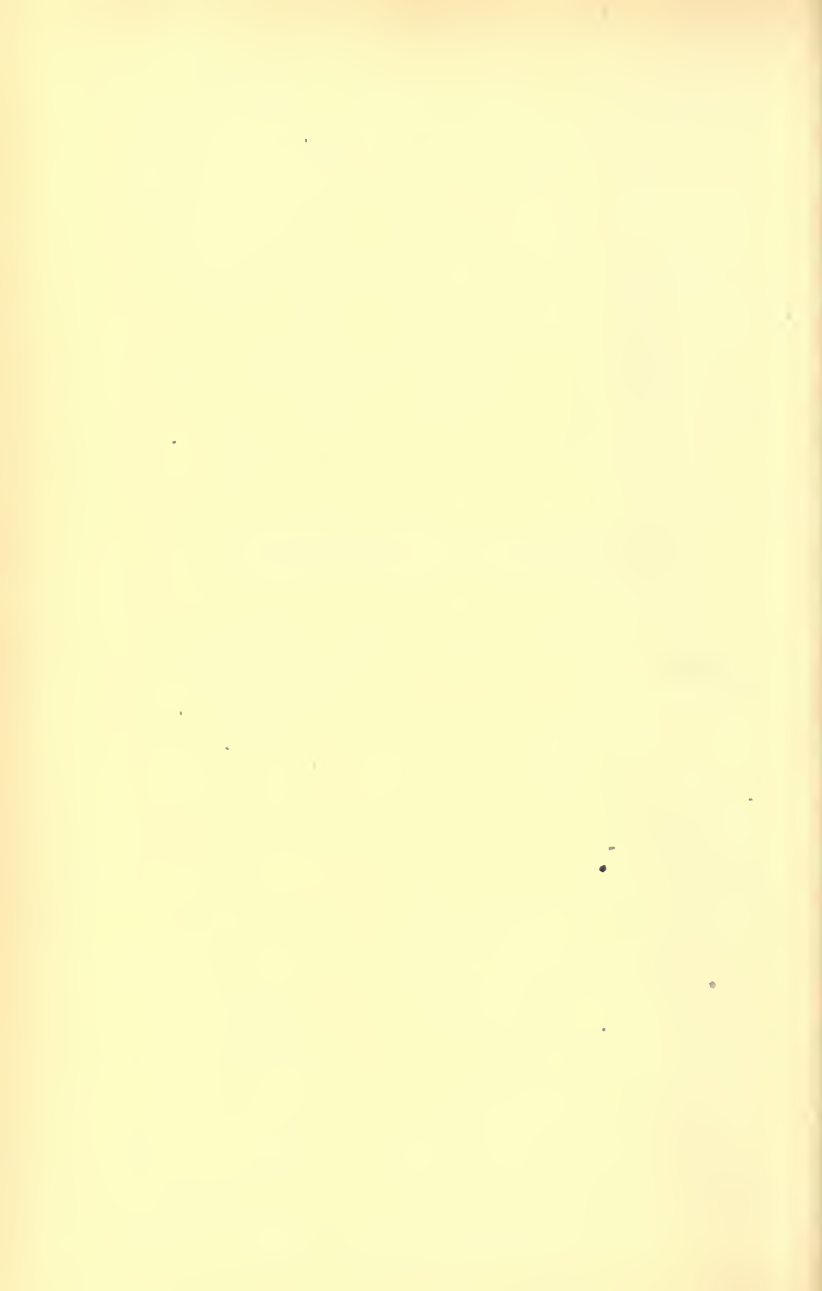
of these new comers sent order that the strangers should be hospitably entertained; and, escaped out of the hands of the Ovingtons, both the party that they had fallen in with and those which remained at Callibeg were supplied with food, and allowed to rest and recover themselves. O'Neil was not at the time in rebellion. Fitzwilliam sent a command that every Spaniard who had landed should be taken or killed. O'Neil sheltered, fed and clothed his guests till they had recovered strength, and then pretended that they were too powerful for him to meddle with. It was suspected that he meant to use their services in an insurrection, and two thousand soldiers were shipped in hot haste from England to make head against them.

But if the Irish chief had any such intention, de Leyva did not encourage it. His one thought was to escape, if escape were possible, from a country which had been the scene of such horrible calamities to Spain, and to carry back the precious treasures which had been intrusted to his care. Either for this reason, or influenced privately by threats or promises from Fitzwilliam, MacSweeny Banagh, on whom the Spaniards depended for their meat, began after a few weeks to shorten the supplies. The galleass at Callibeg—she was called the *Gerona*—was not hopelessly unseaworthy. The October weather appeared to have settled, and Don Alonzo had repaired her so far that he thought she could carry him safely to the western isles of Scotland. She would hold but half the party; but many of the Spaniards had found friends in Ulster who undertook to take care of them through the winter months, and had no objection to be left behind. The rest, with Don Alonzo at their head, prepared to tempt once more the fortunes of the sea. He had

been hurt in the leg by a capstan when the galleon went on the rocks, and was still unable to walk. He was carried on board; and in the middle of October the *Gerona* sailed. She crept along the coast for several days without misadventure. Rossan Point was passed safely, and Tory Island, and Lough Swilly, and Lough Foyle. The worst of the voyage was over; a few hours more and they would have been saved. But the doom of the Armada was on them. They struck upon a rock off Dunlúce; the galleass broke in pieces, and only five out of the whole number were saved. Thrice wrecked, Don Alonzo and the young Castilian lords perished at last. Two hundred and sixty of their bodies were washed ashore and committed undistinguished to the grave.

With this concluding catastrophe the tragedy of the Armada in Ireland was ended. It was calculated that in the month of September alone, before de Leyva and his companions were added to the list, eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giant's Causeway and Blasket Sound: eleven hundred were put to death by Bingham; three thousand were murdered by the Irish; the rest, more fortunate, were drowned.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.



ST. HUGH OF LINCOLN.

BISHOP HUGO came into the world in the mountainous country near Grenoble, on the borders of Savoy. Abbot Adam dwells with a certain pride upon his patron's parentage. He tells us, indeed, sententiously that it is better to be noble in morals than to be noble in blood—that to be born undistinguished is a less misfortune than to live so—but he regards a noble family only as an honourable setting for a nature which was noble in itself. The bishop was one of three children of a Lord of Avalon, and was born in a castle near Pontcharra. His mother died when he was eight years old; and his father, having lost the chief interest which bound him to life, divided his estates between his two other sons, and withdrew with the little one into an adjoining monastery. There was a college attached to it, where the children of many of the neighbouring barons were educated. Hugo, however, was from the first designed for a religious life, and mixed little with the other boys. "You, my little fellow," his tutor said to him, "I am bringing up for Christ: you must not learn to play or trifle." The old lord became a monk. Hugo grew up beside him in the convent, waiting on him as he became infirm, and smoothing the downward road; and meanwhile learning whatever of knowledge and practical piety his preceptors were able to provide. The life, it is likely, was not wanting in austerity, but the

comparatively easy rule did not satisfy Hugo's aspirations. The theory of "religion," as the conventual system in all its forms was termed, was the conquest of self, the reduction of the entire nature to the control of the better part of it; and as the seat of self lay in the body, as temptation to do wrong, then, as always, lay, directly or indirectly, in the desire for some bodily indulgence, or the dread of some bodily pain, the method pursued was the inuring of the body to the hardest fare, and the producing indifference to cold, hunger, pain, or any other calamity which the chances of life could inflict upon it. Men so trained could play their part in life, whether high or low, with wonderful advantage. Wealth had no attraction for them. The world could give them nothing which they had learnt to desire, and take nothing from them which they cared to lose. The orders, however, differed in severity; and at this time the highest discipline, moral and bodily, was to be found only among the Carthusians. An incidental visit with the prior of his own convent to the Grande Chartreuse determined Hugo to seek admission into this extraordinary society.

It was no light thing which he was undertaking. The majestic situation of the Grande Chartreuse itself, the loneliness, the seclusion, the atmosphere of sanctity which hung around it, the mysterious beings who had made their home there, fascinated his imagination. A stern old monk, to whom he first communicated his intention, supposing that he was led away by a passing fancy, looked grimly at his pale face and delicate limbs, and roughly told him that he was a fool. "Young man," the monk said to him, "the men who inhabit these rocks are hard as the rocks themselves. They have no mercy on their own bodies and none on others. The dress will scrape the flesh from your bones. The

discipline will tear the bones themselves out of such frail limbs as yours."

The Carthusians combined in themselves the severities of the hermits and of the regular orders. Each member of the fraternity lived in his solitary cell in the rock, meeting his companions only in the chapel, or for instruction, or for the business of the house. They ate no meat. A loaf of bread was given to every brother on Sunday morning at the refectory door, which was to last him through the week. An occasional mess of gruel was all that was allowed in addition. His bedding was a horse-cloth, a pillow and a skin. His dress was a horse-hair shirt, covered *outside* with linen, which was worn night and day, and the white cloak of the order, generally a sheepskin, and unlined—all else was bare. He was bound by vows of the strictest obedience. The order had business in all parts of the world. Now some captive was to be rescued from the Moors; now some earl or king had been treading on the Church's privileges; a brother was chosen to interpose in the name of the Chartreuse: he received his credentials and had to depart on the instant, with no furniture but his stick, to walk, it might be, to the furthest corner of Europe.

A singular instance of the kind occurs incidentally in the present narrative. A certain brother Einard, who came ultimately to England, had been sent to Spain, to Granada, to Africa itself. Returning through Provence he fell in with some of the Albigenses, who spoke slightly of the sacraments. The hard Carthusian saw but one course to follow with men he deemed rebels to his Lord. He was the first to urge the crusade which ended in their destruction. He roused the nearest orthodox nobles to arms, and Hugo's biographer tells delightedly how the first invasions

were followed up by others on a larger scale, and "the brute and pestilent race, unworthy of the name of men, were cut away by the toil of the faithful, and by God's mercy destroyed."

"Pitiless to themselves," as the old monk said, "they had no pity on any other man," as Einard afterwards was himself to feel. Even Hugo at times disapproved of their extreme severity. "God," he said, alluding to some cruel action of the society, "God tempers his anger with compassion. When he drove Adam from Paradise, He at least gave him a coat of skins: man knows not what mercy means."

Einard, after this Albigenian affair, was ordered in the midst of a bitter winter to repair to Denmark. He was a very aged man—a hundred years old, his brother monks believed—broken at any rate with age and toil. He shrank from the journey, he begged to be spared, and, when the command was persisted in, he refused obedience. He was instantly expelled. Half-clad, amidst the ice and snow, he wandered from one religious house to another. In all he was refused admission. At last, one bitter frosty night he appeared penitent at the gate of the Chartreuse, and prayed to be forgiven. The porter was forbidden to open to him till morning, but left the old man to shiver in the snow through the darkness.

"By my troth, brother," Einard said the next day to him, "had you been a bean last night between my teeth, they would have chopped you in pieces in spite of me."

Such were the monks of the Chartreuse, among whom the son of the Avalon noble desired to be enrolled, as the highest favour which could be shown him upon earth. His petition was entertained. He was allowed to enlist in the spiritual army, in which he

rapidly distinguished himself ; and at the end of twenty years he had acquired a name through France as the ablest member of the world-famed fraternity.

It was at this time, somewhere about 1174, that Henry II. conceived the notion of introducing the Carthusians into England. In the premature struggle to which he had committed himself with the Church he had been hopelessly worsted. The Constitutions of Clarendon had been torn in pieces. He had himself, of his own accord, done penance at the shrine of the murdered Becket. The haughty sovereign of England, as a symbol of the sincerity of his submission, had knelt in the chapter-house of Canterbury, presenting voluntarily there his bare shoulders to be flogged by the monks. His humiliation, so far from degrading him, had restored him to the affection of his subjects, and his endeavour thenceforward was to purify and reinvigorate the proud institution against which he had too rashly matched his strength.

In pursuance of his policy he had applied to the Chartreuse for assistance, and half a dozen monks, among them brother Einard, whose Denmark mission was exchanged for the English, had been sent over and established at Witham, a village not far from Frome in Somersetshire. Sufficient pains had not been taken to prepare for their reception. The Carthusians were a solitary order and required exclusive possession of the estates set apart for their use. The Saxon population were still in occupation of their holdings, and, being Crown tenants, saw themselves threatened with eviction in favour of foreigners. Quarrels had arisen and ill-feeling, and the Carthusians, proud as the proudest of nobles, and considering that in coming to England they were rather conferring favours than receiving them, resented the being com-

pelled to struggle for tenements which they had not sought or desired. The first prior threw up his office and returned to the Chartreuse. The second died immediately after of chagrin and disgust; and the king, who was then in Normandy, heard to his extreme mortification that the remaining brethren were threatening to take staff in hand and march back to their homes. The Count de Maurienne, to whom he communicated his distress, mentioned Hugo's name to him. It was determined to send for Hugo, and Fitzjocelyn, Bishop of Bath, with other venerable persons carried the invitation to the Chartreuse.

To Hugo himself, meanwhile, as if in preparation for the destiny which was before him, a singular experience was at that moment occurring. He was now about forty years old. It is needless to say that he had duly practised the usual austerities prescribed by his rule. Whatever discipline could do to kill the carnal nature in him had been carried out to its utmost harshness. He was a man, however, of great physical strength. His flesh was not entirely dead, and he was going where superiority to worldly temptation would be specially required. Just before Fitzjocelyn arrived he was assailed suddenly by emotions so extremely violent that he said he would rather face the pains of Gehenna than encounter them again. His mind was unaffected, but the devil had him at advantage in his sleep. He prayed, he flogged himself, he fasted, he confessed; still Satan was allowed to buffet him, and, though he had no fear for his soul, he thought his body would die in the struggle. One night in particular the agony reached its crisis. He lay tossing on his uneasy pallet, the angel of darkness trying with all his allurements to tempt his conscience into acquiescence in evil. An angel from above appeared to enter the cell as a

spectator of the conflict. Hugo imagined that he sprung to him, clutched him, and wrestled like Jacob with him to extort a blessing but could not succeed, and at last he sank exhausted on the ground. In the sleep, or the unconsciousness which followed, an aged prior of the Chartreuse, who had admitted him as a boy to the order, had died and had since been canonised, seemed to lean over him as he lay, and inquired the cause of his distress. He said that he was afflicted to agony by the law of sin that was in his members, and unless some one aided him he would perish. The saint drew from his breast what appeared to be a knife, opened his body, drew a fiery mass of something from the bowels, and flung it out of the door. He awoke and found that it was morning and that he was perfectly cured.

"Did you never feel a return of these motions of the flesh?" asked Adam, when Hugo related the story to him.

"Not never," Hugo answered, "but never to a degree that gave me the slightest trouble."

"I have been particular," wrote Adam afterwards, "to relate this exactly as it happened, a false account of it having gone abroad that it was the Blessed Virgin who appeared instead of the prior," and that Hugo was relieved by an operation of a less honourable kind.

Visionary nonsense the impatient reader may say; and had Hugo become a dreamer of the cloister, a persecutor like St. Dominic, or a hysterical fanatic like Ignatius Loyola, we might pass by it as a morbid illusion. But there never lived a man to whom the word morbid could be applied with less propriety. In the Hugo of Avalon with whom we are now to become acquainted, we shall see nothing but the sunniest cheerfulness, strong masculine sense, inflexible purpose,

uprightness in word and deed ; with an ever-flowing stream of genial and buoyant humour.

In the story of the temptation, therefore, we do but see the final conquest of the selfish nature in him, which left his nobler qualities free to act, wherever he might find himself.

Fitzjocelyn, anticipating difficulty, had brought with him the Bishop of Grenoble to support his petition. He was received at first with universal clamour. Hugo was the brightest jewel of the order ; Hugo could not be parted with for any prince on earth. He himself, entirely happy where he was, anticipated nothing but trouble, but left his superiors to decide for him. At length sense of duty prevailed. The brethren felt that he was a shining light, of which the world must not be deprived. The Bishop of Grenoble reminded them that Christ had left heaven and come to earth for sinners' souls, and that His example ought to be imitated. It was arranged that Hugo was to go, and a few weeks later he was at Witham.

He was welcomed there as an angel from heaven. He found everything in confusion, the few monks living in wattled huts in the forest, the village still in possession of its old occupants, and bad blood and discontent on all hands. The first difficulty was to enter upon the lands without wrong to the people, and the history of a large eviction in the twelfth century will not be without its instructiveness even at the present day. One thing Hugo was at once decided upon, that the foundation would not flourish if it was built upon injustice. He repaired to Henry, and as a first step induced him to offer the tenants (Crown serfs or villeins) either entire enfranchisement or farms of equal value, on any other of the royal manors, to be selected by themselves. Some

chose one, some the other. The next thing was compensation for improvements, houses, farm-buildings and fences erected by the people at their own expense. The Crown, if it resumed possession, must pay for these or wrong would be done. "Unless your Majesty satisfy these poor men to the last obol," said Hugo to Henry, "we cannot take possession."

The king consented, and the people, when the prior carried back the news of the arrangement, were satisfied to go.

But this was not all. Many of them were removing no great distance, and could carry with them the materials of their houses. Hugo resolved that they should keep these things, and again marched off to the court.

"My Lord," said Hugo, "I am but a new comer in your realm, and I have already enriched your Majesty with a quantity of cottages and farm-steadings."

"Riches I could well have spared," said Henry, laughing. "You have almost made a beggar of me. What am I to do with old huts and rotten timber?"

"Perhaps your Majesty will give them to me," said Hugo. "It is but a trifle," he added, when the king hesitated. "It is my first request, and only a small one."

"This is a terrible fellow that we have brought among us," laughed the king; "if he is so powerful with his persuasions, what will he do if he tries force? Let it be as he says. We must not drive him to extremities."

Thus, with the good will of all parties, and no wrong done to any man, the first obstacles were overcome. The villagers went away happy. The monks entered upon their lands amidst prayers and blessings, the king himself being as pleased as any

one at his first experience of the character of Prior Hugo.

Henry had soon occasion to see more of him. He had promised to build the monks a house and chapel, but between Ireland, and Wales, and Scotland, and his dominions in France, and his three mutinous sons, he had many troubles on his hands. Time passed and the building was not begun, and Hugo's flock grew mutinous once more; twice he sent Henry a reminder, twice came back fair words and nothing more. The brethren began to hint that the prior was afraid of the powers of this world, and dared not speak plainly; and one of them, Brother Gerard, an old monk with high blood in his veins, declared that he would himself go and tell Henry some unpleasant truths. Hugo had discovered in his interviews with him that the king was no ordinary man, "*vir sagacis ingenii, et inscrutabilis fere animi*". He made no opposition, but he proposed to go himself along with this passionate gentleman, and he, Gerard and the aged Einard, who was mentioned above, went together as a deputation.

The king received them as "*cœlestes angelos*"—angels from heaven. He professed the deepest reverence for their characters, and the greatest anxiety to please them, but he said nothing precise and determined, and the fiery Gerard burst out as he intended. Carthusian monks, it seems, considered themselves entitled to speak to kings on entirely equal terms. "Finish your work, or leave it, my Lord King," the proud Burgundian said. "It shall no more be any concern to me. You have a pleasant realm here in England, but for myself I prefer to take my leave of you and go back to my desert Chartreuse. You give us bread, and you think you are doing a great thing for us. We do not need your bread. It is better for

us to return to our Alps. You count money lost which you spend on your soul's health; keep it then, since you love it so dearly. Or rather, you cannot keep it; for you must die and let it go to others who will not thank you."

Hugo tried to check the stream of words, but Gerard and Einard were both older than he, and refused to be restrained.

"*Regem videres philosophantem:*" the king was apparently meditating. His face did not alter, nor did he speak a word till the Carthusian had done.

"And what do you think, my good fellow," he said at last, after a pause, looking up, and turning to Hugo: "will you forsake me too?"

"My Lord," said Hugo, "I am less desperate than my brothers. You have much work upon your hands, and I can feel for you. When God shall please, you will have leisure to attend to us."

"By my soul," Henry answered, "you are one that I will never part with while I live."

He sent workmen at once to Witham. Cells and chapel were duly built. The trouble finally passed away, and the Carthusian priory taking root became the English nursery of the order, which rapidly spread.

Hugo himself continued there for eleven years, leaving it from time to time on business of the Church, or summoned, as happened more and more frequently, to Henry's presence. The king, who had seen his value, who knew that he could depend upon him to speak the truth, consulted him on the most serious affairs of State, and, beginning with respect, became familiarly and ardently attached to him. Witham however remained his home, and he returned to it always as to a retreat of perfect enjoyment. His cell

and his dole of weekly bread gave him as entire satisfaction as the most luxuriously furnished villa could afford to one of ourselves ; and long after, when he was called elsewhere, and the cares of the great world fell more heavily upon him, he looked to an annual month at Witham for rest of mind and body, and on coming there he would pitch away his grand dress and jump into his sheepskin as we moderns put on our shooting jackets.

While he remained prior he lived in perfect simplicity and unbroken health of mind and body. The fame of his order spread fast, and with its light the inseparable shadow of superstition. Witham became a place of pilgrimage ; miracles were said to be worked by involuntary effluences from its occupants. Then and always Hugo thought little of miracles, turned his back on them for the most part, and discouraged them if not as illusions yet as matters of no consequence. St. Paul thought one intelligible sentence containing truth in it was better than a hundred in an unknown tongue. The prior of Witham considered that the only miracle worth speaking of was holiness of life. "Little I," writes Adam (*parvulus ego*), "observed that he worked many miracles himself, but he paid no attention to them." Thus he lived for eleven years with as much rational happiness as, in his opinion, human nature was capable of experiencing. When he lay down upon his horse-rug he slept like a child, undisturbed, save that at intervals, as if he was praying, he muttered a composed "Amen". When he awoke he rose and went about his ordinary business : cleaning up dirt, washing dishes and such like, being his favourite early occupation.

The powers, however—who, according to the Greeks, are jealous of human felicity—thought proper, in due

time, to disturb the prior of Witham. Towards the end of 1183 Walter de Coutances was promoted from the bishopric of Lincoln to the archbishopric of Rouen. The see lay vacant for two years and a half, and a successor had now to be provided. A great council was sitting at Ensham on business of the realm; the king riding over every morning from Woodstock. A deputation of canons from Lincoln came to learn his pleasure for the filling up the vacancy. The canons were directed to make a choice for themselves and were unable to agree, for the not unnatural reason that each canon considered the fittest person to be himself. Some one (Adam does not mention the name) suggested, as a way out of the difficulty, the election of Hugo of Witham. The canons being rich, well to do, and of the modern easy-going sort, laughed at the suggestion of the poor Carthusian. They found to their surprise, however, that the king was emphatically of the same opinion, and that Hugo and nobody else was the person that he intended for them.

The king's pleasure was theirs. They gave their votes, and despatched a deputation over the downs to command the prior's instant presence at Ensham.

A difficulty rose where it was least expected. Not only was the "*Nolo episcopari*" in Hugo's case a genuine feeling, not only did he regard worldly promotion as a thing not in the least attractive to him; but, in spite of his regard for Henry, he did not believe that the king was a proper person to nominate the prelates of the Church. He told the canons that the election was void. They must return to their own cathedral, call the chapter together, invoke the Holy Spirit, put the King of England out of their minds, and consider rather the King of

kings ; and so, and not otherwise, proceed with their choice.

The canons, wide-eyed with so unexpected a reception, retired with their answer. Whether they complied with the spirit of Hugo's direction may perhaps be doubted. They, however, assembled at Lincoln with the proper forms, and repeated the election with the external conditions which he had prescribed. As a last hope of escape he appealed to the Chartreuse, declaring himself unable to accept any office without orders from his superiors ; but the authorities there forbade him to decline ; and a fresh deputation of canons having come for his escort, he mounted his mule with a heavy heart and set out in their company for Winchester, where the king was then residing.

A glimpse of the party we are able to catch upon their journey. Though it was seven hundred years since, the English September was probably much like what it is at present, and the down country cannot have materially altered. The canons had their palfreys richly caparisoned with gilt saddle-cloths, and servants and sumpter horses. The bishop elect strapped his wardrobe, his blanket and sheep-skin, at the back of his saddle. He rode in this way resisting remonstrance till close to Winchester, when the canons, afraid of the ridicule of the court, slit the leathers without his knowing it, and passed his baggage to the servants.

Consecration and installation duly followed, and it was supposed that Hugo, a humble monk, owing his promotion to the king, would be becomingly grateful, that he would become just a bishop, like anybody else, complying with established customs, moving in the regular route, and keeping the waters smooth.

All parties were disagreeably, or rather, as it turned out ultimately, agreeably surprised. The first

intimation which he gave that he had a will of his own followed instantly upon his admission. Corruption or quasi-corruption had gathered already round ecclesiastical appointments. The Archdeacon of Canterbury put in a claim for consecration fees, things in themselves without meaning or justice, but implying that a bishopric was a prize, the lucky winner of which was expected to be generous.

The new prelate held no such estimate of the nature of his appointment—he said he would give as much for his cathedral as he had given for his mitre, and left the archdeacon to his reflections.

No sooner was he established and had looked about him, than from the poor tenants of estates of the see he heard complaints of that most ancient of English grievances — the game laws. Hugo, who himself touched no meat, was not likely to have cared for the chase. He was informed that venison must be provided for his installation feast. He told his people to take from his park what was necessary—three hundred stags if they pleased, so little he cared for preserving them; but neither was he a man to have interfered needlessly with the recognised amusements of other people. There must have been a case of real oppression, or he would not have meddled with such things. The offender was no less a person than the head forester of the king himself. Hugo, failing to bring him to reason with mild methods, excommunicated him, and left him to carry his complaints to Henry. It happened that a rich stall was at the moment vacant at Lincoln. The king wanted it for one of his courtiers, and gave the bishop an opportunity of redeeming his first offence by asking for it as a favour to himself. Henry was at Woodstock; the bishop, at the moment, was at Dorchester, a place in

his diocese thirteen miles off. On receiving Henry's letter the bishop bade the messenger carry back for answer that prebendal stalls were not for courtiers but for priests. The king must find other means of rewarding temporal services. Henry, with some experience of the pride of ecclesiastics, was unprepared for so abrupt a message—Becket himself had been less insolent—and as he had been personally kind to Hugo, he was hurt as well as offended. He sent again to desire him to come to Woodstock, and prepared, when he arrived, to show him that he was seriously displeased. Then followed one of the most singular scenes in English history—a thing veritably true, which oaks still standing in Woodstock Park may have witnessed. As soon as word was brought that the bishop was at the park gate, Henry mounted his horse, rode with his retinue into a glade in the forest, where he alighted, sat down upon the ground with his people, and in this position prepared to receive the criminal. The bishop approached—no one rose or spoke. He saluted the king; there was no answer. Pausing for a moment, he approached, pushed aside gently an earl who was sitting at Henry's side, and himself took his place. Silence still continued. At last Henry, looking up, called for a needle and thread; he had hurt a finger of his left hand. It was wrapped with a strip of linen rag, the end was loose, and he began to sew. The bishop watched him through a few stitches, and then, with the utmost composure, said to him—“*Quam similis es modo cognatis tuis de Falesiâ*”—“your Highness now reminds me of your cousins of Falaise”. The words sounded innocent enough—indeed, entirely unmeaning. Alone of the party, Henry understood the allusion; and, overwhelmed by the astonishing impertinence, he clenched

his hands, struggled hard to contain himself, and then rolled on the ground in convulsions of laughter.

“Did you hear,” he said to his people when at last he found words; “did you hear how this wretch insulted us? The blood of my ancestor the Conqueror, as you know, was none of the purest. His mother was of Falaise, which is famous for its leather work, and when this mocking gentleman saw me stitching my finger, he said I was showing my parentage.”

“My good sir,” he continued, turning to Hugo, “what do you mean by excommunicating my head forester, and when I make a small request of you, why is it that you not only do not come to see me, but do not send me so much as a civil answer?”

“I know myself,” answered Hugo, gravely, “to be indebted to your Highness for my late promotion. I considered that your Highness’s soul would be in danger if I was found wanting in the discharge of my duties; and therefore it was that I used the censures of the Church when I held them necessary, and that I resisted an improper attempt on your part upon a stall in my cathedral. To wait on you on such a subject I thought superfluous, since your Highness approves, as a matter of course, of whatever is rightly ordered in your realm.”

What could be done with such a bishop? No one knew better than Henry the truth of what Hugo was saying, or the worth of such a man to himself. He bade Hugo proceed with the forester as he pleased. Hugo had him publicly whipped, then absolved him, and gave him his blessing, and found in him ever after a fast and faithful friend. The courtiers asked for no more stalls, and all was well.

In Church matters in his own diocese he equally

took his own way. Nothing could be more unlike than Hugo to the canons whom he found in possession; yet he somehow bent them all to his will, or carried their wills with his own. "Never since I came to the diocese," he said to his chaplain, "have I had a quarrel with my chapter. It is not that I am easy-going—*sum enim reverâ pipere mordacior* (pepper is not more biting than I can be). I often fly out for small causes; but they take me as they find me. There is not one who distrusts my love for him, nor one by whom I do not believe myself to be loved."

At table this hardest of monks was the most agreeable of companions. Though no one had practised abstinence more severe, no one less valued it for its own sake, or had less superstition or foolish sentiment about it. It was, and is, considered sacrilege in the Church of Rome to taste food before saying mass. Hugo, if he saw a priest who was to officiate exhausted for want of support, and likely to find a difficulty in getting through his work, would order him to eat as a point of duty, and lectured him for want of faith if he affected to be horrified.

Like all genuine men, the bishop was an object of special attraction to children and animals. The little ones in every house that he entered were always found clinging about his legs. Of the attachment of other creatures to him there was one very singular instance. About the time of his installation there appeared on the mere at Stow Manor, eight miles from Lincoln, a swan of unusual size, which drove the other male birds from off the water. Abbot Adam, who frequently saw the bird, says that he was curiously marked. The bill was saffron instead of black, with a saffron tint on the plumage of the head and neck; and the abbot adds he was as much larger than other

swans as a swan is larger than a goose. This bird, on the occasion of the bishop's first visit to the manor, was brought to him to be seen as a curiosity. He was usually unmanageable and savage ; but the bishop knew the way to his heart ; fed him, and taught him to poke his head into the pockets of his frock to look for breadcrumbs, which he did not fail to find there. Ever after he seemed to know instinctively when the bishop was expected, flew trumpeting up and down the lake, slapping the water with his wings ; when the horses approached, he would march out upon the grass to meet them ; strutted at the bishop's side, and would sometimes follow him upstairs.

It was a miracle of course to the general mind, though explicable enough to those who have observed the physical charm which men who take pains to understand animals are able to exercise over them.

We have seen him with King Henry ; we will now follow him into the presence of Cœur de Lion.

Richard, it will be remembered, on his return from his captivity plunged into war with Philip of France, carrying out a quarrel which had commenced in the Holy Land. The king, in distress for money, had played tricks with Church patronage which Hugo had firmly resisted. Afterwards an old claim on Lincoln diocese for some annual services was suddenly revived, which had been pretermitted for sixty years. The arrears for all that time were called for and exacted, and the clergy had to raise among themselves 3,000 marks : hard measure of this kind perhaps induced Hugo to look closely into further demands.

In 1197, when Richard was in Normandy, a pressing message came home from him for supplies. A council was held at Oxford, when Archbishop Hubert, who was

chancellor, required each prelate and great nobleman in the king's name to provide three hundred knights at his own cost to serve in the war. The Bishop of London supported the primate. The Bishop of Lincoln followed. Being a stranger, he said, and ignorant on his arrival of English laws, he had made it his business to study them. The see of Lincoln, he was aware, was bound to military service, but it was service in England and not abroad. The demand of the king was against the liberties which he had sworn to defend, and he would rather die than betray them.

The Bishop of Salisbury, gathering courage from Hugo's resistance, took the same side. The council broke up in confusion, and the archbishop wrote to Richard to say that he was unable to raise the required force, and that the Bishop of Lincoln was the cause. Richard, who, with most noble qualities, had the temper of a fiend, replied instantly with an order to seize and confiscate the property of the rebellious prelates. The Bishop of Salisbury was brought upon his knees, but Hugo, fearless as ever, swore that he would excommunicate any man who dared to execute the king's command; and as it was known that he would keep his word, the royal officers hesitated to act. The king wrote a second time more fiercely, threatening death if they disobeyed, and the bishop, not wishing to expose them to trouble on his account, determined to go over and encounter the tempest in person.

At Rouen, on his way to Roche d'Andeli, where Richard was lying, he was encountered by the Earl Marshal and Lord Albemarle, who implored him to send some conciliatory message by them, as the king was so furious that they feared he might provoke the anger of God by some violent act.

The bishop declined their assistance. He desired

them merely to tell the king that he was coming. They hurried back, and he followed at his leisure. The scene that ensued was even stranger than the interview already described with Henry in the park at Woodstock.

Cœur de Lion, when he arrived at Roche d'Andeli, was hearing mass in the church. He was sitting in a great chair at the opening into the choir, with the bishops of Durham and Ely on either side. Church ceremonials must have been conducted with less stiff propriety than at present. Hugo advanced calmly and made the usual obeisance. Richard said nothing, but frowned, looked sternly at him for a moment, and turned away.

"Kiss me, my Lord King," said the bishop. It was the ordinary greeting between the sovereign and the spiritual peers. The king averted his face still further.

"Kiss me, my Lord," said Hugo again, and he caught Cœur de Lion by the vest and shook him, Abbot Adam standing shivering behind.

"*Non meruisti*—thou hast not deserved it," growled Richard.

"I have deserved it," replied Hugo, and shook him harder.

Had he shown fear, Cœur de Lion would probably have trampled on him, but who could resist such marvellous audacity? The kiss was given. The bishop passed up to the altar and became absorbed in the service, Cœur de Lion curiously watching him.

When mass was over there was a formal audience, but the result of it was decided already. Hugo declared his loyalty in everything, save what touched his duty to God. The king yielded, and threw the blame of the quarrel on the too complaisant primate.

Even this was not all. The bishop afterwards requested a private interview. He told Richard solemnly that he was uneasy for his soul, and admonished him, if he had anything on his conscience, to confess it.

The king said he was conscious of no sin, save of a certain rage against his French enemies.

“Obey God!” the bishop said, “and God will humble your enemies for you—and you for your part take heed you offend not Him or hurt your neighbour. I speak in sadness, but rumour says you are unfaithful to your queen.”

The lion was tamed for the moment. The king acknowledged nothing but restrained his passion, only observing afterwards, “If all bishops were like my Lord of Lincoln, not a prince among us could lift his head against them”.

HENRY VIII.

IF Henry VIII. had died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country; and he would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of that of the Black Prince or of the conqueror of Agincourt. Left at the most trying age, with his character unformed, with the means at his disposal of gratifying every inclination, and married by his ministers when a boy to an unattractive woman far his senior, he had lived for thirty-six years almost without blame, and bore through England the reputation of an upright and virtuous king. Nature had been prodigal to him of her rarest gifts. In person he is said to have resembled his grandfather, Edward IV., who was the handsomest man in Europe. His form and bearing were princely; and amidst the easy freedom of his address, his manner remained majestic. No knight in England could match him in the tournament except the Duke of Suffolk; he drew with ease as strong a bow as was borne by any yeoman of his guard; and these powers were sustained in unflinching vigour by a temperate habit and by constant exercise. Of his intellectual ability we are not left to judge from the suspicious panegyrics of his contemporaries. His state papers and letters may be placed by the side of those of Wolsey or of Cromwell, and they lose nothing

in the comparison. Though they are broadly different, the perception is equally clear, the expression equally powerful, and they breathe throughout an irresistible vigour of purpose. In addition to this he had a fine musical taste, carefully cultivated; he spoke and wrote in four languages; and his knowledge of a multitude of other subjects, with which his versatile ability made him conversant, would have formed the reputation of any ordinary man. He was among the best physicians of his age; he was his own engineer, inventing improvements in artillery, and new constructions in ship-building; and this not with the condescending incapacity of a royal amateur, but with thorough workmanlike understanding. His reading was vast, especially in theology, which has been ridiculously ascribed by Lord Herbert to his father's intention of educating him for the archbishopric of Canterbury; as if the scientific mastery of such a subject could have been acquired by a boy of twelve years of age, for he was no more when he became Prince of Wales. He must have studied theology with the full maturity of his intellect; and he had a fixed and perhaps unfortunate interest in the subject itself.

In all directions of human activity Henry displayed natural powers of the highest order, at the highest stretch of industrious culture. He was "attentive," as it is called, "to his religious duties," being present at the services in chapel two or three times a day with unfailing regularity, and showing to outward appearance a real sense of religious obligation in the energy and purity of his life. In private he was good-humoured and good-natured. His letters to his secretaries, though never undignified, are simple, easy and unrestrained; and the letters written by them to

him are similarly plain and businesslike, as if the writers knew that the person whom they were addressing disliked compliments, and chose to be treated as a man. Again, from their correspondence with one another, when they describe interviews with him, we gather the same pleasant impression. He seems to have been always kind, always considerate; inquiring into their private concerns with genuine interest, and winning, as a consequence, their warm and unaffected attachment.

As a ruler he had been eminently popular. All his wars had been successful. He had the splendid tastes in which the English people most delighted, and he had substantially acted out his own theory of his duty which was expressed in the following words:—

“Scripture taketh princes to be, as it were, fathers and nurses to their subjects, and by Scripture it appeareth that it appertaineth unto the office of princes to see that right religion and true doctrine be maintained and taught, and that their subjects may be well ruled and governed by good and just laws; and to provide and care for them that all things necessary for them may be plenteous; and that the people and commonweal may increase; and to defend them from oppression and invasion, as well within the realm as without; and to see that justice be administered unto them indifferently; and to hear benignly all their complaints; and to show towards them, although they offend, fatherly pity. And, finally, so to correct them that be evil, that they had yet rather save them than lose them if it were not for respect of justice, and maintenance of peace and good order in the commonweal.”

These principles do really appear to have determined Henry's conduct in his earlier years. His

social administration we have already partially seen. He had more than once been tried with insurrection, which he had soothed down without bloodshed, and extinguished in forgiveness; and London long recollected the great scene which followed "evil Mayday," 1517, when the apprentices were brought down to Westminster Hall to receive their pardons. There had been a dangerous riot in the streets, which might have provoked a mild Government to severity; but the king contented himself with punishing the five ringleaders, and four hundred other prisoners, after being paraded down the streets in white shirts with halters round their necks, were dismissed with an admonition, Wolsey weeping as he pronounced it.

It is certain that if, as I said, he had died before the divorce was mooted, Henry VIII., like that Roman emperor said by Tacitus to have been *consensu omnium dignus imperii nisi imperasset*, would have been considered by posterity as formed by Providence for the conduct of the Reformation, and his loss would have been deplored as a perpetual calamity. We must allow him, therefore, the benefit of his past career, and be careful to remember it when interpreting his later actions. Not many men would have borne themselves through the same trials with the same integrity; but the circumstances of those trials had not tested the true defects in his moral constitution. Like all princes of the Plantagenet blood, he was a person of a most intense and imperious will. His impulses, in general nobly directed, had never known contradiction; and late in life, when his character was formed, he was forced into collision with difficulties with which the experience of discipline had not fitted him to contend. Education had done much for him, but his nature required more correction than his position had permitted,

whilst unbroken prosperity and early independence of control had been his most serious misfortune. He had capacity, if his training had been equal to it, to be one of the greatest of men. With all his faults about him he was still perhaps the greatest of his contemporaries; and the man best able of all living Englishmen to govern England, had been set to do it by the conditions of his birth.

HUGH LATIMER.

THE father of Latimer was a solid English yeoman, of Thurstaston, in Leicestershire. "He had no lands of his own," but he rented a farm "of four pounds by the year," on which "he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men"; "he had walk for a hundred sheep, and meadow ground for thirty cows". The world prospered with him; he was able to save money for his sons' education and his daughters' portions; but he was freehanded and hospitable; he kept open house for his poor neighbours; and he was a good citizen, too, for "he did find the king a harness with himself and his horse," ready to do battle for his country if occasion called. His family were brought up "in godliness and the fear of the Lord"; and in all points the old Latimer seems to have been a worthy, sound, upright man, of the true English mettle.

There were several children. The reformer was born about 1490, some five years after the usurper Richard had been killed at Bosworth. Bosworth being no great distance from Thurstaston, Latimer the father is likely to have been present in the battle, on one side or the other—the right side in those times it was no easy matter to choose—but he became a good servant of the new Government—and the little Hugh, when a boy of seven years old, helped to buckle on his armour for him, "when he went to Blackheath

field".¹ Being a soldier himself, the old gentleman was careful to give his sons, whatever else he gave them, a sound soldier's training. "He was diligent," says Latimer, "to teach me to shoot with the bow: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in the bow—not to draw with strength of arm, as other nations do, but with the strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in these, my bows were made bigger and bigger." Under this education, and in the wholesome atmosphere of the farmhouse, the boy prospered well; and by and by, showing signs of promise, he was sent to school. When he was fourteen, the promises so far having been fulfilled, his father transferred him to Cambridge.

He was soon known at the university as a sober, hard-working student. At nineteen he was elected fellow of Clare Hall; at twenty he took his degree, and became a student in divinity, when he accepted quietly, like a sensible man, the doctrines which he had been brought up to believe. At the time when Henry VIII. was writing against Luther, Latimer was fleshing his maiden sword in an attack upon Melancthon; and he remained, he said, till he was thirty "in darkness and the shadow of death". About this time he became acquainted with Bilney, whom he calls "the instrument whereby God called him to knowledge". In Bilney, doubtless, he found a sound instructor; but a careful reader of his sermons will see traces of a teaching for which he was indebted to no human master. His deepest knowledge was that which stole upon him unconsciously through the experience of life and the world. His words are like

¹Where the Cornish rebels came to an end in 1497.—Bacon's *History of Henry the Seventh*.

the clear impression of a seal; the account and the result of observations, taken first hand, on the condition of the English men and women of his time, in all ranks and classes, from the palace to the prison. He shows large acquaintance with books—with the Bible most of all; with patristic divinity and school divinity, and history, sacred and profane; but if this had been all he would not have been the Latimer of the Reformation, and the Church of England would not, perhaps, have been here to-day. Like the physician, to whom a year of practical experience in a hospital teaches more than a life of closet study, Latimer learnt the mental disorders of his age in the age itself; and the secret of that art no other man, however good, however wise, could have taught him. He was not an echo, but a voice; and he drew his thoughts fresh from the fountain—from the facts of the era in which God had placed him.

He became early famous as a preacher at Cambridge, from the first “a seditious fellow,” as a noble lord called him in later life, highly troublesome to unjust persons in authority. “None, except the stiff-necked and uncircumcised, ever went away from his preaching, it was said, without being affected with high detestation of sin, and moved to all godliness and virtue.” And, in his audacious simplicity, he addressed himself always to his individual hearers, giving his words a personal application, and often addressing men by name. This habit brought him first into difficulty in 1525. He was preaching before the university when the Bishop of Ely came into the church, being curious to hear him. He paused till the bishop was seated; and, when he recommenced, he changed his subject, and drew an ideal picture of a prelate as a prelate ought to be; the features of which, though he did not

say so, were strikingly unlike those of his auditor. The bishop complained to Wolsey, who sent for Latimer, and inquired what he had said. Latimer repeated the substance of his sermon; and other conversation then followed, which showed Wolsey very clearly the nature of the person with whom he was speaking. No eye saw more rapidly than the cardinal's the difference between a true man and an impostor; and he replied to the Bishop of Ely's accusations by granting the offender a license to preach in any church in England. "If the Bishop of Ely cannot abide such doctrine as you have here repeated," he said, "you shall preach it to his beard, let him say what he will."

Thus fortified, Latimer pursued his way, careless of the university authorities, and probably defiant of them. He was still orthodox in points of theoretic belief. His mind was practical rather than speculative, and he was slow in arriving at conclusions which had no immediate bearing upon action. No charge could be fastened upon him definitely criminal; and he was too strong to be crushed by that compendious tyranny which treated as an act of heresy the exposure of imposture or delinquency.

On Wolsey's fall, however, he would have certainly been silenced: if he had fallen into the hands of Sir Thomas More he would have perhaps been prematurely sacrificed. But, fortunately, he found a fresh protector in the king. Henry heard of him, sent for him, and, with instinctive recognition of his character, appointed him one of the royal chaplains. He now left Cambridge and removed to Windsor, but only to treat his royal patron as freely as he had treated the Cambridge doctors—not with any absence of respect, for he was most respectful, but with that highest respect which dares to speak unwelcome truth where the truth seems

to be forgotten. He was made chaplain in 1530—during the new persecution, for which Henry was responsible by a more than tacit acquiescence. Latimer, with no authority but his own conscience, and the strong certainty that he was on God's side, threw himself between the spoilers and their prey, and wrote to the king, protesting against the injustice which was crushing the truest men in his dominions. The letter is too long to insert; the close of it may show how a poor priest could dare to address the imperious Henry VIII. :—

“I pray to God that your Grace may take heed of the worldly wisdom which is foolishness before God; that you may do that [which] God commandeth, and not that [which] seemeth good in your own sight, without the word of God; that your Grace may be found acceptable in His sight, and one of the members of His Church; and according to the office that He hath called your Grace unto, you may be found a faithful minister of His gifts, and not a defender of His faith: for He will not have it defended by man or man's power, but by His word only, by the which He hath evermore defended it, and that by a way far above man's power or reason.

“Wherefore, gracious King, remember yourself; have pity upon your soul; and think that the day is even at hand when you shall give account for your office, and of the blood that hath been shed by your sword. In which day, that your Grace may stand steadfastly, and not be ashamed, but be clear and ready in your reckoning, and have (as they say) your *quietus est* sealed with the blood of our Saviour Christ, which only serveth at that day, is my daily prayer to Him that suffered death for our sins, which also prayeth to His Father for grace for us continually;

to whom be all honour and praise for ever. Amen. The Spirit of God preserve your Grace."

These words, which conclude an address of almost unexampled grandeur, are unfortunately of no interest to us, except as illustrating the character of the priest who wrote them, and the king to whom they were written. The hand of the persecutor was not stayed. The rack and the lash and the stake continued to claim their victims. So far it was labour in vain. But the letter remains, to speak for ever for the courage of Latimer; and to speak something, too, for a prince that could respect the nobleness of the poor yeoman's son, who dared in such a cause to write to him as a man to a man. To have written at all in such a strain was as brave a step as was ever deliberately ventured. Like most brave acts, it did not go unrewarded; for Henry remained ever after, however widely divided from him in opinion, his unshaken friend.

In 1531 the king gave him the living of West Kingston, in Wiltshire, where for a time he now retired. Yet it was but a partial rest. He had a special license as a preacher from Cambridge, which continued to him (with the king's express sanction) the powers which he had received from Wolsey. He might preach in any diocese to which he was invited; and the repose of a country parish could not be long allowed in such stormy times to Latimer. He had bad health, being troubled with headache, pleurisy, colic, stone; his bodily constitution meeting feebly the demands which he was forced to make upon it. But he struggled on, travelling up and down, to London, to Kent, to Bristol, wherever opportunity called him; marked for destruction by the bishops if he was betrayed into an imprudent word, and himself living in constant expectation of death.

At length the Bishop of London believed that Latimer was in his power. He had preached at St. Abb's in the city, "at the request of a company of merchants," in the beginning of the winter of 1531; and soon after his return to his living he was informed that he was to be cited before Stokesley. His friends in the neighbourhood wrote to him, evidently in great alarm, and more anxious that he might clear himself than expecting that he would be able to do so; he himself, indeed, had almost made up his mind that the end was coming.

The citation was delayed for a few weeks. It was issued at last, on the 10th of January, 1531-32, and was served by Sir Walter Hungerford, of Farley. The offences with which he was charged were certain "excesses and irregularities" not specially defined; and the practice of the bishops in such cases was not to confine the prosecution to the acts committed; but to draw up a series of articles, on which it was presumed that the orthodoxy of the accused person was open to suspicion, and to question him separately upon each. Latimer was first examined by Stokesley; subsequently at various times by the bishops collectively; and finally, when certain formulas had been submitted to him, which he refused to sign, his case was transferred to Convocation. The Convocation, as we know, were then in difficulty with their premonition; they had consoled themselves in their sorrow with burning the body of Tracy; and they would gladly have taken further comfort by burning Latimer. He was submitted to the closest cross-questionings, in the hope that he would commit himself. They felt that he was the most dangerous person to them in the kingdom, and they laboured with unusual patience to ensure his conviction. With a common person they would have

rapidly succeeded. But Latimer was in no haste to be a martyr; he would be martyred patiently when the time was come for martyrdom; but he felt that no one ought "to consent to die" as long as he could honestly live; and he baffled the episcopal inquisitors with their own weapons. He has left a most curious account of one of his interviews with them.

"I was once in examination," he says, "before five or six bishops, where I had much turmoiling. Every week, thrice, I came to examination, and many snares and traps were laid to get something. Now, God knoweth, I was ignorant of the law; but that God gave me answer and wisdom what I should speak. It was God indeed, for else I had never escaped them. At the last I was brought forth to be examined into a chamber hanged with arras, where I was before wont to be examined, but now, at this time, the chamber was somewhat altered: for whereas before there was wont ever to be a fire in the chimney,¹ now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanging hanged over the chimney; and the table stood near the chimney's end, so that I stood between the table and the chimney's end. There was among these bishops that examined me one with whom I had been very familiar, and took him for my great friend, an aged man, and he sat next the table end. Then, among all other questions, he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one, and such one indeed as I could not think so great danger in. And when I would make answer, 'I pray you, Master Latimer,' said he, 'speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off'. I marvelled at this, that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney;

¹The process lasted through January, February and March.

and, sir, there I heard a pen walking in the chimney, behind the cloth. They had appointed one there to write all mine answers; for they made sure work that I should not start from them: there was no starting from them: God was my good Lord, and gave me answer; I could never else have escaped it. The question was this: 'Master Latimer, do you not think, on your conscience, that you have been suspected of heresy?'—a subtle question—a very subtle question. There was no holding of peace would serve. To hold my peace had been to grant myself faulty. To answer was every way full of danger. But God, which hath always given me answer, helped me, or else I could never have escaped it. *Ostendite mihi numisma censûs*. Shew me, said he, a penny of the tribute money. They laid snares to destroy him, but he overturneth them in their own traps."

The bishops, however, were not men who were nice in their adherence to the laws; and it would have gone ill with Latimer, notwithstanding his dialectic ability. He was excommunicated and imprisoned, and would soon have fallen into worse extremities; but at the last moment he appealed to the king, and the king, who knew his value, would not allow him to be sacrificed. He had refused to subscribe the articles proposed to him. Henry intimated to the Convocation that it was not his pleasure that the matter should be pressed further; they were to content themselves with a general submission, which should be made to the archbishop, without exacting more special acknowledgments. This was the reward to Latimer for his noble letter. He was absolved, and returned to his parish, though snatched as a brand out of the fire. Soon after, the tide turned, and the Reformation entered into a new phase.

THOMAS CROMWELL.

A CLOUD rests over the youth and early manhood of Thomas Cromwell, through which, only at intervals, we catch glimpses of authentic facts; and these few fragments of reality seem rather to belong to a romance than to the actual life of a man.

Cromwell, the *malleus monachorum*, was of good English family, belonging to the Cromwells of Lincolnshire. One of these, probably a younger brother, moved up to London and conducted an iron foundry, or other business of that description, at Putney. He married a lady of respectable connections, of whom we know only that she was sister of the wife of a gentleman in Derbyshire, but whose name does not appear. The old Cromwell dying early, the widow was re-married to a cloth merchant; and the child of the first husband, who made himself so great a name in English story, met with the reputed fortune of a stepson, and became a vagabond in the wide world. The chart of his course wholly fails us. One day in later life he shook by the hand an old bell-ringer at Sion House before a crowd of courtiers, and told them that "this man's father had given him many a dinner in his necessities". And a strange random account is given by Foxe of his having joined a party in an expedition to Rome to obtain a renewal from the Pope of certain immunities and indulgences for the town of Boston; a story which derives some kind of

credibility from its connection with Lincolnshire, but is full of incoherence and unlikelihood. Following still the popular legend, we find him in the autumn of 1515 a ragged stripling at the door of Frescobaldi's banking-house in Florence, begging for help. Frescobaldi had an establishment in London,¹ with a large connection there; and seeing an English face, and seemingly an honest one, he asked the boy who and what he was. "I am, sir," quoth he, "of England, and my name is Thomas Croinwell; my father is a poor man, and by occupation a cloth shearer; I am strayed from my country, and am now come into Italy with the camp of Frenchmen that were overthrown at Garigliano, where I was page to a footman, carrying after him his pike and burganet." Something in the boy's manner was said to have attracted the banker's interest; he took him into his house, and after keeping him there as long as he desired to stay, he gave him a horse and sixteen ducats to help him home to England. Foxe is the first English authority for the story; and Foxe took it from Bandello, the novelist; but it is confirmed by, or harmonises with, a sketch of Cromwell's early life in a letter of Chappuys, the imperial ambassador, to Chancellor Granvelle. "Master Cromwell," wrote Chappuys in 1535, "is the son of a poor blacksmith who lived in a small village four miles from London, and is buried in a common grave in the parish churchyard. In his youth, for some offence, he was imprisoned, and had to leave the country. He went to Flanders, and thence to Rome and other places in Italy."

Returning to England, he married the daughter of a woollen dealer, and became a partner in the business,

¹ Where he was known among the English of the day as Master Friskyball.

where he amassed or inherited a considerable fortune. Circumstances afterwards brought him, while still young, in contact with Wolsey, who discovered his merit, took him into service, and, in 1525, employed him in the most important work of visiting and breaking up the small monasteries, which the Pope had granted for the foundation of the new colleges. He was engaged with this business for two years, and was so efficient that he obtained an unpleasant notoriety, and complaints of his conduct found their way to the king. Nothing came of these complaints, however, and Cromwell remained with the cardinal till his fall.

It was then that the truly noble nature which was in him showed itself. He accompanied his master through his dreary confinement at Esher,¹ doing all that man could do to soften the outward wretchedness of it; and at the meeting of Parliament, in which he obtained a seat, he rendered him a still more gallant service. The Lords had passed a bill of impeachment against Wolsey, violent, vindictive and malevolent. It was to be submitted to the Commons, and Cromwell prepared to attempt an opposition. Cavendish has left a most characteristic description of his leaving Esher at this trying time. A cheerless November evening was closing in with rain and storm. Wolsey was broken down with sorrow and sickness; and had been unusually tried by parting with his retinue, whom he had sent home, as unwilling to keep them attached any longer to his fallen fortunes. When they were all gone, "My lord," says Cavendish, "returned to his chamber, lamenting the departure of

¹ A damp, unfurnished house belonging to Wolsey, where he was ordered to remain till the Government had determined upon their course towards him.

his servants, making his moan unto Master Cromwell, who comforted him the best he could, and desired my lord to give him leave to go to London, where he would either make or mar before he came again, which was always his common saying. Then after long communication with my lord in secret, he departed, and took his horse and rode to London; at whose departing I was by, whom he bade farewell, and said, ye shall hear shortly of me, and if I speed well I will not fail to be here again within these two days." He did speed well. "After two days he came again with a much pleasanter countenance, and meeting with me before he came to my lord, said unto me that he had adventured to put in his foot where he trusted shortly to be better regarded or all were done." He had stopped the progress of the impeachment in the Lower House, and was answering the articles one by one. In the evening he rode down to Esher for instructions. In the morning he was again at his place in Parliament; and he conducted the defence so skilfully, that finally he threw out the bill, saved Wolsey, and himself "grew into such estimation in every man's opinion, for his honest behaviour in his master's cause, that he was esteemed the most faithfullest servant, [and] was of all men greatly commended".

Henry admired his chivalry, and perhaps his talent. The loss of Wolsey had left him without any very able man, unless we may consider Sir Thomas More such, upon his council, and he could not calculate on More for support in his anti-Roman policy; he was glad, therefore, to avail himself of the service of a man who had given so rare a proof of fidelity, and who had been trained by the ablest statesman of the age.

To Wolsey Cromwell could render no more service

except as a friend, and his warm friend he remained to the last. He became the king's secretary, representing the Government in the House of Commons, and was at once on the high road to power. If we please we may call him ambitious; but an ambitious man would scarcely have pursued so refined a policy, or have calculated on the admiration which he gained by adhering to a fallen minister. He did not seek greatness—greatness rather sought him as the man in England most fit to bear it. His business was to prepare the measures which were to be submitted to Parliament by the Government. His influence, therefore, grew necessarily with the rapidity with which events were ripening; and when the conclusive step was taken, and the king was married, the virtual conduct of the Reformation passed into his hands. His Protestant tendencies were unknown as yet, perhaps, even to his own conscience; nor to the last could he arrive at any certain speculative convictions. He was drawn towards the Protestants as he rose into power by the integrity of his nature, which compelled him to trust only those on the sincerity of whose convictions he could depend.

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Meanwhile (1540) the minister who, in the conduct of the mighty cause which he was guiding, had stooped to dabble in these muddy waters of intrigue, was reaping, within and without, the harvest of his errors. The consciousness of wrong brought with it the consciousness of weakness and moody alternations of temper. The triumph of his enemies stared him in the face, and rash words dropped from him, which were not allowed to fall upon the ground, declaring what he would do if the king were turned from the course of the Reformation. Carefully his antagonists at

the council board had watched him for years. They had noted down his public errors; spies had reported his most confidential language. Slowly, but surely, the pile of accusations had gathered in height and weight, till the time should come to make them public. Three years before, when the northern insurgents had demanded Cromwell's punishment, the king had answered that the laws were open, and were equal to high and low. Let an accuser come forward openly and prove that the Privy Seal had broken the laws, and he should be punished as surely and as truly as the meanest criminal. The case against him was clear at last; if brought forward in the midst of the king's displeasure, the charges could not fail of attentive hearing, and the release from the detested matrimony might be identified with the punishment of the author of it.

For struck down Cromwell should be, as his master Wolsey had been, to rise no more. Not only was he hated on public grounds, as the leader of a revolution, but, in his multiplied offices, he had usurped the functions of the ecclesiastical courts; he had mixed himself in the private concerns of families; he had interfered between wives and husbands, fathers and sons, brothers and sisters. In his enormous correspondence he appears as the universal referee—the resource of all weak or injured persons. The mad Duchess of Norfolk chose him for her patron against the duke. Lady Burgh, Lady Parr, Lady Hungerford, alike made him the champion of their domestic wrongs. Justly and unjustly he had dragged down upon himself the animosity of peers, bishops, clergy and gentlemen, and their day of revenge was come.

On the 10th of June he attended as usual at the morning sitting of the House of Lords. The privy council sat in the afternoon, and at three o'clock the

Duke of Norfolk rose suddenly at the table: "My Lord of Essex," he said, "I arrest you of high treason." There were witnesses in readiness, who came forward and swore to have heard him say "that, if the King and all his realm would turn and vary from his opinions, he would fight in the field in his own person, with his sword in his hand, against the King and all others; adding that, if he lived a year or two, he trusted to bring things to that frame that it should not lie in the King's power to resist or let it". The words "were justified to his face". It was enough. Letters were instantly written to the ambassadors at foreign courts, desiring them to make known the blow which had been struck and the causes which had led to it. The twilight of the summer evening found Thomas Cromwell within the walls of that grim prison which had few outlets except the scaffold; and far off, perhaps, he heard the pealing of the church bells and the songs of revelry in the streets, with which the citizens, short of sight, and bestowing on him the usual guerdon of transcendent merit, exulted in his fall. "The Lord Cromwell," says Hall, "being in the council chamber, was suddenly apprehended and committed to the Tower of London; the which many lamented, but more rejoiced, and specially such as either had been religious men or favoured religious persons; for they banqueted and triumphed together that night, many wishing that that day had been seven years before, and some, fearing lest he should escape, although he were imprisoned, could not be merry; others, who knew nothing but truth by him, both lamented him and heartily prayed for him. But this is true, that of certain of the clergy he was detestably hated; and specially of such as had borne swing, and by his means were put from it; for indeed he was a man that, in all his doings, seemed

not to favour any kind of Popery, nor could not abide the snuffing pride of some prelates."

The first intention was to bring him to trial, but a parliamentary attainder was a swifter process, better suited to the temper of the victorious reactionists. Five Romanists but a few days previously had been thus sentenced under Cromwell's direction. The retribution was only the more complete which rendered back to him the same measure which he had dealt to others. The bill was brought in a week after his arrest.

Only one person had the courage or the wish to speak for Cromwell. Cranmer, the first to come forward on behalf of Anne Boleyn, ventured, first and alone, to throw a doubt on the treason of the Privy Seal. "I heard yesterday, in your Grace's council," he wrote to the king, "that the Earl of Essex is a traitor; yet who cannot be sorrowful and amazed that he should be a traitor against your Majesty—he whose surety was only by your Majesty—he who loved your Majesty, as I ever thought, no less than God—he who studied always to set forwards whatsoever was your Majesty's will and pleasure—he that cared for no man's displeasure to serve your Majesty—he that was such a servant, in my judgment, in wisdom, diligence, faithfulness and experience as no prince in this realm ever had—he that was so vigilant to preserve your Majesty from all treasons, that few could be so secretly conceived but he detected the same in the beginning!—I loved him as my friend, for so I took him to be; but I chiefly loved him for the love which I thought I saw him bear ever towards your Grace, singularly above all others. But now, if he be a traitor, I am sorry that ever I loved or trusted him; and I am very glad that his treason is discovered in

time ; but yet, again, I am very sorrowful ; for who shall your Grace trust hereafter if you may not trust him ? Alas ! I lament your Grace's chance herein. I wot not whom your Grace may trust."

The intercession was bravely ventured ; but it was fruitless. The illegal acts of a minister who had been trusted with extraordinary powers were too patent for denial ; and Cranmer himself was forced into a passive acquiescence, while the enemies of the Reformation worked their revenge. Heresy and truth, treason and patriotism ! these are words which in a war of parties changed their meaning with the alternations of success, till time and fate have pronounced the last interpretation, and human opinions and sympathies bend to the deciding judgment. But while the struggle is still in progress—while the partisans on either side exclaim that truth is with them, and error with their antagonists, and the minds of this man and of that man are so far the only arbiters—those, at such a time, are not the least to be commended who obey for their guide the law as it in fact exists. Men there are who need no such direction, who follow their own course—it may be to a glorious success, it may be to as glorious a death. To such proud natures the issue to themselves is of trifling moment. They live for their work or die for it, as their Almighty Father wills. But the law in a free country cannot keep pace with genius. It reflects the plain sentiments of the better order of average men ; and if it so happen, as in a perplexed world of change it will happen and must, that a statesman, or a prophet, is beyond his age, and in collision with a law which his conscience forbids him to obey, he bravely breaks it, bravely defies it, and either wins the victory in his living person, or, more often, wins

it in his death. In fairness, Cromwell should have been tried; but it would have added nothing to his chances of escape. He could not disprove the accusations. He could but have said that he had done right, not wrong—a plea which would have been but a fresh crime. But, in the deafening storm of denunciation which burst out, the hastiest vengeance was held the greatest justice.

For eight years his influence had been supreme with the king—supreme in Parliament—supreme in Convocation; the nation, in the ferment of revolution, was absolutely controlled by him; and he has left the print of his individual genius stamped indelibly, while the metal was at white heat, into the constitution of the country. Wave after wave has rolled over his work. Romanism flowed back over it under Mary. Puritanism, under another even grander Cromwell, overwhelmed it. But Romanism ebbed again, and Puritanism is dead, and the polity of the Church of England remains as it was left by its creator.

And not in the Church only, but in all departments of the public service, Cromwell was the sovereign guide. In the Foreign Office and the Home Office, in Star Chamber and at council table, in dockyard and law court, Cromwell's intellect presided—Cromwell's hand executed. His gigantic correspondence remains to witness for his varied energy. Whether it was an ambassador or a commissioner of sewers, a warden of a company or a tradesman who was injured by the guild, a bishop or a heretic, a justice of the peace, or a serf crying for emancipation, Cromwell was the universal authority to whom all officials looked for instruction, and all sufferers looked for redress. Hated by all those who had grown old in an earlier

system—by the wealthy, whose interests were touched by his reforms—by the superstitious, whose prejudices he wounded—he was the defender of the weak, the defender of the poor, defender of the “fatherless and forsaken”; and for his work, the long maintenance of it has borne witness that it was good—that he did the thing which England’s true interests required to be done.

Of the manner in which that work was done it is less easy to speak. Fierce laws fiercely executed—an unflinching resolution which neither danger could daunt nor saintly virtue move to mercy—a long list of solemn tragedies—weigh upon his memory. He had taken upon himself a task beyond the ordinary strength of man. His difficulties could be overcome only by inflexible persistence in the course which he had marked out for himself and for the State; and he supported his weakness by a determination which imitated the unbending fixity of a law of nature. He pursued an object, the excellence of which, as his mind saw it, transcended all other considerations—the freedom of England and the destruction of idolatry: and those who from any motive, noble or base, pious or impious, crossed his path, he crushed, and passed on over their bodies.

Whether the same end could have been attained by gentler methods is a question which many persons suppose they can answer easily in the affirmative. Some diffidence of judgment, however, ought to be taught by the recollection that the same end was purchased in every other country which had the happiness to attain to it at all, only by years of bloodshed, a single day or week of which caused larger human misery than the whole period of the administration of Cromwell. Be this as it will, his

aim was noble. For his actions he paid with his life ; and he followed his victims by the same road which they had trodden before him, to the high tribunal, where it may be that great natures who on earth have lived in mortal enmity may learn at last to understand each other.

SIR HUMFREY GILBERT.

SOME two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the Manor House of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother, Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man, of whom we shall presently speak more closely, could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John

Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present, we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness"; inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonisation and extended markets for home manufactures. Gilbert was examined before the Queen's Majesty and the Privy Council, and the record of his examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and that America therefore is necessarily an island. The Gulf Stream, which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, Gilbert believing, in common with almost every one of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, and the land to the south was unbroken to the Pole. He

prophesies a market in the east for our manufactured linen and calicoes :—

The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the coloured clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure.

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them ; but we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him :—

Never, therefore, mislike with me for taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind : that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno*.

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which more or less great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent

him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight*, 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh*, 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow*, 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel*, which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters, we may add that in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

We were in all (says Mr. Hayes) 260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris dancers, hobby horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people.

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there; and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little 10-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels

to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde*, and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August.

The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and hautboys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells.

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her; at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion to our seeming, in shape, hair and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast

by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises and other fish, but confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ugly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the General himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonum Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil.

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil; men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labour for God and for right they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2nd of September the general came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us". He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, they were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was

keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold) (continues Mr. Hayes) to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our General, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—"I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils".

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise". Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our mainyard an apparition of a little fier by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

Monday, the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, and I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, "The General was cast away," which was too true.

Thus faithfully (concludes Mr. Hayes, in some degree rising above himself) I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear; he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these North-Western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours, which before we noted to be in this gentleman and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the Divine will to resume him unto Himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired.

- ° Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert; still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries: but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion! We have glimpses of him a few years earlier, when he won his spurs in Ireland—won them by deeds which to us seem terrible in their ruthlessness, but which won the applause of Sir Henry Sidney as too high for praise or even reward. Chequered like all of us with lines of light and darkness, he was, nevertheless, one of a race which has ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

ELIZABETH.

WHILE the danger¹ lasted the queen had not shown to advantage. Sir Francis Walsingham, not once only, but at every trying crisis of her life, had to describe her conduct as "dishonourable and dangerous"—dishonourable, because she never hesitated to break a promise when to keep it was inconvenient; and dangerous, from the universal distrust which she had inspired in those who had once relied upon her. But her disposition to compromise, her extreme objection to severity or coercion, were better suited to conciliate defeated enemies. Whether it was policy, or that, like Hamlet, she "lacked gall," she never remembered an injury. She fought with treason by being blind to it, and made men loyal in spite of themselves by persistently trusting them.

Her manners were eminently popular. She was hard of feature and harsh of voice: "her humours," as Sir T. Heneage expressed it, "had not grown weak with age": but she was free of access to her presence, quick-witted and familiar of speech with men of all degrees. She rode, shot, jested and drank beer; spat and swore upon occasions; swore not like "a comfit-maker's wife," but round, mouth-filling oaths which would have satisfied Hotspur—the human character showing always through the royal robes, yet with the

¹ Of the Catholic conspiracy in 1572.—A.

queenly dignity never so impaired that liberties could be ventured in return.

The public policy of the realm was in the main directed by Burghley, but his measures were at all times liable to be suspended or reversed. She had a second ear always open to Catholic advisers—pensioners, some of them, of Spain—in the household and the cabinet. Her ladies of the bedchamber were for the most part the friends and correspondents of Mary Stuart. Her favourite courtiers, men like Lord Oxford and Lord Henry Howard, were the most poisonous instruments of Spanish intrigue. Her “new minion,” as he was spitefully called abroad, Leicester’s rival, Sir Christopher Hatton, was a Catholic in all but the name. The relations of Elizabeth with these persons, however insolently remarked upon by the refugees and malignants, were never generally misunderstood, and if regretted, were regretted only for public reasons by her wiser statesmen.

Leicester, no doubt, she would have liked well to marry. Leicester had been an object at one time of grave suspicion, and even Cecil’s mind once misgave him, on the ambiguous position in which this nobleman stood towards his sovereign. But the Spanish ambassador de Silva inquired curiously into the scandals which were flying, and satisfied himself that they were without foundation. And the absolute silence afterwards of Mendoza, on a subject on which hatred would have made him eloquent, is a further and conclusive answer to the charges of Allen and Sanders. Leicester continued till his death an object of exceptional regard. Hatton, a handsome, innocent, rather absurd person, was attached to her on the footing of a human lapdog, and he repaid her caresses with a genuine devotion, ridiculous only in the language in

which it was expressed. Elizabeth had nicknames for every one who was about her person: Burghley was her "spirit"; Leicester her "sweet Robin"; Oxford, her "boar"; Hatton, her "*Lidds*," her "sheep," her mouton, Anglicised into "Mutton". The letters addressed to her by statesmen are remarkable for the absence of formality, for language often of severe and startling plainness, unseasoned with a compliment. She kept her intelligence for Burghley and Walsingham, and gave her folly to the favourites. The hard politician of the cabinet exacted in the palace the most profound adulation; she chose to be adored for her beauty, and complimented as a paragon of perfection.

Her portraits are usually without shadow, as if her features radiated light. Sometimes she was represented in more than mortal character; as an Artemis with bow and crescent; as the Heathen Queen of love and beauty; as the Christian Regina Cœli, whose nativity¹ fell close to her own birthday, and whose functions as the virgin of Protestantism she was supposed to supersede. When she appeared as a mere woman, she was painted in robes, which it is to be presumed that she actually wore, broided with eyes and ears as emblematic of omnipresence—or with lizards, crocodiles, serpents and other monsters, emblematic, whatever they meant besides, of her own extraordinary taste.

Hatton tells her when he is writing to her, that "to see her was heaven, and the lack of her was hell's torment." "Passion overcomes him," as he thinks upon her sweetness. Leicester "is but half alive" when he is absent from "her most blessed presence". Even in business of State she was not proof against flattery.

¹ September 8th. Elizabeth was born September 7th.

Mendoza could divert her at any time from disagreeable subjects by turning the conversation upon her personal excellences. Sir John Smith, when sent on a visit to the Court of France, found it prudent to dispraise the queen and ladies there to her Majesty's advantage.

And there were no attentions which more certainly brought substantial wages. The public service was conducted most thriftily—ministers of State had their reward in doing the business of the country. Walsingham spent his private fortune in his office, and ruined himself. Sir Henry Sidney declined a peerage, his vice-royalty in Ireland having left him crippled with debt. Sir James Crofts excused his accepting a pension from Spain on the ground that the queen allowed him nothing as controller of her household. Lord Burghley has left on record in his own handwriting that the grants which he had received from his mistress had not covered his expenses in attending upon her: that he had sold lands of his own to maintain his state at Court, and that the fees of his treasurership did not equal the cost of his stable. But the largesses withheld from statesmen were given lavishly to the favourites and flatterers. Their office, perhaps, being ignominious, required a higher salary. Leicester, who inherited nothing, his father's estates having been confiscated, became the wealthiest nobleman in England. Sinecures, grants of land and high places about the Court rewarded the affection of Hatton. Monopolies, which made their fortune "to the utter undoing of thousands of her Majesty's subjects," were heaped on them and others of their kind—cheap presents which cost the queen nothing. To Hatton was given also the Naboth's vineyard of his neighbour, the Bishop of Ely—the present

Hatton Garden, so named in memory of the transaction.¹

Without family ties, with no near relations, and without friends save such as were loyal to her for their country's sake rather than her own, Elizabeth concealed the dreariness of her life from herself in the society of these human playthings, who flattered her faults and humoured her caprices. She was the more thrown upon them because in her views of government she stood equally alone, and among abler men scarcely found one to sympathise with her. She appears in history the champion of the Reformation, the first Protestant sovereign in Europe, but it was a position into which she was driven forward in spite of herself, and when she found herself there, it brought her neither pride nor pleasure.

In her birth she was the symbol of the revolt from the Papacy. She could not reconcile herself with Rome without condemning the marriage from which she sprung; but her interest in Protestantism was limited to political independence. She mocked at Cecil and "his brothers in Christ". She affected an interest in the new doctrines, only when the Scots or the Dutch were necessary to her, or when religion could serve as an excuse to escape an unwelcome marriage. When the Spanish ambassador complained of the persecution of the Catholics, she answered that no Catholic had suffered anything who acknowledged her as his lawful sovereign, and that in spiritual matters she believed as they did. Fanatics, Puritan or Papist, she despised with Erasmian heartiness. Under her brother and

¹The reluctance of the bishop to part with his property called out the celebrated letter in which "the Proud Prelate" was told that if he did not instantly comply with the queen's wishes "by God she would unfrock him".

sister she had witnessed the alternate fruits of the supremacy of the two theological factions. She was determined to hold them both under the law, which to her had more true religion in it than cartloads of creeds and articles. Puritanism drew its strength from the people. The Popish priests were a regiment of the Bishop of Rome. She would permit no authority in England which did not centre in herself. The Church should be a department of the State, organised by Parliament and ruled by the national tribunals. The moderates of both parties could meet and worship under its ambiguous formulas. There should be no conventicles and no chapels, to be nurseries of sedition. Zealots who could not be satisfied might pay a fine for their precision, and have their sermons or their sacraments at home.

She never ceased to hope that foreign princes would see things as she saw them. To the intelligent latitudinarian his principles appear so obviously reasonable that he cannot understand why they are not universally accepted. Elizabeth desired only a general peace, outward order and uniformity, with liberty to every one to think in private as he pleased. What could any man in his senses wish for more? So long as there was no Inquisition, she could not see why the Calvinists should refuse to hear Mass. So long as their subjects would conform to the established ritual, kings might well be satisfied to leave opinion alone. It was to this consummation that her foreign policy was always directed. It was for this reason that she always resisted the advice of Burghley and Walsingham to put herself at the head of a Protestant League. Unwillingly and at long intervals she had sent secret help to the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Condé—not however to emancipate the Low Countries, or change the dynasty

of France, but only to prevent the triumph of the spirit of the Council of Trent, and to bring Philip and the House of Valois to extend over Europe a government analogous to her own.

Events were too strong for her. Her theory was two centuries before its time; and nations can only be governed on principles with which they sympathise themselves. Yet Elizabeth may be fairly credited with a general rectitude of purpose; and for the immediate purpose of keeping England quiet and preventing civil war, she was acting prudently and successfully. She could not forget that she was a sovereign of a divided people, and that all her subjects, as long as they were loyal, were entitled to have their prejudices respected. The Anglo-Catholics and Catholics were still three-quarters of the population; united in sympathy, united in the hope of seeing the old creed restored in its fulness, and as yet only differing in a point of order. All alike were thriving under the peace and prospering in their worldly comforts, while France and Flanders were torn in pieces by civil war. If she had struck openly into the quarrel, Germany would probably have followed, and Romanism might perhaps have been driven back behind the Alps and Pyrenees; but as, in doing so, she would have created the deepest resentment in England, the attempt might also have cost her her own throne, and she might have been herself more successful in provoking rebellion than Mary Stuart or the emissaries of the Pope. Her first duty was to her own people, and both for herself and England there were protecting conditions which war would forfeit, but which would hardly fail her as long as she remained at peace.

In fighting out her long quarrel with Spain and

building her Church system out of the broken masonry of Popery, her concluding years passed away. The great men who had upheld the throne in the days of her peril dropped one by one into the grave. Walsingham died soon after the defeat of the Armada, ruined in fortune, and weary of his ungrateful service. Hunsdon, Knowles, Burghley, Drake, followed at brief intervals, and their mistress was left by herself, standing as it seemed on the pinnacle of earthly glory, yet in all the loneliness of greatness, and unable to enjoy the honours which Burghley's policy had won for her. The first place among the Protestant powers, which had been so often offered her and so often refused, has been forced upon her in spite of herself. "She was Head of the Name," but it gave her no pleasure. She was the last of her race. No Tudor would sit again on the English throne. Her own sad prophecy was fulfilled, and she lived to see those whom she most trusted turning their eyes to the rising sun. Old age was coming upon her, bringing with it perhaps a consciousness of failing faculties; and solitary in the midst of splendour, and friendless among the circle of adorers who swore they lived but in her presence, she grew weary of a life which had ceased to interest her. Sickening of a vague disease, she sought no help from medicine, and finally refused to take food. She could not rest in her bed, but sat silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died.

Her character I have left to be gathered from her actions, from her letters, from the communications between herself and her ministers, and from the opinions expressed freely to one another in private by those ministers themselves. The many persons with whom she was brought into confidential re-

lations during her long reign noted down what she said to them, and her words have been brought up in judgment against her; and there have been extremely few men and women in this world whose lives would bear so close a scrutiny, or who could look forward to being subjected to it without shame and dismay. The mean thoughts which cross the minds and at one time or other escape from the lips of most of us, were observed and remembered when proceeding from the mouth of a sovereign, and rise like accusing spirits in authentic frightfulness out of the private drawers of statesmen's cabinets. Common persons are sheltered by obscurity; the largest portion of their faults they forget themselves, and others do not care to recollect: while kings and queens are at once refused the ordinary allowances for human weakness, and pay for their great place in life by a trial before posterity more severe it is to be hoped than awaits us all at the final judgment bar.

This too ought to be borne in mind: that sovereigns, when circumstances become embarrassing, may not, like unvalued persons, stand aside and leave others to deal with them. Subjects are allowed to decline responsibility, to refuse to undertake work which they dislike, or to lay down at any time a burden which they find too heavy for them. Princes born to govern find their duties cling to them as their shadows. Abdication is often practically impossible. Every day they must do some act or form some decision from which consequences follow of infinite moment. They would gladly do nothing if they might, but it is not permitted to them. They are denied the alternative of inaction, which is so often the best safeguard against doing wrong.

Elizabeth's situation was from the very first ex-

tremely trying. She had few relations, none of any weight in the State, and those whom like Hunsdon and Sir Francis Knowles she took into her cabinet, derived their greatness from herself. Her unlucky, it may be almost called culpable, attachment to Leicester made marriage unconquerably distasteful to her, and her disappointment gave an additional twist to her natural eccentricities. Circumstances more than choice threw her originally on the side of the Reformation, and when she told the Spanish ambassadors that she had been forced into separation from the Papacy against her will, she probably spoke but the truth. She was identified in her birth with the cause of independence. The first battle had been fought over her cradle, and her right to be on the throne turned morally, if not in law, on the legitimacy of Queen Catherine's divorce. Her sister had persecuted her as the child of the woman who had caused her mother so much misery, and her friends therefore had naturally been those who were most her sister's enemies. She could not have submitted to the Pope without condemning her father, or admitting a taint upon her own birth, while in Mary of Scotland she had a rival ready to take advantage of any concession which she might be tempted to make.

For these reasons, and not from any sympathy with the views either of Luther or Calvin, she chose her party at her accession. She found herself compelled against her will to become the patron of heretics and rebels, in whose objects she had no interest, and in whose theology she had no belief. She resented the necessity while she submitted to it, and her vacillations are explained by the reluctance with which each successive step was forced upon her, on a road which she detested. It would have been easy for a Protestant to

be decided. It would have been easy for a Catholic to be decided. To Elizabeth the speculations of so-called divines were but as ropes of sand and sea-slime leading to the moon, and the doctrines for which they were rending each other to pieces a dream of fools or enthusiasts. Unfortunately her keenness of insight was not combined with any profound concern for serious things. She saw through the emptiness of the forms in which religion presented itself to the world. She had none the more any larger or deeper conviction of her own. She was without the intellectual emotions which give human character its consistency and power. One moral quality she possessed in an eminent degree: she was supremely brave. For thirty years she was perpetually a mark for assassination, and her spirits were never affected, and she was never frightened into cruelty. She had a proper contempt also for idle luxury and indulgence. She lived simply, worked hard, and ruled her household with rigid economy. But her vanity was as insatiable as it was commonplace. No flattery was too tawdry to find a welcome with her, and as she had no repugnance to false words in others, she was equally liberal of them herself. Her entire nature was saturated with artifice. Except when speaking some round untruth Elizabeth never could be simple. Her letters and her speeches were as fantastic as her dress, and her meaning as involved as her policy. She was unnatural even in her prayers, and she carried her affectations into the presence of the Almighty. She might doubt legitimately whether she ought to assist an Earl of Murray or a Prince of Orange when in arms against their sovereign; but her scruples extended only to the fulfilment of her promises of support, when she had herself tempted them into insurrection. Obligations of honour were not only

occasionally forgotten by her, but she did not seem to understand what honour meant.

Vain as she was of her own sagacity, she never modified a course recommended to her by Burghley without injury both to the realm and to herself. She never chose an opposite course without plunging into embarrassments, from which his skill and Walsingham's were barely able to extricate her. The great results of her reign were the fruits of a policy which was not her own, and which she starved and mutilated when energy and completeness were most needed.

That she pushed no question to extremities, that, for instance, she refused to allow the succession to the crown to be determined, and permitted the Catholics to expect the accession of the Queen of Scots, has been interpreted by the result into wisdom. She gained time by it, and her hardest problems were those which time alone could resolve satisfactorily. But the fortune which stood her friend so often never served her better than in lengthening her life into old age. Had the Queen of Scots survived her, her legacy to England would have been a desperate and dreadful civil war. And her reluctance was no result of any far-sighted or generous calculation. She wished only to reign in quiet till her death, and was contented to leave the next generation to settle its own difficulties. Her tenderness towards conspirators was as remarkable as it was hitherto unexampled; but her unwillingness to shed blood extended only to high-born traitors. Unlike her father, who ever struck the leaders and spared the followers, Elizabeth could rarely bring herself to sign the death-warrant of a nobleman; yet without compunction she could order Yorkshire peasants to be hung in scores by martial law. Mercy was the quality with which she was most eager to be

credited. She delighted in popularity with the multitude, and studied the conditions of it; but she uttered no word of blame, she rather thanked the perpetrators for good service done to the commonwealth, when Essex sent in his report of the women and children who were stabbed in the caves of Rathlin. She was remorseless when she ought to have been most forbearing, and lenient when she ought to have been stern; and she owed her safety and her success to the incapacity and the divisions of her enemies, rather than to wisdom and resolution of her own. Time was her friend, time and the weakness of Philip; and the fairest feature in her history, the one relation in which from first to last she showed sustained and generous feeling, is that which the perversity of history has selected as the blot on her escutcheon. Beyond and beside the political causes which influenced Elizabeth's attitude towards the Queen of Scots, true human pity, true kindness, a true desire to save her from herself, had a real place. From the day of Mary Stuart's marriage with Francis II. the English throne was the dream of her imagination, and the means to arrive at it her unceasing practical study. Any contemporary European sovereign, any English sovereign in an earlier age, would have deemed no means unjustifiable to remove so perilous a rival. How it would have fared with her after she came to England, the fate of Edward II., of Richard, of Henry VI., of the Princes in the Tower, and, later yet, of the unhappy son of the unhappy Clarence, might tell. Whatever might have been the indirect advantage of Mary Stuart's prospective title, the danger from her presence in the realm must have infinitely exceeded it. She was "the bosom serpent," "the thorn in the flesh," which could not be plucked out; and after the rebellion of the North, and

the discovery of the Ridolfi conspiracy, neither Philip nor Alva expected that she would be permitted to survive. It seems as if Elizabeth, remembering her own danger in her sister's life-time, had studied to show an elaborate tenderness to a person who was in the same relation to herself. From the beginning to the end no trace can be found of personal animosity on the part of Elizabeth ; on the part of Mary no trace of anything save the fiercest hatred.

But this, like all other questions connected with the Virgin Queen, should be rather studied in her actions than in the opinion of the historian who relates them. Actions and words are carved upon eternity. Opinions are but forms of cloud created by the prevailing currents of the moral air. Princes, who are credited on the wrong side with the evils which happen in their reigns, have a right in equity to the honour of the good. The greatest achievement in English history, the "breaking the bonds of Rome," and the establishment of spiritual independence, was completed without bloodshed under Elizabeth's auspices, and Elizabeth may have the glory of the work.

ELIZABETH'S TREATMENT OF HER SAILORS AFTER THE ARMADA.

THE greatest service ever done by an English fleet had been thus successfully accomplished by men whose wages had not been paid from the time of their engagement, half-starved, with their clothes in rags and falling off their backs, and so ill-found in the necessaries of war that they had eked out their ammunition by what they could take in action from the enemy himself. "In the desire for victory they had not stayed for the spoil of any of the ships that they lamed." There was no prize-money coming to them to reward their valour. Their own country was the prize for which they had fought and conquered. They had earned, if ever Englishmen had earned anywhere, the highest honour and the highest recompense which the Government could bestow.

The reward which in fact they received will be very briefly told. Food had been provided, and was sent down the river on the 9th—19th of August. The one month's victuals taken in at Plymouth on the 23rd of June had been stretched over seven weeks. The three days' rations with which the fleet had left the Forth had been made to serve for eight days. Entire crews had thus been absolutely famishing. The next point to be determined was, if the ships were to be paid off, or were to remain in commission,

“Sure bind, sure find,” was the opinion of Lord Howard. It was still possible that the Armada might return. “A kingdom was a great wager, and security was dangerous, as they would have found had not God been their friend.” Drake “would not advise her Majesty to hazard a kingdom with saving a little charge”. “The Prince of Parma,” he said, “was a bear robbed of his whelps; and for his credit’s sake, being so good a soldier, would try to do something.” The queen, on the other hand, thought of nothing but the expense; and was only eager to stop the drain on the exchequer at the earliest possible moment. The question was answered, and the uncertainty was ended, by causes independent of the will either of herself or her advisers. The strain of the last few months was taken off, and with it the spur to the hearts and spirits of the exhausted seamen. Even at Plymouth short food and poisonous drink had brought dysentery among them; and in one vessel, “the *Elizabeth Jonas*, which had done as well as any ship in any service had ever done,” there had been “a dangerous infection from the beginning”. Want of food, want of clothes, want of the relief, which if they had been paid their wages they might have provided for themselves, had aggravated the tendencies to disease, and a frightful mortality now set in through the entire fleet. Boatloads of poor fellows were carried on shore at Margate, and were laid down to die in the streets, “there being no place in the town to receive them”. The officers did what they could. Howard’s and Drake’s purses were freely opened — some sort of shelter was provided at last in barns and outhouses; but the assistance which they could provide out of their personal resources was altogether inadequate. “It would grieve any man’s heart,” wrote Lord

Howard, "to see men who had served so valiantly to die so miserably."

The fear of Parma's coming soon died away. In a few days news came that the camp at Dunkirk was broken up, the stores taken out of the transports, and the sailors paid off: the pinnaces sent in pursuit of the Armada returned with clear tidings that it had passed westward round the Orkneys; but the havoc among the brave men who had driven it from the shores of England became daily more and more terrible. They sickened one day: they died the next. In the battle before Gravelines not sixty in all had been killed: before a month was out there was hardly a ship which had enough men left to weigh the anchors. It was characteristic of the helplessness at headquarters produced by Elizabeth's hardness, that, notwithstanding the disorder was traced definitely to the poisonous beer, it continued to be served out. Nothing better was allowed till it was consumed. The sick required fresh meat and vegetables. Within a few hours as they were of London, they continued to be dieted with the usual salt beef and fish. The men expected that, at least, after such a service they would be paid their wages in full. The queen was cavilling over the accounts, and would give no orders for money till she had demanded the meaning of every penny that she was charged. It was even necessary for Sir John Hawkins to remind the Government that the pay of those who died was still due to their relatives.

From the severe nature of the service, Lord Howard had been obliged to add to the number of officers. He was challenged for the extra pay, and was obliged to petition for some small assistance from the queen in defraying it himself. "The matter is not great," he said. "Five hundred pounds, with the help of my own

purse, will do it. However it fall out, I must see them paid."

There had been expenses in the fleet which could not be avoided, and in the destitution in which he had been left, Howard had used three thousand pistoles out of the treasure taken in the ship of Pedro de Valdez. So keen an account was exacted of him that the Lord Admiral of England, the conqueror of the Armada, had to defend himself against a charge of peculation. "I did take them," he wrote to Walsingham, "as I told you I would: for, by Jesus, I had not three pounds left in the world, and have not anything could get money in London—my plate was gone before. But I will repay it within ten days after my coming home. I pray you let her Majesty know so; and, by the Lord God of Heaven, I had not one crown more, and had it not been mere necessity I would not have touched one; but if I had not some to have bestowed upon some poor miserable men, I should have wished myself out of the world."

The worst meanness was yet to come. A surcharge appeared in the accounts of six hundred and twenty pounds for "extraordinary kinds of victual, wine, cider, sugar, oil and fresh fish," distributed among the ships while at Plymouth, by the order of Howard and Drake. The Lord Admiral explained that a few delicacies had been thought necessary for the relief of men who, being sick or wounded, might be unable to digest salt meat. He admitted that he had done what was unusual; he said that he had made the allowances "in regard of the greatness of the service, for the encouragement of those on whose forwardness and courage success depended". He might have added that their legitimate food had been stolen from them by the queen's own neglect. He petitioned humbly

that she would pass the charge. It is uncertain whether she consented or not. It is certain that a further sum for the same purpose Lord Howard felt obliged to take upon himself. He struck the entry out of his account book. "I will myself make satisfaction as well as I may," he said, "so that her Majesty shall not be charged withal."

Lord Howard perhaps, as a nobleman whose father had received large benefactions from the Crown, and to whom the queen afterwards was moderately liberal, might be expected to contribute at a time of difficulty out of his private resources. The same excuse will not cover the treatment of Sir John Hawkins, who owed nothing to any crowned head, and was the architect of his own fortunes. Hawkins had not only been at the head of the dockyards, but he had been the person employed in collecting the ships' companies, and afterwards in settling the wages with them. No English vessels ever sailed out of port in better condition. No English sailors ever did their duty better. But Elizabeth had changed her mind so often in the spring, engaging seamen and then dismissing them, and then engaging others, that between charges and discharges, the accounts had naturally grown intricate. Hawkins worked hard to clear them, and spent his own fortune freely to make the figures satisfactory; but she, who had been herself the cause of the confusion, insisted on an exactness of statement which it was difficult if not impossible to give; and Hawkins, in a petition in which he described himself as a ruined man, sued for a year's respite to disentangle the disorder.

The two statesmen fared no better who had furnished the brain of England, while the fleet had been its right arm. Burghley and Walsingham were the soul of the policy which had placed Elizabeth in triumph at last

at the head of Protestant Europe. For them, in the hour of victory, there was only abuse, scattered freely and in all presences. They who had never wavered, who had steadily advised a single course, who had never ceased to urge the necessity of providing in time for exigencies which they knew to be approaching—they it was who were made responsible for what had been wanting in the service, and for the shifts of purpose which had been the cause of the neglect. "All irresolutions and lacks," Cecil wrote to Walsingham, "are thrown upon us two in all her speeches to everybody. The wrong is intolerable."

HISTORICAL SKETCHES AND
MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHURCH OF ROME IN ITS VIGOUR.

NEVER in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never that we know of, have mankind rown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful, as the Catholic Church once was. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognised rule of action—every one of us is expected to look out first for himself, and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of the Church ruled the State with the authority of a conscience; and self-interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The bishops and clergy were regarded freely and simply as the immediate ministers of the Almighty; and they seem to me to have really deserved that high estimate of their character. It was not for the doctrines which they taught only, or chiefly, that they were held in honour. Brave men do not fall down before their fellow-mortals for the words which they speak, or for the rites which they perform. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness—these are the qualities before which the freeborn races of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They called themselves the successors of the apostles. They claimed in their Master's name universal spiritual authority, but they made good their pretensions by

the holiness of their own lives. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fulness of reverence kings and nobles bent before a power which was nearer to God than their own. Over prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed defenceless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman empire. They taught them—they brought them really and truly to believe—that they had immortal souls, and that they would one day stand at the awful judgment bar and give account for their lives there. With the brave, the honest and the good—with those who had not oppressed the poor nor removed their neighbour's landmark—with those who had been just in all their dealings—with those who had fought against evil, and had tried valiantly to do their Master's will—at that great day it would be well. For cowards, for profligates, for those who lived for luxury and pleasure and self-indulgence, there was the blackness of eternal death.

An awful conviction of this tremendous kind the clergy had effectually instilled into the mind of Europe. It was not a PERHAPS; it was a certainty. It was not a form of words repeated once a week at church; it was an assurance entertained on all days and in all places, without any particle of doubt. And the effect of such a belief on life and conscience was simply immeasurable.

I do not pretend that the clergy were perfect. They were very far from perfect at the best of times, and the European nations were never completely submissive to them. It would not have been well if they had been. The business of human creatures in this planet is not summed up in the most excellent

of priestly catechisms. The world and its concerns continued to interest men, though priests insisted on their nothingness. They could not prevent kings from quarrelling with each other. They could not hinder disputed successions, and civil feuds, and wars, and political conspiracies. What they did do was to shelter the weak from the strong.

In the eyes of the clergy the serf and his lord stood on the common level of sinful humanity. Into their ranks high birth was no passport. They were themselves for the most part children of the people; and the son of the artisan or peasant rose to the mitre and the triple crown, just as nowadays the rail-splitter and the tailor become presidents of the Republic of the West.

The Church was essentially democratic, while at the same time it had the monopoly of learning; and all the secular power fell to it which learning, combined with sanctity and assisted by superstition, can bestow.

The privileges of the clergy were extraordinary. They were not amenable to the common laws of the land. While they governed the laity, the laity had no power over them. From the throne downwards every secular office was dependent on the Church. No king was a lawful sovereign till the Church placed the crown upon his head: and what the Church bestowed the Church claimed the right to take away. The disposition of property was in their hands. No will could be proved except before the bishop or his officer; and no will was held valid if the testator died out of communion. There were magistrates and courts of law for the offences of the laity. If a priest committed a crime, he was a sacred person. The civil power could not touch him; he was reserved for his ordinary.

Bishops' commissaries sat in town and city, taking cognisance of the moral conduct of every man and woman. Offences against life and property were tried here in England, as now, by the common law; but the Church Courts dealt with sins—sins of word or act. If a man was a profligate or a drunkard; if he lied or swore; if he did not come to communion, or held unlawful opinions; if he was idle or unthrifty; if he was unkind to his wife or his servants; if a child was disobedient to his father, or a father cruel to his child; if a tradesman sold adulterated wares, or used false measures or dishonest weights—the eye of the parish priest was everywhere, and the Church Court stood always open to examine and to punish.

Imagine what a tremendous power this must have been! Yet it existed generally in Catholic Europe down to the eve of the Reformation. It could never have established itself at all unless at one time it had worked beneficially—as the abuse of it was one of the most fatal causes of the Church's fall.

I know nothing in English history much more striking than the answer given by Archbishop Warham to the complaints of the English House of Commons after the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. The House of Commons complained that the clergy made laws in Convocation which the laity were excommunicated if they disobeyed. Yet the laws made by the clergy, the Commons said, were often at variance with the laws of the realm.

What did Warham reply? He said he was sorry for the alleged discrepancy; but, inasmuch as the laws made by the clergy were always in conformity with the will of God, the laws of the realm had only to be altered and then the difficulty would vanish.

What must have been the position of the clergy in

the fulness of their power when they could speak thus on the eve of their prostration? You have only to look from a distance at any old-fashioned cathedral city, and you will see in a moment the mediæval relations between Church and State. The cathedral *is* the city. The first object you catch sight of as you approach is the spire tapering into the sky, or the huge towers holding possession of the centre of the landscape—majestically beautiful—imposing by mere size amidst the large forms of Nature herself. As you go nearer, the vastness of the building impresses you more and more. The puny dwelling-places of the citizens creep at its feet, the pinnacles are glittering in the tints of the sunset, when down below among the streets and lanes the twilight is darkening. And even now, when the towns are thrice their ancient size, and the houses have stretched upwards from two storeys to five; when the great chimneys are vomiting their smoke among the clouds, and the temples of modern industry—the workshops and the factories—spread their long fronts before the eye, the cathedral is still the governing form in the picture—the one object which possesses the imagination and refuses to be eclipsed.

As that cathedral was to the old town, so was the Church of the middle ages to the secular institutions of the world. Its very neighbourhood was sacred; and its shadow, like the shadow of the apostles, was a sanctuary. When I look at the new Houses of Parliament in London, I see in them a type of the change which has passed over us. The House of Commons of the Plantagenets sat in the chapter-house of Westminster Abbey. The Parliament of the Reform Bill, five-and-thirty years ago, debated in St. Stephen's Chapel, the abbey's small dependency. Now, by the side of the enormous pile which has risen out of that

chapel's ashes, the proud minster itself is dwarfed into insignificance.

Let us turn to another vast feature of the middle ages—I mean the monasteries.

Some person of especial and exceptional holiness has lived or died at a particular spot. He has been distinguished by his wisdom, by his piety, by his active benevolence; and in an age when conjurers and witches were supposed to be helped by the devil to do evil, he, on his part, has been thought to have possessed in larger measure than common men the favour and the grace of Heaven. Blessed influences hang about the spot which he has hallowed by his presence. His relics—his household possessions, his books, his clothes, his bones, retain the shadowy sanctity which they received in having once belonged to him. We all set a value, not wholly unreal, on anything which has been the property of a remarkable man. At worst, it is but an exaggeration of natural reverence.

Well, as nowadays we build monuments to great men, so in the middle ages they built shrines or chapels on the spots which saints had made holy, and communities of pious people gathered together there—beginning with the personal friends the saint had left behind him—to try to live as he had lived, to do good as he had done good, and to die as he had died. Thus arose religious fraternities—companies of men who desired to devote themselves to goodness—to give up pleasure, and amusement, and self-indulgence, and to spend their lives in prayer and works of charity.

These houses became centres of pious beneficence. The monks, as the brotherhoods were called, were organised in different orders, with some variety of rule, but the broad principle was the same in all. They were to live for others, not for themselves.

They took vows of poverty, that they might not be entangled in the pursuit of money. They took vows of chastity, that the care of a family might not distract them from the work which they had undertaken. Their efforts of charity were not limited to this world. Their days were spent in hard bodily labour, in study, or in visiting the sick. At night they were on the stone-floors of their chapels, holding up their withered hands to heaven, interceding for the poor souls who were suffering in purgatory.

The world, as it always will, paid honour to exceptional excellence. The system spread to the furthest limits of Christendom. The religious houses became places of refuge, where men of noble birth, kings and queens and emperors, warriors and statesmen, retired to lay down their splendid cares, and end their days in peace. Those with whom the world had dealt hardly, or those whom it had surfeited with its unsatisfying pleasures, those who were disappointed with earth, and those who were filled with passionate aspirations after heaven, alike found a haven of rest in the quiet cloister. And, gradually, lands came to them, and wealth, and social dignity—all gratefully extended to men who deserved so well of their fellows; while no landlords were more popular than they, for the sanctity of the monks sheltered their dependents as well as themselves.

Travel now through Ireland, and you will see in the wildest parts of it innumerable remains of religious houses, which had grown up among a people who acknowledged no rule among themselves except the sword, and where every chief made war upon his neighbour as the humour seized him. The monks among the O's and the Mac's were as defenceless as sheep among the wolves; but the wolves spared them

for their character. In such a country as Ireland then was, the monasteries could not have survived for a generation but for the enchanted atmosphere which surrounded them.

Of authority the religious orders were practically independent. They were amenable only to the Pope and to their own superiors. Here in England, the king could not send a commissioner to inspect a monastery, nor even send a policeman to arrest a criminal who had taken shelter within its walls. Archbishops and bishops, powerful as they were, found their authority cease when they entered the gates of a Benedictine or Dominican abbey.

So utterly have times changed, that with your utmost exertions you will hardly be able to picture to yourselves the Catholic Church in the days of its greatness. Our school-books tell us how the Emperor of Germany held the stirrup for Pope Gregory the Seventh to mount his mule; how our own English Henry Plantagenet walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury, and knelt in the chapter-house for the monks to flog him. The first of these incidents, I was brought up to believe, proved the Pope to be the man of Sin. Anyhow, they are both facts, and not romances; and you may form some notion from them how high in the world's eyes the Church must have stood.

And be sure it did not achieve that proud position without deserving it. The Teutonic and Latin princes were not credulous fools; and when they submitted, it was to something stronger than themselves—stronger in limb and muscle, or stronger in intellect and character.

THE DESTRUCTION OF RELICS AT THE REFORMATION, 1532-38.

EVERY monastery, every parish church, had in those days its special relics, its special images, its special something, to attract the interest of the people. The reverence for the remains of noble and pious men, the dresses which they had worn, or the bodies in which their spirits had lived, was in itself a natural and pious emotion; but it had been petrified into a dogma; and like every other imaginative feeling which is submitted to that bad process, it had become a falsehood, a mere superstition, a substitute for piety, not a stimulus to it, and a perpetual occasion of fraud. The people brought offerings to the shrines where it was supposed that the relics were of greatest potency. The clergy, to secure the offerings, invented the relics, and invented the stories of the wonders which had been worked by them. The greatest exposure of these things took place at the visitation of the religious houses. In the meantime, Bishop Shaxton's unsavoury inventory of what passed under the name of relics in the diocese of Salisbury will furnish an adequate notion of these objects of popular veneration. There "be set forth and commended unto the ignorant people," he said, "as I myself of certain which be already come to my hands, have perfect knowledge, stinking boots, mucky combes, ragged rochettes, rotten girdles, pyl'd purses, great bullocks' horns, locks of hair, and filthy rags,

gobbetts of wood, under the name of parcels of the holy cross, and such pelfry beyond estimation". Besides matters of this kind, there were images of the Virgin or of the saints; above all, roods or crucifixes, of especial potency, the virtues of which had begun to grow uncertain, however, to sceptical Protestants; and from doubt to denial, and from denial to passionate hatred, there were but a few brief steps. The most famous of the roods was that of Boxley in Kent, which used to smile and bow, or frown and shake its head, as its worshippers were generous or close-handed. The fortunes and misfortunes of this image I shall by-and-by have to relate. There was another, however, at Dovercourt, in Suffolk, of scarcely inferior fame. This image was of such power that the door of the church in which it stood was open at all hours to all comers, and no human hand could close it. Dovercourt therefore became a place of great and lucrative pilgrimage, much resorted to by the neighbours on all occasions of difficulty.

Now it happened that within the circuit of a few miles there lived four young men, to whom the virtues of the rood had become greatly questionable. If it could work miracles, it must be capable, so they thought, of protecting its own substance; and they agreed to apply a practical test which would determine the extent of its abilities. Accordingly Robert King of Dedham, Robert Debenham of Eastbergholt, Nicholas Marsh of Dedham, and Robert Gardiner of Dedham, "their consciences being burdened to see the honour of Almighty God so blasphemed by such an idol," started off "on a wondrous goodly night" in February, with hard frost and a clear full moon, ten miles across the wolds, to the church.

The door was open, as the legend declared; but

nothing daunted, they entered bravely, and, lifting down the "idol" from its shrine, with its coat and shoes, and the store of tapers which were kept for the services, they carried it on their shoulders for a quarter of a mile from the place where it had stood, "without any resistance of the said idol". There, setting it on the ground, they struck a light, fastened the tapers to the body, and, with the help of them, sacrilegiously burnt the image down to a heap of ashes; the old dry wood "blazing so brimly" that it lighted them a full mile of their way home.

For this night's performance, which, if the devil is the father of lies, was a stroke of honest work against him and his family, the world rewarded these men after the usual fashion. One of them, Robert Gardiner, escaped the search which was made, and disappeared till better times; the remaining three were swinging in chains six months later on the scene of their exploit. Their fate was perhaps inevitable. Men who dare to be the first in great movements are ever self-immolated victims. But I suppose that it was better for them to be bleaching on their gibbets than crawling at the feet of a wooden rood, and believing it to be God.

These were the first Paladins of the Reformation; the knights who slew the dragons and the enchanters, and made the earth habitable for common flesh and blood. They were rarely, as we have said, men of great ability, still more rarely men of "wealth and station"; but men rather of clear senses and honest hearts.

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Six years had passed since four brave Suffolk peasants had burnt the rood at Dovercourt; and for their reward had received a gallows and a rope. The high powers of State were stepping now along the

road which these men had pioneered, discovering, after all, that the road was the right road, and that the reward had been altogether an unjust one. The "materials" of monastic religion were the real or counterfeit relics of real or counterfeit saints, and images of Christ or the Virgin, supposed to work miraculous cures upon pilgrims, and not supposed, but ascertained, to bring in a pleasant and abundant revenue to their happy possessors. A special investigation into the nature of these objects of popular devotion was now ordered, with results which more than any other exposure disenchanting the people with superstition, and converted their faith into an equally passionate iconoclasm. At Hales in Worcestershire was a phial of blood, as famous for its powers and properties as the blood of St. Januarius at Naples. The phial was opened by the visitors in the presence of an awe-struck multitude. No miracle punished the impiety. The mysterious substance was handled by profane fingers, and was found to be a mere innocent gum, and not blood at all, adequate to work no miracle either to assist its worshippers or avenge its violation. Another rare treasure was preserved at Cardigan. The story of Our Lady's taper there has a picturesque wildness, of which later ages may admire the legendary beauty, being relieved by three centuries of incredulity from the necessity of raising harsh alternatives of truth or falsehood. An image of the Virgin had been found, it was said, standing at the mouth of the Tivy river, with an infant Christ in her lap, and the taper in her hand burning. She was carried to Christ Church in Cardigan, but "would not tarry there". She returned again and again to the spot where she was first found; and a chapel was at last built there to receive and

shelter her. In this chapel she remained for nine years, the taper burning, yet not consuming, till some rash Welshman swore an oath by her, and broke it; and the taper at once went out, and never could be kindled again. The visitors had no leisure for sentiment. The image was torn from its shrine. The taper was found to be a piece of painted wood, and on experiment was proved submissive to a last conflagration.

Kings are said to find the step a short one from deposition to the scaffold. The undeified images passed by a swift transition to the flames. The Lady of Worcester had been lately despoiled of her apparel. "I trust," wrote Latimer to the vicegerent, that "your lordship will bestow our great sibyll to some good purpose—*ut pereat memoria cum sonitu*—she hath been the devil's instrument to bring many, I fear, to eternal fire. She herself, with her old sister of Walsingham, her younger sister of Ipswich, with their two other sisters of Doncaster and Penrice, would make a jolly muster in Smithfield. They would not be all day in burning." The hard advice was taken. The objects of the passionate devotion of centuries were rolled in carts to London as huge dishonoured lumber; and the eyes of the citizens were gratified with a more innocent immolation than those with which the Church authorities had been in the habit of indulging them.

The fate of the rood of Boxley, again, was a famous incident of the time. At Boxley, in Kent, there stood an image, the eyes of which on fit occasions "did stir like a lively thing". The body bowed, the forehead frowned. It dropped its lower lip, as if to speak. The people saw in this particular rood, beyond all others, the living presence of Christ, and offerings in

superabundant measure had poured in upon the monks. It happened that a rationalistic commissioner, looking closely, discovered symptoms of motion at the back of the figure. Suspicion caused inquiry, and inquiry exposure. The mystery had a natural explanation in machinery. The abbot and the elder brethren took refuge in surprise, and knew nothing. But the fact was patent; and the unveiled fraud was of a kind which might be useful. "When I had seen this strange object," said the discoverer, "and considering that the inhabitants of the county of Kent had in times past a great devotion to the same image, and did keep continual pilgrimage thither, by the advice of others that were here with me, I did convey the said image unto Maidstone on the market day; and in the chief of the market time did show it openly unto all the people then being present, to see the false, crafty and subtle handling thereof, to the dishonour of God and illusion of the said people; who, I dare say, if the late monastery were to be defaced again (the King's Grace not offended), they would either pluck it down to the ground, or else burn it; for they have the said matter in wondrous detestation and hatred."

But the rood was not allowed to be forgotten after a single exhibition; the imposture was gross, and would furnish a wholesome comment on the suppression, if it was shown off in London. From Maidstone, therefore, it was taken to the palace at Whitehall, and performed before the Court. From the palace it was carried on to its last judgment and execution at Paul's Cross. It was placed upon a stage opposite the pulpit, and passed through its postures, while the Bishop of Rochester lectured upon it in a sermon. When the crowd was worked into adequate indigna-

tion, the scaffold was made to give way, the image fell, and in a few moments was torn in pieces.

Thus in all parts of England superstition was attacked in its strongholds, and destroyed there. But the indignation which was the natural recoil from credulity would not be satisfied with the destruction of images. The idol was nothing. The guilt was not with the wood and stone, but in the fraud and folly which had practised with these brute instruments against the souls of men. In Scotland and the Netherlands the work of retribution was accomplished by a rising of the people themselves in armed revolution. In England the readiness of the Government spared the need of a popular explosion; the monasteries were not sacked by mobs, or the priests murdered; but the same fierceness, the same hot spirit of anger, was abroad, though confined within the restraints of the law. The law itself gave effect, in harsh and sanguinary penalties to the rage which had been kindled.

TUDOR ENGLAND.

By these measures¹ the money-making spirit was for a time driven back, and the country resumed its natural course. I am not concerned to defend the economic wisdom of such proceedings; but they prove, I think, conclusively, that the labouring classes owed their advantages not to the condition of the labour market, but to the care of the State; and that when the State relaxed its supervision, or failed to enforce its regulations, the labourers, being left to the market chances, sank instantly in the unequal struggle with capital.

The Government, however, remained strong enough to hold its ground (except during the discreditable interlude of the reign of Edward VI.) for the first three-quarters of the century; and until that time the working classes of this country remained in a condition more than prosperous. They enjoyed an abundance far beyond what in general falls to the lot of that order in long-settled countries; incomparably beyond what the same class were enjoying at that very time in Germany or France. The laws secured them; and that the laws were put in force we have the direct evidence of successive Acts of the legislature justifying the general policy by its success: and we have also the indirect evidence of the contented loyalty of the great body of the people at a time when, if they had been

¹ Interfering with the rights of property on behalf of the poor.—A.

discontented, they held in their own hands the means of asserting what the law acknowledged to be their right. The Government had no power to compel submission to injustice, as was proved by the fate of an attempt to levy a "benevolence" by force, in 1525. The people resisted with a determination against which the Crown commissioners were unable to contend, and the scheme ended with an acknowledgment of fault by Henry, who retired with a good grace from an impossible position. If the peasantry had been suffering under any real grievances we should not have failed to have heard of them when the religious rebellions furnished so fair an opportunity to press those grievances forward. Complaint was loud enough when complaint was just, under the Somerset protectorate.

The incomes of the great nobles cannot be determined, for they varied probably as much as they vary now. Under Henry IV. the average income of an earl was estimated at £2,000 a year. Under Henry VIII. the great Duke of Buckingham, the wealthiest English peer, had £6,000. And the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury was rated at the same amount. But the establishments of such men were enormous; their ordinary retinues in time of peace consisting of many hundred persons; and in war, when the duties of a nobleman called him to the field, although in theory his followers were paid by the Crown, yet the grants of Parliament were on so small a scale that the theory was seldom converted into fact, and a large share of the expenses was paid often out of private purses. The Duke of Norfolk, in the Scotch War of 1523, declared (not complaining of it, but merely as a reason why he should receive support) that he had spent all his private means upon the army; and in the sequel of this history we shall find repeated

instances of knights and gentlemen voluntarily ruining themselves in the service of their country. The people, not universally, but generally, were animated by a true spirit of sacrifice; by a true conviction that they were bound to think first of England, and only next of themselves; and unless we can bring ourselves to understand this, we shall never understand what England was under the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors. The expenses of the Court under Henry VII. were a little over £14,000 a year, out of which were defrayed the whole cost of the king's establishment, the expenses of entertaining foreign ambassadors, the wages and maintenance of the yeomen of the guard, the retinues of servants, and all necessary outlay not incurred for public business. Under Henry VIII., of whose extravagance we have heard so much, and whose Court was the most magnificent in the world, these expenses were £19,894 16s. 8d., a small sum when compared with the present cost of the royal establishment, even if we adopt the relative estimate of twelve to one, and suppose it equal to £240,000 a year of our money. But indeed it was not equal to £240,000; for, although the proportion held in articles of common consumption, articles of luxury were very dear indeed.

Passing down from the king and his nobles to the body of the people, we find that the income qualifying a country gentleman to be justice of the peace was £20 a year, and, if he did his duty, his office was no sinecure. We remember Justice Shallow and his clerk Davy, with his novel theory of magisterial law; and Shallow's broad features have so English a cast about them that we may believe there were many such, and that the duty was not always very excellently done. But the Justice Shallows were not allowed to repose upon their

dignity. The justice of the peace was required not only to take cognisance of open offences, but to keep surveillance over all persons within his district, and over himself in his own turn there was a surveillance no less sharp, and penalties for neglect prompt and peremptory. Four times a year he was to make proclamation of his duty, and exhort all persons to complain against him who had occasion.

Twenty pounds a year, and heavy duties to do for it, represented the condition of the squire of the parish. By the 2nd of the 2nd of Henry V., "the wages" of a parish priest were limited to £5 6s. 8d., except in cases where there was special license from the bishop, when they might be raised as high as £6. Priests were probably something better off under Henry VIII., but the statute remained in force, and marks an approach at least to their ordinary salary. The priest had enough, being unmarried, to supply him in comfort with the necessaries of life. The squire had enough to provide moderate abundance for himself and his family. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep difference in outward advantages between himself and the commons among whom he lived.

The habits of all classes were open, free and liberal. There are two expressions corresponding one to the other which we frequently meet with in old writings, and which are used as a kind of index, marking whether the condition of things was or was not what it ought to be. We read of "merry England"—when England was not merry, things were not going well with it. We hear of "the glory of hospitality," England's pre-eminent boast, by the rules of which all tables, from the table of the twenty-shilling freeholder to the table in the baron's hall and abbey refectory,

were open at the dinner hour to all comers, without stint or reserve, or question asked: to every man, according to his degree, who chose to ask for it, there was free fare and free lodging; bread, beef and beer for his dinner; for his lodging, perhaps only a mat of rushes in a spare corner of the hall, with a billet of wood for a pillow, but freely offered and freely taken, the guest probably faring much as his host fared, neither worse nor better. There was little fear of an abuse of such license, for suspicious characters had no leave to wander at pleasure; and for any man found at large, and unable to give a sufficient account of himself, there were the ever-ready parish stocks or town gaol. The "glory of hospitality" lasted far down into Elizabeth's time; and then, as Camden says, "came in great bravery of building, to the marvellous beautifying of the realm, but to the decay" of what he valued more.

In such frank style the people lived, hating three things with all their hearts: idleness, want and cowardice; and for the rest, carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full. The hour of rising, winter and summer, was four o'clock, with breakfast at five, after which the labourers went to work and the gentlemen to business, of which they had no little. In the country every unknown face was challenged and examined—if the account given was insufficient, he was brought before the justice; if the village shopkeeper sold bad wares, if the village cobbler made "unhonest" shoes, if servants and masters quarrelled, all was to be looked to by the justice; there was no fear lest time should hang heavy with him. At twelve he dined; after dinner he went hunting, or to his farm, or to what he pleased. It was a life unrefined, perhaps, but coloured with a broad, rosy English health.

Of the education of noblemen and gentlemen we have contradictory accounts, as might be expected. The universities were well filled, by the sons of yeomen chiefly. The cost of supporting them at the colleges was little, and wealthy men took a pride in helping forward any boys of promise. It seems clear also, as the Reformation drew nearer, while the clergy were sinking lower and lower, a marked change for the better became perceptible in a portion at least of the laity. The more old-fashioned of the higher ranks were slow in moving; for as late as the reign of Edward VI. there were peers of parliament unable to read; but, on the whole, the invention of printing, and the general ferment which was commencing all over the world, had produced marked effects in all classes. Henry VIII. himself spoke four languages, and was well read in theology and history; and the high accomplishments of More and Sir T. Elliott, of Wyatt and Cromwell, were but the expression of a temper which was rapidly spreading, and which gave occasion, among other things, to the following reflection in Erasmus. "Oh, strange vicissitudes of human things," exclaims he. "Heretofore the heart of learning was among such as professed religion. Now, while they for the most part give themselves up *ventri luxui pecunieque*, the love of learning is gone from them to secular princes, the court and the nobility. May we not justly be ashamed of ourselves? The feasts of priests and divines are drowned in wine, are filled with scurrilous jests, sound with intemperate noise and tumult, flow with spiteful slanders and defamation of others; while at princes' tables modest disputations are held concerning things which make for learning and piety."

A letter to Thomas Cromwell from his son's tutor

will not be without interest on this subject ; Cromwell was likely to have been unusually careful in his children's training, and we need not suppose that all boys were brought up as prudently. Sir Peter Carew, for instance, being a boy at about the same time, and giving trouble at the High School at Exeter, was led home to his father's house at Ottery, coupled between two fox-hounds. Yet the education of Gregory Cromwell is probably not far above what many young men of the middle and higher ranks were beginning to receive. Henry Dowes was the tutor's name, beyond which fact I know nothing of him. His letter is as follows :—

“After that it pleased your mastership to give me in charge, not only to give diligent attendance upon Master Gregory, but also to instruct him with good letters, honest manners, pastyme of instruments, and such other qualities as should be for him meet and convenient, pleaseth it you to understand that for the accomplishment thereof I have endeavoured myself by all ways possible to excogitate how I might most profit him. In which behalf, through his diligence, the success is such as I trust shall be to your good contentation and pleasure, and to his no small profit. But for cause the summer was spent in the service of the wild gods, [and] it is so much to be regarded after what fashion youth is brought up, in which time that that is learned for the most part will not be wholly forgotten in the older years, I think it my duty to ascertain your mastership how he spendeth his time. And first after he hath heard mass he taketh a lecture of a dialogue of Erasmus' *Colloquies*, called *Pietas Puerilis*, wherein is described a very picture of one that should be virtuously brought up ; and for cause it is so necessary for him, I do not only cause him to read it over, but also

to practise the precepts of the same. After this he exerciseth his hand in writing one or two hours, and readeth upon Fabyan's *Chronicle* as long. The residue of the day he doth spend upon the lute and virginals. When he rideth, as he doth very oft, I tell him by the way some history of the Romans or the Greeks, which I cause him to rehearse again in a tale. For his recreation he useth to hawk and hunt and shoot in his long bow, which frameth and succeedeth so well with him that he seemeth to be thereunto given by nature."

I have spoken of the organisation of the country population, I have now to speak of that of the towns, of the trading classes and manufacturing classes, the regulations respecting which are no less remarkable and no less illustrative of the national character. If the tendency of trade to assume at last a form of mere self-interest be irresistible, if political economy represent the laws to which in the end it is forced to submit itself, the nation spared no efforts, either of art or policy, to defer to the last moment the unwelcome conclusion.

The names and shadows linger about London of certain ancient societies, the members of which may still occasionally be seen in quaint gilt barges pursuing their own difficult way among the swarming steamers; when on certain days, the traditions concerning which are fast dying out of memory, the Fishmongers' Company, the Goldsmiths' Company, the Mercers' Company, make procession down the river for civic feastings at Greenwich or Blackwall. The stately tokens of ancient honour still belong to them, and the remnants of ancient wealth and patronage and power. Their charters may be read by curious antiquaries, and the bills of fare of their ancient entertainments. But for

what purpose they were called into being, what there was in these associations of common trades to surround with gilded insignia, and how they came to be possessed of broad lands and Church preferments, few people now care to think or to inquire. Trade and traders have no dignity any more in the eyes of any one, except what money lends to them; and these outward symbols scarcely rouse even a passing feeling of curiosity. And yet these companies were once something more than names. They are all which now remain of a vast organisation which once penetrated the entire trading life of England—an organisation set on foot to realise that most necessary, if most difficult, condition of commercial excellence under which man should deal faithfully with his brother, and all wares offered for sale, of whatever kind, should honestly be what they pretend to be. I spoke of the military principle which directed the distribution and the arrangements of land. The analogy will best explain a state of things in which every occupation was treated as the division of an army; regiments being quartered in every town, each with its own self-elected officers, whose duty was to exercise authority over all persons professing the business to which they belonged; who were to see that no person undertook to supply articles which he had not been educated to manufacture; who were to determine the prices at which such articles ought justly to be sold; above all, who were to take care that the common people really bought at shops and stalls what they supposed themselves to be buying; that cloth put up for sale was true cloth, of true texture and full weight; that leather was sound and well tanned; wine pure, measures honest; flour unmixed with devil's dust—who were generally to look to it that in all contracts between man and man for

the supply of man's necessities, what we call honesty of dealing should be truly and faithfully observed.¹ An organisation for this purpose did once really exist in England,² really trying to do the work which it was intended to do, as half the pages of our early statutes witness. In London, as the metropolis, a central council sat for every branch of trade, and this council was in communication with the chancellor and the Crown. It was composed of the highest and most respectable members of the profession, and its office was to determine prices, fix wages, arrange the rules of apprenticeship, and discuss all details connected with the business on which legislation might be required. Further, this council received the reports of

¹Throughout the old legislation morality went along with politics and economics, and formed the life and spirit of them. The fruiterers in the streets were prohibited from selling plums and apples, because the apprentices played dice with them for their wares, or because the temptation induced children and servants to steal money to buy. When parliament came to be held regularly in London, an Order of Council fixed the rates which the hotel keeper might charge for dinners. Messes were served for four at twopence per head; the bill of fare providing bread, fish (salt and fresh), two courses of meat, ale, with fire and candles. And the care of the Government did not cease with their meals, and in an anxiety that neither the burgesses nor their servants should be led into sin, stringent orders were issued against street-walkers coming near their quarters.—*Guildhall MS. Journals* 12 and 15.

The sanitary regulations for the city are peculiarly interesting. The scavengers, constables and officers of the wards were ordered, "on pain of death," to see all streets and yards kept clear of dung and rubbish and all other filthy and corrupt things. Carts went round every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday to carry off the litter from the houses, and on each of those days twelve buckets of water were drawn for "every person," and used in cleaning their rooms and passages.

Particular pains were taken to keep the Thames clean, and at the mouth of every sewer or watercourse there was a strong iron grating two feet deep.—*Guildhall MS. Journal* 15.

² And not in England alone, but throughout Europe.

the searchers—high officers taken from their own body, whose business was to inspect, in company with the lord mayor or some other city dignitary, the shops of the respective traders; to receive complaints, and to examine into them. In each provincial town local councils sat in connection with the municipal authorities, who fulfilled in these places the same duties; and their reports being forwarded to the central body, and considered by them, representations on all necessary matters were then made to the privy council; and by the privy council, if requisite, were submitted to Parliament. If these representations were judged to require legislative interference, the statutes which were passed in consequence were returned through the chancellor to the mayors of the various towns and cities, by whom they were proclaimed as law. No person was allowed to open a trade or to commence a manufacture, either in London or the provinces, unless he had first served his apprenticeship; unless he could prove to the satisfaction of the authorities that he was competent in his craft; and unless he submitted as a matter of course to their supervision. The legislature had undertaken not to let that indispensable task go wholly unattempted, of distributing the various functions of society by the rule of capacity; of compelling every man to do his duty in an honest following of his proper calling, securing to him that he in his turn should not be injured by his neighbour's misdoings.

The State further promising for itself that all able-bodied men should be found in work, and not allowing any man to work at a business for which he was unfit, insisted as its natural right that children should not be allowed to grow up in idleness, to be returned at mature age upon its hands. Every child,

so far as possible, was to be trained up in some business or calling, "idleness being the mother of all sin," and the essential duty of every man being to provide honestly for himself and his family. The educative theory, for such it was, was simple but effective: it was based on the single principle that, next to the knowledge of a man's duty to God, and as a means towards doing that duty, the first condition of a worthy life was the ability to maintain it in independence. Varieties of inapplicable knowledge might be good, but they were not essential; such knowledge might be left to the leisure of after years, or it might be dispensed with without vital injury. Ability to labour could not be dispensed with, and this, therefore, the State felt it to be its own duty to see provided; so reaching, I cannot but think, the heart of the whole matter. The children of those who could afford the small entrance fees were apprenticed to trades, the rest were apprenticed to agriculture; and if children were found growing up idle, and their fathers or their friends failed to prove that they were able to secure them an ultimate maintenance, the mayors in towns and the magistrates in the country had authority to take possession of such children, and apprentice them as they saw fit, that when they grew up "they might not be driven" by want or incapacity "to dishonest courses".

Such is an outline of the organisation of English society under the Plantagenets and Tudors. A detail of the working of the trade laws would be beyond my present purpose. It is obvious that such laws could be enforced only under circumstances when production and population remained (as I said before) nearly stationary; and it would be madness to attempt to apply them to the changed condition of the present.

THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND.

IF we look back on Scotland as it stood in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, we see a country in which the old feudal organisation continued, so far as it generally affected the people, more vigorous than in any other part of civilised Europe. Elsewhere the growth of trade and of large towns had created a middle class, with an organisation of their own, independent of the lords. In Scotland the towns were still scanty and poor; such as they were, they were for the most part under the control of the great nobleman who happened to live nearest to them; and a people, as in any sense independent of lords, knights, abbots or prelates, under whose rule they were born, had as yet no existence. The tillers of the soil (and the soil was very miserably tilled) lived under the shadow of the castle or the monastery. They followed their lord's fortunes, fought his battles, believed in his politics, and supported him loyally in his sins or his good deeds, as the case might be. There was much moral beauty in the life of those times. The loyal attachment of man to man—of liege servant to liege lord—of all forms under which human beings can live and work together, has most of grace and humanity about it. It cannot go on without mutual confidence and affection—mutual benefits given and received. The length of time which the system lasted proves that in the main there must have been

a fine fidelity in the people—truth, justice, generosity in their leaders. History brings down many bad stories to us out of those times; just as in these islands nowadays you may find bad instances of the abuses of rights of property. You may find stories—too many also—of husbands ill-using their wives, and so on. Yet we do not therefore lay the blame on marriage, or suppose that the institution of property on the whole does more harm than good. I do not doubt that down in that feudal system somewhere lie the roots of some of the finest qualities in the European peoples.

So much for the temporal side of the matter; and the spiritual was not very unlike it. As no one lived independently, in our modern sense of the word, so no one thought independently. The minds of men were looked after by a Church which, for a long time also, did, I suppose, very largely fulfil the purpose for which it was intended. It kept alive and active the belief that the world was created and governed by a just Being, who hated sins and crimes, and steadily punished such things. It taught men that they had immortal souls, and that this little bit of life was an entirely insignificant portion of their real existence. It taught these truths, indeed, along with a great deal which we now consider to have been a mistake—a great many theories of earthly things which have since passed away, and special opinions clothed in outward forms and ritual observances which we here,¹ most of us at least, do not think essential for our soul's safety. But mistakes like these are hurtful only when persisted in in the face of fuller truth, after truth has been discovered. Only

¹ Edinburgh, November, 1865.—A.

a very foolish man would now uphold the Ptolemaic astronomy. But the Ptolemaic astronomy, when first invented, was based on real if incomplete observations, and formed a groundwork without which further progress in that science would have been probably impossible. The theories and ceremonials of the Catholic Church suited well with an age in which little was known and much was imagined: when superstition was active and science was not yet born. When I am told here or anywhere that the Middle Ages were times of mere spiritual darkness and priestly oppression, with the other usual formulas, I say, as I said before, if the Catholic Church, for those many centuries that it reigned supreme over all men's consciences, was no better than the thing which we see in the generation which immediately preceded the Reformation, it could not have existed at all. You might as well argue that the old fading tree could never have been green and young. Institutions do not live on lies. They either live by the truth and usefulness which there is in them, or they do not live at all.

So things went on for several hundred years. There were scandals enough, and crimes enough, and feuds, and murders, and civil wars. Systems, however good, cannot prevent evil. They can but compress it within moderate and tolerable limits. I should conclude, however, that, measuring by the average happiness of the masses of the people, the mediæval institutions were very well suited for the inhabitants of these countries as they then were. Adam Smith and Bentham themselves could hardly have mended them if they had tried.

But times change, and good things as well as bad grow old and have to die. The heart of the matter

which the Catholic Church had taught was the fear of God; but the language of it and the formulas of it were made up of human ideas and notions about things which the mere increase of human knowledge gradually made incredible. To trace the reason of this would lead us a long way. It is intelligible enough, but it would take us into subjects better avoided here. It is enough to say that, while the essence of religion remains the same, the mode in which it is expressed changes and has changed—changes as living languages change and become dead, as institutions change, as forms of government change, as opinions on all things in heaven and earth change, as half the theories held at this time among ourselves will probably change—that is, the outward and mortal parts of them. Thus the Catholic formulas, instead of living symbols, became dead and powerless cabalistic signs. The religion lost its hold on the conscience and the intellect, and the effect, singularly enough, appeared in the shepherds before it made itself felt among the flocks. From the see of St. Peter to the far monasteries in the Hebrides or the Isle of Arran, the laity were shocked and scandalised at the outrageous doings of high cardinals, prelates, priests and monks. It was clear enough that these great personages themselves did not believe what they taught; so why should the people believe it? And serious men, to whom the fear of God was a living reality, began to look into the matter for themselves. The first steps everywhere were taken with extreme reluctance; and had the popes and cardinals been wise, they would have taken the lead in the inquiry, cleared their teaching of its lumber, and taken out a new lease of life both for it and for themselves. An infallible pope and an infallible council might have done something in this way, if good sense had been among the

attributes of their omniscience. What they did do was something very different. It was as if, when the new astronomy began to be taught, the professors of that science in all the universities of Europe had met together and decided that Ptolemy's cycles and epicycles were eternal verities; that the theory of the rotation of the earth was and must be a damnable heresy; and had invited the civil authorities to help them in putting down by force all doctrines but their own. This, or something very like it, was the position taken up in theology by the Council of Trent. The bishops assembled there did not reason. They decided by vote that certain things were true, and were to be believed; and the only arguments which they condescended to use were fire and faggot, and so on. How it fared with them, and with this experiment of theirs, we all know tolerably well.

The effect was very different in different countries. Here, in Scotland, the failure was most marked and complete, but the way in which it came about was in many ways peculiar. In Germany, Luther was supported by princes and nobles. In England, the Reformation rapidly mixed itself up with politics and questions of rival jurisdiction. Both in England and Germany the revolution, wherever it established itself, was accepted early by the Crown or the Government, and by them legally recognised. Here, it was far otherwise: the Protestantism of Scotland was the creation of the commons, as in turn the commons may be said to have been created by Protestantism. There were many young high-spirited men, belonging to the noblest families in the country, who were among the earliest to rally round the Reforming preachers; but authority, both in Church and State, set the other way. The congregations who gathered in the fields around

Wishart and John Knox were, for the most part, farmers, labourers, artisans, tradesmen, or the smaller gentry; and thus, for the first time in Scotland, there was created an organisation of men detached from the lords and from the Church—brave, noble, resolute, daring people, bound together by a sacred cause, unrecognised by the leaders whom they had followed hitherto with undoubting allegiance. That spirit which grew in time to be the ruling power of Scotland—that which formed eventually its laws and its creed, and determined its after fortunes as a nation—had its first germ in these half-outlawed wandering congregations. In this it was that the Reformation in Scotland differed from the Reformation in any other part of Europe. Elsewhere it found a middle class existing—created already by trade or by other causes. It raised and elevated them, but it did not materially affect their political condition. In Scotland, the commons, as an organised body, were simply created by religion. Before the Reformation they had no political existence; and therefore it has been that the print of their origin has gone so deeply into their social constitution. On them, and them only, the burden of the work of the Reformation was eventually thrown; and when they triumphed at last, it was inevitable that both they and it should react one upon the other.

THE NORMANS IN IRELAND.

WHEN the wave of the Norman invasion first rolled across St. George's Channel, the success was as easy and appeared as complete as William's conquest of the Saxons. There was no unity of purpose among the Irish chieftains, no national spirit which could support a sustained resistance. The country was open and undefended, and after a few feeble struggles the contest ceased. Ireland is a basin, the centre a fertile undulating plain, the edges a fringe of mountains that form an almost unbroken coast line. Into these highlands the Irish tribes were driven, where they were allowed to retain a partial independence, under condition of paying tribute; the Norman immigrants dividing among themselves the inheritance of the dispossessed inhabitants. Strongbow and his companions became the feudal sovereigns of the island, holding their estates under the English Crown. The common law of England was introduced; the king's writ passed current from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear; and if the leading Norman families had remained on the estates which they had conquered, or if those who did remain had retained the character which they brought with them, the entire country would, in all likelihood, have settled down obediently, and at length willingly, under a rule which it would have been without power to resist.

An expectation so natural was defeated by two

causes, alike unforeseen and perplexing. The northern nations, when they overran the Roman empire, were in search of homes ; and they subdued only to colonise. The feudal system bound the noble to the lands which he possessed ; and a theory of ownership of estates, as consisting merely in the receipt of rents from other occupants, was alike unheard of in fact, and repugnant to the principles of feudal society. To Ireland belongs, among its other misfortunes, the credit of having first given birth to absentees. The descendants of the first invaders preferred to regard their inheritance, not as a theatre of duty on which they were to reside, but as a possession which they might farm for their individual advantage. They managed their properties by agents, as sources of revenue, leasing them even among the Irish themselves ; and the tenantry, deprived of the supporting presence of their lords, and governed only in a merely mercenary spirit, transferred back their allegiance to the exiled chiefs of the old race. This was one grave cause of the English failure ; but serious as it was, it would not have sufficed alone to explain the full extent of the evil. Some most powerful families rooted themselves in the soil, and never forsook it ; the Geraldines, of Munster and Kildare ; the Butlers, of Kilkenny ; the De Burghs, the Birminghams, the De Courcies, and many others. If these had been united among themselves, or had retained their allegiance to England, their influence could not have been long opposed successfully. Their several principalities would have formed separate centres of civilisation ; and the strong system of order would have absorbed and superseded the most obstinate resistance which could have been offered by the scattered anarchy of the Celts.

Unfortunately, the materials of good were converted into the worst instruments of evil. If an objection had been raised to the colonisation of America, or to the conquest of India, on the ground that the character of Englishmen would be too weak to contend successfully against that of the races with whom they would be brought into contact, and that they would relapse into barbarism, such an alarm would have seemed too preposterous to be entertained; yet, prior to experience, it would have been equally reasonable to expect that the modern Englishman would adopt the habits of the Hindoo or the Mohican, as that the fiery knights of Normandy would have stooped to imitate a race whom they despised as slaves; that they would have flung away their very knightly names to assume a barbarous equivalent; and would so utterly have cast aside the commanding features of their northern extraction, that their children's children could be distinguished neither in soul nor body, neither in look, in dress, in language, nor in disposition, from the Celts whom they had subdued. Such, however, was the extraordinary fact. The Irish who had been conquered in the field revenged their defeat on the minds and hearts of their conquerors; and in yielding, yielded only to fling over their new masters the subtle spell of the Celtic disposition. In vain the Government attempted to stem the evil. Statute was passed after statute forbidding the "Englishry" of Ireland to use the Irish language, or intermarry with Irish families, or copy Irish habits. Penalties were multiplied on penalties; fines, forfeitures, and at last death itself, were threatened for such offences. But all in vain. The stealthy evil crept on irresistibly. Fresh colonists were sent over to restore the system, but only for themselves or their children to be swept into the stream; and from the

century which succeeded the conquest till the reign of the eighth Henry, the strange phenomenon repeated itself, generation after generation, baffling the wisdom of statesmen, and paralysing every effort at a remedy.

Here was a difficulty which no skill could contend against, and which was increased by the exertions which were made to oppose it. The healthy elements which were introduced to leaven the old became themselves infected, and swelled the mass of evil; and the clearest observers were those who were most disposed to despair. Popery has been the scapegoat which, for the last three centuries, has borne the reproach of Ireland; but before Popery had ceased to be the faith of the world, the problem had long presented itself in all its hopelessness. . . . There was no true care for the common weal—that was the especial peculiarity by which the higher classes in Ireland were unfortunately distinguished. In England, the last consideration of a noble-minded man was his personal advantage; Ireland was a theatre for a universal scramble of selfishness, and the invaders caught the national contagion, and became, as the phrase went, *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*.

The explanation of this disastrous phenomenon lay partly in the circumstances in which they were placed, partly in the inherent tendencies of human nature itself. The Norman nobles entered Ireland as independent adventurers, who, each for himself, carved out his fortune with his sword; and, unsupported as they were from home, or supported only at precarious intervals, divided from one another by large tracts of country, and surrounded by Irish dependents, it was doubtless more convenient for them to govern by humouring the habits and traditions to which their vassals would most readily submit. The English

Government, occupied with Scotland and France, had no leisure to maintain a powerful central authority; and a central disciplinarian rule enforced by the sword was contrary to the genius of the age. Under the feudal system, the kings governed only by the consent and with the support of the nobility; and the maintenance at Dublin of a standing military force would have been regarded with extreme suspicion in England, as well as in Ireland. Hence the affairs of both countries were, for the most part, administered under the same forms, forms which were as ill suited to the waywardness of the Celt, as they met exactly the stronger nature of the Saxon. At intervals, when the Government was exasperated by unusual outrages, some prince of the blood was sent across as viceroy; and half a century of acquiescence in disorder would be followed by a spasmodic severity, which irritated without subduing, and forfeited affection while it failed to terrify. At all other times, Ireland was governed by the Norman Irish, and these, as the years went on, were tempted by their convenience to strengthen themselves by Irish alliances, to identify their interests with those of the native chiefs, in order to conciliate their support; to prefer the position of wild and independent sovereigns, resting on the attachment of a people whose affections they had gained by learning to resemble them, to that of military lords over a hostile population, the representatives of a distant authority, on which they could not rely.

This is a partial account of the Irish difficulty. We must look deeper, however, for the full interpretation of it; and outward circumstances never alone suffice to explain a moral transformation. The Roman military colonists remained Roman alike on the Rhine and on the Euphrates. The Turkish conquerors caught

no infection from Greece, or from the provinces on the Danube. The Celts in England were absorbed by the Saxon invaders ; and the Mogul and the Anglo-Indian alike have shown no tendency to assimilate with the Hindoo. When a marked type of human character yields before another, the change is owing to some element of power in that other, which, coming in contact with elements weaker than itself, subdues and absorbs them. The Irish spirit, which exercised so fatal a fascination, was enabled to triumph over the Norman in virtue of representing certain perennial tendencies of humanity, which are latent in all mankind, and which opportunity may at any moment develop. It was not a national spirit—the clans were never united, except by some common hatred ; and the normal relation of the chiefs towards each other was a relation of chronic war and hostility. It was rather an impatience of control, a deliberate preference for disorder, a determination in each individual man to go his own way, whether it was a good way or a bad, and a reckless hatred of industry. The result was the inevitable one—oppression, misery and wrong. But in detail faults and graces were so interwoven, that the offensiveness of the evil was disguised by the charm of the good ; and even the Irish vices were the counterfeit of virtues, contrived so cunningly that it was hard to distinguish their true texture. The fidelity of the clansmen to their leaders was faultlessly beautiful ; extravagance appeared like generosity, and improvidence like unselfishness : anarchy disguised itself under the name of liberty ; and war and plunder were decorated by poetry as the honourable occupation of heroic natures. Such were the Irish with whom the Norman conquerors found themselves in contact ; and over them all was thrown

a peculiar imaginative grace, a careless atmosphere of humour, sometimes gay, sometimes melancholy, always attractive, which at once disarmed the hand which was raised to strike or punish them. These spirits were dangerous neighbours. Men who first entered the country at mature age might be fortified by experience against their influence, but on the young they must have exerted a charm of fatal potency. The foster-nurse first chanted the spell over the cradle in wild passionate melodies. It was breathed in the ears of the growing boy by the minstrels who haunted the halls, and the lawless attractions of disorder proved too strong for the manhood which was trained among so perilous associations.

For such a country, therefore, but one form of government could succeed—an efficient military despotism. The people could be wholesomely controlled only by an English deputy, sustained by an English army, and armed with arbitrary power, till the inveterate turbulence of their tempers had died away under repression, and they had learnt in their improved condition the value of order and rule. This was the opinion of all statesmen who possessed any real knowledge of Ireland, from Lord Talbot under Henry VI. to the latest viceroy who attempted a milder method and found it fail. “If the King were as wise as Solomon the Sage,” said the report of 1515, “he shall never subdue the wild Irish to his obedience without dread of the sword and of the might and strength of his power. As long as they may resist and save their lives, they will not obey the King.” Unfortunately, although English statesmen were able to see the course which ought to be followed, it had been too inconvenient to pursue that course. They had put off the evil day, preferring to close their eyes

against the mischief instead of grappling with it resolutely; and thus, at the opening of the sixteenth century, when the hitherto neglected barbarians were about to become a sword in the Pope's hands to fight the battle against the Reformation, the "King's Irish enemies" had recovered all but absolute possession of the island, and nothing remained of Strongbow's conquests save the shadow of a titular sovereignty, and a country strengthened in hostility by the means which had been used to subdue it.

SPAIN AND THE NETHERLANDS.

THERE was (1567) one plague-spot in the Spanish empire—one damning exception to the splendid orthodoxy of the subjects of the Castilian prince. Political ingenuity has as yet contrived no scheme of government which on the whole works better than monarchy by hereditary succession. To choose a ruler by the accident of birth is scarcely less absurd in theory than the method so much ridiculed by Plato, of selection by lot: yet the necessity of stability, and the difficulty, hitherto unsurmounted, of finding any principle of election which will work long without confusion, have brought men to acquiesce in an arrangement for which reason has nothing to urge; and to provide a remedy for the mischief otherwise inevitable by erecting a sovereignty of law, supreme alike over monarch and subject, and by restricting the privileges of the Crown within strict constitutional limits.

The evil of the hereditary principle appears in its most aggravated form, when, through royal intermarriages, two nations have been tied together which have no natural connection either in language, habit or tradition; especially when they are situated at a great distance from one another, and when a country before independent is governed by the deputy of an alien sovereign.

Such was the position of the densely peopled group of provinces on the mouth of the Rhine, under the

Spanish prince. Their own dukes, long the equals of the proudest of the European sovereigns, had become extinct. The title and the authority had lapsed to a monarch who was ignorant of their language, indifferent to their customs, and with interests of his own separate from, and perhaps opposite to, theirs. It was the more necessary for them to insist on their established hereditary privileges, larger, happily for them, than those which bound the hands of any other duke or king. So long as these rights remained unviolated the Netherlands had given little cause to their new sovereign to complain of their loyalty. The people had found their advantage in being attached to a powerful monarchy, which protected them from their dangerous neighbours. They had paid for the connection by contributing freely with their wealth and blood to the greatness of the empire of which they were a part.

They had endured without complaining occasional excesses of the prerogative, but they had endured them as permitted by themselves, not as encroachments which they were unable to resist. The observance of the coronation oath was not left to the authority of conscience, and the monarch was without power to perjure himself however great might be his desire. Every province had its own jurisdiction—its separate governor, by whom its military strength was administered; every town had its charter and its municipal constitution, and against the will of the citizens legally declared no foreign garrison might be admitted within their walls; oppression was impossible until the civil liberties which the king had sworn to respect were first invaded and crushed.

Thus the provinces were thriving beyond all other parts of Europe. Their great cities were the marts of

the world's commerce—their traders covered the seas, and the produce of their looms was exposed for sale in every market-place in Christendom. Their merchants were succeeding to the wealth and the importance which were fading from Genoa and Venice; and their sovereigns had been long careful to conciliate the loyalty of subjects so eminently useful. The burghers of Bruges and Antwerp had done more for Charles V. in his long grapple with France than the mines of Mexico and Peru; and until the provinces felt the first shock of the religious convulsion, no question had risen to overcloud the pride of the Flemings in the glories of their imperial master.

Where the minds of men were in such activity the doctrines of the Reformation readily found entrance; yet notwithstanding, with skilful handling, the collision might have been avoided between the people and the Crown, and the Netherlands might have been held loyal, not only to the Spanish Crown but to the See of Rome. As in England, the movement began first among the artisans and the smaller tradesmen. The possession of wealth inclines men everywhere to think well of the institutions under which they have prospered, and the noblemen and opulent citizens of Flanders and Brabant were little inclined to trouble themselves with new theories. They were Catholics because they had been born Catholics, but they held their religion with those unconscious limitations which are necessitated by occupation in the world. The modern Englishman confesses the theoretic value of poverty, the danger of riches, and the paramount claims upon his attention of a world beyond the grave; yet none the less he regards the accumulation of wealth as a personal and national advantage. He labours to increase his own income; he believes

that he does well if he leaves his family beyond the necessity of labouring for their livelihood; he reads and respects the Sermon on the Mount; he condemns and will even punish with moderation those who impugn its inspiration; yet in the practical opinions which he professes and on which he acts, he directly contradicts its precepts. The attitude of the wealthy Netherlander towards the Catholic faith was very much the same. He did not wish to become a Protestant. He was ready to treat the profession of Protestantism as a considerable offence; but as the Publican was nearer the kingdom of heaven than the Pharisee, so the manufacturers of Ghent were protected from fanaticism by their worldliness. They were willing to continue Catholics themselves; and to maintain the Catholic Church in all its dignity and honour; but they did not desire to ruin themselves and their country by the death or exile of their most industrious workmen.

Between this point of view and that of the Spaniard there was an irreconcilable difference. The Catholic religion was of course true, paramount—or whatever else it wished to be called; but they believed in it as established religions always are believed in by men who have much else of a useful kind to think about. To the Spaniard, on the other hand, his religion was the all in all. It did not change his nature—because his mind was fastened on the theological aspect of it. He was cruel, sensual, covetous, unscrupulous. In his hunger for gold he had exterminated whole races and nations in the New World. But his avarice was like the avarice of the spendthrift. Of the careful concentration of his faculties in the pursuit of wealth by industrious methods, he was incapable. The daily occupation of the Fleming was with his ledger or his

factory—the Spaniard passed from the mass and the confessional to the hunting-field, the tilt-yard or the field of battle.

The most important of the national characteristics were combined in the person of Philip II. The energy, the high-mettled spirit, the humour, the romance, the dash and power of the Spanish character had no place in him. He was slow, hesitating, and in common matters uncertain. If not deficient in personal courage, he was without military taste or military ambition. But he had few vices. During his marriage with Mary Tudor, he indulged, it is said, in some forbidden pleasures; but he had no natural tendencies to excess, and if he did not forsake his faults in this way, he was forsaken by them. He was moderate in his habits, careful, businesslike, and usually kind and conciliatory. He could under no circumstances have been a great man; but with other opportunities he might have passed muster among sovereigns as considerably better than the average of them: he might have received credit for many negative virtues, and a conscientious application to the common duties of his office. He was one of those limited but not ill-meaning men, to whom religion furnishes usually a healthy principle of action, and who are ready and eager to submit to its authority. In the unfortunate conjuncture at which he was set to reign, what ought to have guided him into good became the source of those actions which have made his name infamous. With no broad intelligence to test or correct his superstitions, he gave prominence, like the rest of his countrymen, to those particular features of his creed which could be of smallest practical value to him. He saw in his position and in his convictions a call from Providence to restore through Europe the shak-

ing fabric of the Church, and he lived to show that the most cruel curse which can afflict the world is the tyranny of ignorant conscientiousness, and that there is no crime too dark for a devotee to perpetrate under the seeming sanction of his creed.

Charles V., in whom Burgundian, German and Spanish blood were mixed in equal proportions, was as much broader in his sympathies than Philip as he was superior to him in intellect. He too had hated heresy, but as Emperor of Germany he had been forced to bear with it. His edict for the suppression of the new opinions in the Netherlands was as cruel as the most impassioned zealot could desire, and at times and places the persecution had been as sanguinary as in Spain: but it was limited everywhere by the unwillingness of the local magistrates to support the bishops; in some of the states it was never enforced at all, and everywhere the emperor's difficulties with France soon compelled him to let it drop. The war outlived him. The peace of Cambray found Philip on the throne ready to take advantage of the leisure which at last had arrived. Charles, in his dying instructions, commended to his son those duties which he had himself neglected. He directed him to put away the accursed thing, to rebuild the House of the Lord, which, like another David, he was himself unfit to raise. Philip received the message as a Divine command. When the emperor died he was at Brussels. He had ten thousand Spanish troops with him, a ready-made instrument for the work. He set himself at once to establish more bishops in the provinces, with larger inquisitorial powers. It was not to be the fault of the sovereign if the bill of spiritual health was not as clean in his northern dominions as in Arragon and Castile.

But each year of delay had made the problem more difficult of solution. Protestantism, while it left the higher classes untouched, had spread like a contagion among the commons. The congregations of artisans in every great town and seaport numbered their tens of thousands. The members of them were the very flower of the provincial industry; and the edicts contemplated their extermination by military force, acting as the uncontrolled instrument of improvised illegal tribunals. The ordinary local courts were to be superseded by mere martial law; and the Netherland nobles did not choose to surrender themselves bound hand and foot to Spanish despotism. Their constitutional rights once suspended for their spiritual purgation, might be lost for ever; and without professing any sympathy with heresy, with the most eager declaration that they desired as ardently as Philip the re-establishment of orthodoxy, they refused to allow the location of foreign garrisons among them. They claimed their right to deal with their own people by their own laws; and Philip, after a burst of passion, had been compelled to yield. The Spanish troops were sent home, and the king, leaving his sister, the Duchess of Parma, to do her best without them, returned to Madrid, to bide his time. Seven years passed before an opportunity arrived to reopen the question. The Regent Margaret, assisted by her faithful minister, the Bishop of Arras, laboured assiduously to do her brother's pleasure. Notwithstanding the opposition, she found instruments more or less willing to enforce the edicts—some sharing Philip's bigotry, some anxious to find favour in his eyes. Men capable of great and prolonged efforts of resistance are usually slow to commence struggles of which they, better than any one, foresee the probable

consequences. Year after year some hundreds of poor men were racked, and hanged, and burnt, but no blessing followed, and the evil did not abate. The moderate Catholics, whose humanity had not been extinguished by their creed, became Lutherans in their recoil from cruelties which they were unable to prevent; and Lutheranism, face to face with its ferocious enemy, developed quickly into Calvinism. The hunted workmen either passed into France to their Huguenot brothers, or took service with the privateers, or migrated by thousands into England with their families, carrying with them their arts and industries. Factories were closed, trade was paralysed, or was transferred from the Scheldt to the Thames. The spirit of disaffection went deeper and deeper into the people, and the hard-headed and indifferent man of business was converted by his losses into a patriot. To the petitions for the moderation of the edicts the Duchess of Parma could answer only that she had no power, or that she must consult her brother; and the noblemen, who had first interposed to prevent the continuance of the Spaniards among them, began to consult what further steps might be possible. Foremost among these were the Stadtholders of the different provinces; William of Nassau, Prince of Orange; Count Egmont, the hero of Gravelines and St. Quentin; Montigny, Horn, and the Marquis Berghen. The Prince of Orange was still under thirty and capable of new impressions, his friends were middle-aged men, unlikely to change their creed, but unwilling to sit by and see their fellow-countrymen murdered. Something they were able to effect for a time, by impeding the action of their own courts; but local remedies were partial and difficult to carry out. The vague powers of the bishops superseded the laws

of the states, and the laws themselves had been formed in Catholic times when heresy was universally regarded as a serious offence: the Stadtholders could not alter them without open revolt against the sovereign, which as yet they had not contemplated. They could but solicit Philip therefore to moderate the violence of the administration, and suspend the edicts till milder measures had been tried.

Such advice to the King of Spain was like the carnal policy of the children of Israel in making terms with the idolaters of Canaan. What to him were the lives and industries of his subjects compared to their immortal souls? Better that the Low Countries were restored to the ocean from which they had been recovered, better that every man, woman and child should perish from off the land, than that he should acknowledge or endure as his subjects the enemies of God. To him the man who endeavoured to protect a heretic was no less infamous than the heretic himself. Compared with the service of the Almighty, the rights of the provinces were mere forms of man's devising; and, with a purpose hard as the flinty pavement of his own Madrid, he temporised and gave doubtful answers, and marked the name of every man who petitioned to him for moderation, that he might make an example of him when the time for it should come.

At length, driven mad by their own sufferings, encouraged by the attitude of their leaders, and by the apparent absence of any force which could control them, the commons of the Netherlands rose in rebellion, sacked churches and cathedrals, burnt monasteries, killed monks when they came in their way, set up their own services, and broke into the usual excesses

which the Calvinists on their side considered also supremely meritorious.

The Stadtholders put them down everywhere, used the gallows freely, and restored order; but the thing was done, the peace had been broken, and Philip had the plea at last for which he had long waited—that his subjects were in insurrection, and required the presence of his own troops to bring them to obedience. An army small in number but perfect in equipment and discipline, was raised from among the choicest troops which Spain and Italy could provide. The ablest living soldier was chosen to command them. The Duchess of Parma was superseded, and the military government of the Netherlands was entrusted to Ferdinand of Toledo, Duke of Alva.

The name of Alva has descended through Protestant tradition in colours black as if he had been dipped in the pitch of Cocytus. Religious history is partial in its verdicts. The exterminators of the Canaanites are enshrined among the saints, and had the Catholics come off victorious, the Duke of Alva would have been a second Joshua. He was now sixty years old. His life from his boyhood had been spent in the field, and he possessed all the qualities in perfection which go to the making of a great commander and a great military administrator. The one guide of his life was the law of his country. He was the servant of the law and not its master, and he was sent to his new government to enforce obedience to a rule which he himself obeyed, and which all subjects of the Spanish Crown were bound to obey. His intellect was of that strong practical kind which apprehends distinctly the thing to be done, and uses without flinching the appropriate means to do it. He was proud, but with the pride of a Spaniard—a pride

in his race and in his country. He was ambitious, but it was not an ambition which touched his loyalty to creed or king. In him the Spain of the sixteenth century found its truest and most complete representative. Careless of pleasure, careless of his life, temperate in his personal habits, without passion, without imagination, with nerves of steel, and with a supreme conviction that the duty of subjects was to obey those who were set over them—such was the famous, or infamous, Duke of Alva, when in June, 1567, in the same month when Mary Stuart was shut up in Lochleven, he set out from Italy for the Netherlands. He took with him ten thousand soldiers, complete in the essentials of an army, even to two thousand courtesans, who were under military discipline. He passed over Mont Cenis through Savoy, Burgundy and Lorraine. In the middle of August he was at Thionville; before September he had entered Brussels.

The Prince of Orange, who knew the meaning of his coming, had provided for his safety, and had retreated with his four brothers into Germany. Egmont, conscious of no crime except of having desired to serve his country, remained with Count Horn to receive the new governor. In a few weeks they found themselves arrested, and with them any nobleman or gentleman that Alva's arm could reach, who had signed the petitions to the king. Proceeding to business with calm skill, the duke distributed his troops in garrisons among the towns. With a summary command he suspended the local magistrates and closed the local courts. The administration of the provinces was made over to a council of which he was himself president, and from which there was no appeal. Tribunals commissioned by this body

were erected all over the country, and so swift and steady were their operations, that in three months eighteen hundred persons had perished at the stake or on the scaffold.

Deprived of their leaders, and stupefied by these prompt and dreadful measures, the people made little resistance; a few partial efforts were instantly crushed, and their one hope was then in the Prince of Orange. The prince, accepting Alva's measures as an open violation of the constitution, without disclaiming his allegiance to Philip, at once declared war against his representative, raising money on the credit of his own estates, and gathering contributions wherever hatred of Catholic tyranny opened a purse to him. He raised two armies in Germany, and while he himself prepared to cross the Meuse, his brother, Count Louis, entered Friesland. Fortune was at first favourable. D'Aremberg, who was sent by Alva to stop Louis, blundered into a position where even Spanish troops could not save him from disaster and defeat. The patriots won the first battle of the war, and d'Aremberg was killed.¹ But the brief flood-tide soon ebbed. Alva waited only to send Horn and Egmont to the scaffold, and took the field in person. Count Louis' military chest was badly furnished, and soon empty. The Germans would not fight without pay, and Louis had no money to pay them with. As Alva advanced upon them they fell back without order or purpose, till they entrapped themselves in a peninsula on the Ems, and there, in three miserable hours, Count Louis saw his entire force mowed down by his own cannon, which the Spaniards took at the first rush, or drowned and

¹Battle of Heiliger Lee, May 23, 1568.

smothered in the tideway or the mud. The duke's loss, if his own report of the engagement was true, was but seven men.¹ The account most favourable to the patriots does not raise it above eighty. Count Louis, with a few stragglers, swam the river and made his way to his brother, for whose fortune so tremendous a catastrophe was no favourable omen. The German states, already lukewarm, became freezing in their indifference. Maximilian forbade Orange to levy troops within the empire. Orange however had a position of his own in Nassau, from which he could act at his own risk upon his own resources. He published a justification of himself to Europe. By loan and mortgage, by the sale of every acre which he could dispose of, he again raised money enough to move; and on the fifth of October he led thirty thousand men over the Meuse and entered Brabant.

¹ Battle of Jemmingen, July 21.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

THERE seems, in the first place, to lie in all men, in proportion to the strength of their understanding, a conviction that there is in all human things a real order and purpose, notwithstanding the chaos in which at times they seem to be involved. Suffering scattered blindly without remedial purpose or retributive propriety—good and evil distributed with the most absolute disregard of moral merit or demerit—enormous crimes perpetrated with impunity, or vengeance when it comes falling not on the guilty, but the innocent—

Desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity—

these phenomena present, generation after generation, the same perplexing and even maddening features; and without an illogical but none the less a positive certainty that things are not as they seem—that, in spite of appearance, there is justice at the heart of them, and that, in the working out of the vast drama, justice will assert somehow and somewhere its sovereign right and power, the better sort of persons would find existence altogether unendurable. This is what the Greeks meant by the *Ἀνίγκη* or destiny, which at the bottom is no other than moral Providence. Prometheus chained on the rock is the counterpart of Job on his dunghill. Torn with unrelaxing agony, the vulture with beak and talons rending at his heart, the Titan

still defies the tyrant at whose command he suffers and, strong in conscious innocence, appeals to the eternal *Moîpa* which will do him right in the end. The Olympian gods were cruel, jealous, capricious, malignant; but beyond and above the Olympian gods lay the silent, brooding, everlasting fate of which victim and tyrant were alike the instruments, and which at last, far off, after ages of misery it might be, but still before all was over, would vindicate the sovereignty of justice. Full as it may be of contradictions and perplexities, this obscure belief lies at the very core of our spiritual nature, and it is called fate or it is called predestination according as it is regarded pantheistically as a necessary condition of the universe, or as the decree of a self-conscious being.

Intimately connected with this belief, and perhaps the fact of which it is the inadequate expression, is the existence in nature of omnipresent organic laws, penetrating the material world, penetrating the moral world of human life and society, which insist on being obeyed in all that we do and handle—which we cannot alter, cannot modify—which will go with us, and assist and befriend us, if we recognise and comply with them—which inexorably make themselves felt in failure and disaster if we neglect or attempt to thwart them. Search where we will among created things, far as the microscope will allow the eye to pierce, we find organisation everywhere. Large forms resolve themselves into parts, but these parts are but organised out of other parts, down so far as we can see into infinity. When the plant meets with the conditions which agree with it, it thrives; under unhealthy conditions it is poisoned and disintegrates. It is the same precisely with each one of ourselves,

whether as individuals or as aggregated into associations, into families, into nations, into institutions. The remotest fibre of human action, from the policy of empires to the most insignificant trifle over which we waste an idle hour or moment, either moves in harmony with the true law of our being, or is else at discord with it. A king or a parliament enacts a law, and we imagine we are creating some new regulation, to encounter unprecedented circumstances. The law itself which applied to these circumstances was enacted from eternity. It has its existence independent of us, and will enforce itself either to reward or punish, as the attitude which we assume towards it is wise or unwise. Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws so far as we can read them, and either succeed and promote our welfare, or fail and bring confusion and disaster, according as the legislator's insight has detected the true principle, or has been distorted by ignorance or selfishness.

And these laws are absolute, inflexible, irreversible, the steady friends of the wise and good, the eternal enemies of the blockhead and the knave. No Pope can dispense with a statute enrolled in the Chancery of Heaven, or popular vote repeal it. The discipline is a stern one, and many a wild endeavour men have made to obtain less hard conditions, or imagine them other than they are. They have conceived the rule of the Almighty to be like the rule of one of themselves. They have fancied that they could bribe or appease Him—tempt Him by penance or pious offering to suspend or turn aside His displeasure. They are asking that His own eternal nature shall become other than it is. One thing only they can do. They for themselves, by changing their own courses, can make the law which they have broken thenceforward

their friend. Their dispositions and nature will revive and become healthy again when they are no longer in opposition to the will of their Maker. This is the natural action of what we call repentance. But the penalties of the wrongs of the past remain unrepealed. As men have sown they must still reap. The profligate who has ruined his health or fortune may learn before he dies that he has lived as a fool, and may recover something of his peace of mind as he recovers his understanding; but no miracle takes away his paralysis, or gives back to his children the bread of which he has robbed them. He may himself be pardoned, but the consequences of his acts remain.

Once more: and it is the most awful feature of our condition. The laws of nature are general, and are no respecters of persons. There has been and there still is a clinging impression that the sufferings of men are the results of their own particular misdeeds, and that no one is or can be punished for the faults of others. I shall not dispute about the word "punishment". "The fathers have eaten sour grapes," said the Jewish proverb, "and the children's teeth are set on edge." So said Jewish experience, and Ezekiel answered that these words should no longer be used among them. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Yes, there is a promise that the soul shall be saved, there is no such promise for the body. Every man is the architect of his own character, and if to the extent of his opportunities he has lived purely, nobly and uprightly, the misfortunes which may fall on him through the crimes or errors of other men cannot injure the immortal part of him. But it is no less true that we are made dependent one upon another to a degree which can hardly be exaggerated. The winds and waves are on the side of the best navigator—the seaman who

best understands them. Place a fool at the helm, and crew and passengers will perish, be they ever so innocent. The Tower of Siloam fell not for any sins of the eighteen who were crushed by it, but through bad mortar probably, the rotting of a beam, or the uneven settling of the foundations. The persons who should have suffered, according to our notion of distributive justice, were the ignorant architects or masons who had done their work amiss. But the guilty had perhaps long been turned to dust. And the law of gravity brought the tower down at its own time, indifferent to the persons who might be under it.

Now the feature which distinguishes man from other animals is that he is able to observe and discover these laws which are of such mighty moment to him, and direct his conduct in conformity with them. The more subtle may be revealed only by complicated experience. The plainer and more obvious—among those especially which are called moral—have been apprehended among the higher races easily and readily. I shall not ask how the knowledge of them has been obtained, whether by external revelation, or by natural insight, or by some other influence working through human faculties. The fact is all that we are concerned with, that from the earliest times of which we have historical knowledge there have always been men who have recognised the distinction between the nobler and baser parts of their being. They have perceived that if they would be men and not beasts, they must control their animal passions, prefer truth to falsehood, courage to cowardice, justice to violence, and compassion to cruelty. These are the elementary principles of morality, on the recognition of which the welfare and improvement of mankind depend, and human history

has been little more than a record of the struggle which began at the beginning and will continue to the end between the few who have had ability to see into the truth and loyalty to obey it, and the multitude who by evasion or rebellion have hoped to thrive in spite of it.

Thus we see that in the better sort of men there are two elementary convictions; that there is over all things an unsleeping, inflexible, all-ordering, just power, and that this power governs the world by laws which can be seen in their effects, and on the obedience to which, and on nothing else, human welfare depends.

And now I will suppose some one whose tendencies are naturally healthy, though as yet no special occasion shall have roused him to serious thought, growing up in a civilised community, where, as usually happens, a compromise has been struck between vice and virtue, where a certain difference between right and wrong is recognised decently on the surface, while below it one half of the people are rushing steadily after the thing called pleasure, and the other half labouring in drudgery to provide the means of it for the idle.

Of practical justice in such a community there will be exceedingly little, but as society cannot go along at all without paying morality some outward homage, there will of course be an established religion—an Olympus, a Valhalla, or some system of theogony or theology, with temples, priests, liturgies, public confessions in one form or another of the dependence of the things we see upon what is not seen, with certain ideas of duty and penalties imposed for neglect of it. These there will be, and also, as obedience is disagreeable and requires abstinence from various indulgences, there will be contrivances by which the indulgences can be secured, and no harm come of it. By the side

of the moral law there grows up a law of ceremonial observance, to which is attached a notion of superior sanctity and especial obligation. Morality, though not at first disowned, is slighted as comparatively trivial. Duty in the high sense comes to mean religious duty, that is to say, the attentive observance of certain forms and ceremonies, and these forms and ceremonies come into collision little or not at all with ordinary life, and ultimately have a tendency to resolve themselves into payments of money.

Thus rises what is called idolatry. I do not mean by idolatry the mere worship of manufactured images. I mean the separation between practical obligation, and new moons and sabbaths, outward acts of devotion, or formulas of particular opinions. It is a state of things perpetually recurring; for there is nothing, if it would only act, more agreeable to all parties concerned. Priests find their office magnified and their consequence increased. Laymen can be in favour with God and man, so priests tell them, while their enjoyments or occupations are in no way interfered with. The mischief is that the laws of nature remain meanwhile unsuspected; and all the functions of society become poisoned through neglect of them. Religion, which ought to have been a restraint, becomes a fresh instrument of evil—to the imaginative and the weak a contemptible superstition, to the educated a mockery, to knaves and hypocrites a cloak of iniquity, to all alike—to those who suffer and those who seem to profit by it—a lie so palpable as to be worse than atheism itself.

There comes a time when all this has to end. The over-indulgence of the few is the over-penury of the many. Injustice begets misery, and misery resentment. Something happens perhaps—some unusual

oppression, or some act of religious mendacity especially glaring. Such a person as I am supposing asks himself, "What is the meaning of these things?" His eyes are opened. Gradually he discovers that he is living surrounded with falsehood, drinking lies like water, his conscience polluted, his intellect degraded by the abominations which envelop his existence. At first perhaps he will feel most keenly for himself. He will not suppose that he can set to rights a world that is out of joint, but he will himself relinquish his share in what he detests and despises. He withdraws into himself. If what others are doing and saying is obviously wrong, then he has to ask himself what is right, and what is the true purpose of his existence. Light breaks more clearly on him. He becomes conscious of impulses towards something purer and higher than he has yet experienced or even imagined. Whence these impulses come he cannot tell. He is too keenly aware of the selfish and cowardly thoughts which rise up to mar and thwart his nobler aspirations, to believe that they can possibly be his own. If he conquers his baser nature he feels that he is conquering himself. The conqueror and the conquered cannot be the same; and he therefore concludes, not in vanity, but in profound humiliation and self-abasement, that the infinite grace of God and nothing else is rescuing him from destruction. He is converted, as the theologians say. He sets his face upon another road from that which he has hitherto travelled, and to which he can never return. It has been no merit of his own. His disposition will rather be to exaggerate his own worthlessness, that he may exalt the more what has been done for him, and he resolves thenceforward to enlist himself as a soldier on the side of truth and right, and to have no wishes, no desires, no opinions

but what the service of his Master imposes. Like a soldier he abandons his freedom, desiring only like a soldier to act and speak no longer as of himself, but as commissioned from some supreme authority. In such a condition a man becomes magnetic. There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease; and he infects others with his own enthusiasm. Even in the most corrupt ages there are always more persons than we suppose who in their hearts rebel against the prevailing fashions; one takes courage from another, one supports another; communities form themselves with higher principles of action and purer intellectual beliefs. As their numbers multiply they catch fire with a common idea and a common indignation, and ultimately burst out into open war with the lies and iniquities that surround them.

I have been describing a natural process which has repeated itself many times in human history, and, unless the old opinion that we are more than animated clay, and that our nature has nobler affinities, dies away into a dream, will repeat itself at recurring intervals, so long as our race survives upon the planet.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

THERE remains another feature in the Greek creed, a form of superstition not apparently growing faint, but increasing in distinctness of recognition and gathering increasing hold on the imagination; which possessed for Euripides a terrible interest, and seemed to fascinate him with its horror. It was a superstition marvellous in itself, and more marvellous for the influence which it was destined to exert on the religious history of mankind. On the one hand, it is a manifestation of Satan under the most hideous of aspects; on the other, it is an expression and symbol of the most profound of spiritual truths.

Throughout human life, from the first relation of parent and child to the organisation of a nation or a church, in the daily intercourse of common life, in our loves and in our friendships, in our toils and in our amusements, in trades and in handicrafts, in sickness and in health, in pleasure and in pain, in war and in peace, at every point where one human soul comes in contact with another, there is to be found everywhere, as the condition of right conduct, the obligation to sacrifice self. Every act of man which can be called good is an act of sacrifice, an act which the doer of it would have left undone had he not preferred some other person's benefit to his own, or the excellence of the work on which he was engaged to his personal pleasure or convenience. In common things the law

of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty. A soldier is bound to stand by his colours. Everyone of us is bound to speak the truth, whatever the cost. But beyond the limits of positive enactment, the same road, and the same road only, leads up to the higher zones of character. The good servant prefers his employer to himself. The good employer considers the welfare of his servant more than his own profit. The artisan or the labourer, who has the sense in him of preferring right to wrong, will not be content with the perfunctory execution of the task allotted to him, but will do it as excellently as he can. From the sweeping of a floor to the governing of a country, from the baking of a loaf to the watching by the sick-bed of a friend, there is the same rule everywhere. It attends the man of business in the crowded world; it follows the artist and the poet into his solitary studio. Let the thought of self intrude, let the painter but pause to consider how much reward his work will bring to him, let him but warm himself with the prospects of the fame and the praise which is to come to him, and the cunning will forsake his hand, and the power of his genius will be gone from him. The upward sweep of excellence is proportioned, with strictest accuracy, to oblivion of the self which is ascending.

From the time when men began first to reflect, this peculiar feature of their nature was observed. The law of animal life appears to be merely self-preservation; the law of man's life is self-annihilation; and only at times when men have allowed themselves to doubt whether they are really more than developed animals has self-interest ever been put forward as a guiding principle. Honesty may be the best policy, said Coleridge, but no honest man will act on that hypothesis. Sacrifice is the first element of religion,

and resolves itself in theological language into the love of God.

Only those, however, who are themselves noble-minded can consciously apprehend a noble emotion. Truths are perceived and acknowledged, perhaps for a time are appropriately acted on. They pass on into common hands; like gold before it can be made available for a currency, they become alloyed with baser metal. The most beautiful feature in humanity, the distinct recognition of which was the greatest step ever taken in the course of true progress, became, when made over to priests and theologians, the most hideous and most accursed of caricatures.

By the side of the law of sacrifice it was observed also from obvious experience that the fortunes of man were compassed with uncertainties over which he had no control. The owner of enormous wealth was brought to the dunghill, the prince to a dungeon. The best and the worst were alike the prey of accidents. Those who had risen highest in earthly distinction were those who seemed specially marked for the buffets of destiny. Those who could have endured with equanimity the loss of riches and power, could be reached through loss of honour, through the sufferings of family and friends, through the misgivings of their own hearts on the real nature of the spiritual powers by which the earth and universe are governed.

The arbitrary caprice displayed in these visitations of calamity naturally perplexed even the wisest. Conscious that they were in the hands of forces which it was impossible to resist, of beings whose wrath the most perfect virtue failed to avert, men inferred that the benevolence of the gods was crossed by a sportive malignity. They saw that all that was most excellent in human society was bought by the sacrifice of the

few good to the many worthless. The self-devotion of those who were willing to forget themselves was exacted as the purchase-money of the welfare of the rest. The conclusion was that the gods envied mankind too complete enjoyment. They demanded of them from time to time the most precious thing which they possessed, and the most precious possession of any family or nation was the purest and most innocent member of it.

It was among the Semitic nations that the propitiatory immolation of a human being first became an institution. Homer knew nothing of it. The Trojan youths who were slaughtered at the pyre of Patroclus were the victims merely of the wrath of Achilles, and the massacre of them was the savage accompaniment of the funeral rites of his dead friend. By the Semitic nations of Palestine, the eldest born of man and beast was supposed to belong to the gods, and at any moment might be claimed by them. The intended sacrifice of Isaac is an evident allusion to the customs from which the son of Abraham was miraculously redeemed. The deaths of the first-born in every house in Egypt on the night of the Passover, the story of Jephthah, the brief but expressive mention of the King of Moab, who, in distress, impaled his son on the wall of his city, the near escape of Jonathan, whom the lot had detected, as marked by the curse of his father, the Phœnician legend of the exposure of Andromeda to the sea monster, point all in the same direction. The Carthaginians, a colony from Tyre, at the crisis of their struggle with Rome, devoted to the anger of the gods four hundred of the sons of their principal nobles.

At some time in the interval between Homer and the Persian wars, this singular superstition was carried

into Greece, and was at once incorporated in the received mythology. The great national story of the Trojan war was probably the first which it interpenetrated; and there sprung up in the midst of it the as yet unknown incident which has impressed so powerfully the imagination of mankind, the sacrifice of Iphigenia at Aulis.

The name Iphigenia is probably Jephthagenia, a Grecised version of "Jephthah's daughter," and reveals the origin of the story. The "idea" once accepted passed into other heroic traditions. Human sacrifice, symbolic or actual, was adopted into the religious ceremonials of Athens. It was a growing belief which spread through successive generations, and prepared the way in the end for the reception of the doctrine of the Christian Atonement.

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE.

WHEN two countries, or sections of countries, stand geographically so related to one another that their union under a common government will conduce to the advantage of the stronger people, such countries will continue separate as long only as the country which desires to preserve its independence possesses a power of resistance so vigorous that the effort to overcome it is too exhausting to be permanently maintained.

A natural right to liberty, irrespective of the ability to defend it, exists in nations as much as and no more than it exists in individuals. Had nature meant us to live uncontrolled by any will but our own, we should have been so constructed that the pleasures of one would not interfere with the pleasures of another, or that each of us would discharge by instinct those duties which the welfare of the community requires from all. In a world in which we are made to depend so largely for our well-being on the conduct of our neighbours, and yet are created infinitely unequal in ability and worthiness of character, the superior part has a natural right to govern; the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings.

Among wild beasts and savages might constitutes

right. Among reasonable beings right is for ever tending to create might. Inferiority of numbers is compensated by superior cohesiveness, intelligence and daring. The better sort of men submit willingly to be governed by those who are nobler and wiser than themselves; organisation creates superiority of force; and the ignorant and the selfish may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness. There neither is nor can be an inherent privilege in any person or set of persons to live unworthily at their own wills, when they can be led or driven into more honourable courses; and the rights of man—if such rights there be—are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control.

Individuals cannot be independent, or society cannot exist. With individuals the contention is not for freedom absolutely, but for an extension of the limits within which their freedom must be restrained. The independence of nations is spoken of sometimes as if it rested on another foundation—as if each separate race or community had a divine title-deed to dispose of its own fortunes, and develop its tendencies in such direction as seems good to itself. But the assumption breaks down before the enquiry, What constitutes a nation? And the right of a people to self-government consists and can consist in nothing but their power to defend themselves. No other definition is possible. Are geographical boundaries, is a distinct frontier, made the essential? Mountain chains, rivers, or seas form, no doubt, the normal dividing lines between nation and nation, because they are elements of strength, and material obstacles to invasion. But as the absence of a defined frontier cannot take away a right to liberty where there is strength to maintain

it, a mountain barrier conveys no prerogative against a power which is powerful enough to overleap that barrier, nor the ocean against those whose larger skill and courage can convert the ocean into a highway.

As little can a claim to freedom be made coincident with race or language. When the ties of kindred and of speech have force enough to bind together a powerful community, such a community may be able to defend its independence; but if it can not, the pretension in itself has no claim on consideration. Distinctions of such a kind are merely fanciful and capricious. All societies of men are, in the nature of things, forced into relations with other societies of men. They exchange obligations, confer benefits, or inflict injuries on each other. They are natural friends or natural rivals; and unite, or else find themselves in collision, when the weaker is compelled to give way. The individual has to sacrifice his independence to his family, the family to the tribe; the tribe merges itself in some larger community; and the time at which these successive surrenders of liberty are demanded depends practically on nothing else than the inability to persist in separation. Where population is scanty and habits are peaceful, the head of each household may be sovereign over his children and servants, owing no allegiance to any higher chief or law. As among the Cyclops—

*θεμιστεύει ἕκαστος
παίδων ἢ δ' ἀλόχων οὐδ' ἀλλήλων ἀλέγουσιν.*

Necessity and common danger drive families into alliance for self-defence; the smaller circles of independence lose themselves in ampler areas; and those who refuse to conform to the new authority are either required to take themselves elsewhere, or, if they

remain and persist in disobedience, may be treated as criminals.

A tribe, if local circumstances are favourable, may defend its freedom against a more powerful neighbour, so long as the independence of such a tribe is a lesser evil than the cost of its subjugation ; but an independence so protracted is rarely other than a misfortune. On the whole, and as a rule, superior strength is the equivalent of superior merit ; and when a weaker people are induced or forced to part with their separate existence, and are not treated as subjects, but are admitted freely to share the privileges of the nation in which they are absorbed, they forfeit nothing which they need care to lose, and rather gain than suffer by the exchange. It is possible that a nobler people may, through force of circumstances, or great numerical inferiority, be oppressed for a time by the brute force of baser adversaries ; just as, within the limits of a nation, particular classes may be tyrannised over, or opinions which prove in the end true may be put down by violence, and the professors of such opinions persecuted. But the effort of nature is constantly to redress the balance. Where freedom is so precious that without it life is unendurable, men with those convictions fight too fiercely to be permanently subdued. Truth grows by its own virtue, and falsehoods sinks and fades. An oppressed cause, when it is just, attracts friends, and commands moral support, which converts itself sooner or later into material strength. As a broad principle, it may be said that as nature has so constituted us that we must be ruled in some way, and as at any given time the rule inevitably will be in the hands of those who are then the strongest, so nature also has allotted superiority of strength to superiority of intellect and character ; and

in deciding that the weaker shall obey the more powerful, she is in reality saving them from themselves, and then most confers true liberty when she seems most to be taking it away. There is no freedom possible to man except in obedience to law; and those who cannot prescribe a law to themselves, if they desire to be free must be content to accept direction from others. The right to resist depends on the power of resistance. A nation which can maintain its independence possesses already, unless assisted by extraordinary advantages of situation, the qualities which conquest can only justify itself by conferring. It may be held to be as good in all essential conditions as the nation which is endeavouring to overcome it; and human society has rather lost than gained when a people loses its freedom which knows how to make a wholesome use of freedom. But when resistance has been tried and failed—when the inequality has been proved beyond dispute by long and painful experience—the wisdom, and ultimately the duty, of the weaker party is to accept the benefits which are offered in exchange for submission: and a nation which at once will not defend its liberties in the field, nor yet allow itself to be governed, but struggles to preserve the independence which it wants the spirit to uphold in arms, by insubordination and anarchy and secret crime, may bewail its wrongs in wild and weeping eloquence in the ears of mankind—may at length, in a time when the methods by which sterner ages repressed this kind of conduct are unpermitted, make itself so intolerable as to be cast off and bidden go upon its own bad way: but it will not go for its own benefit; it will have established no principle, and vindicated no natural right; liberty profits only those who can govern themselves better than others can govern them,

and those who are able to govern themselves wisely have no need to petition for a privilege which they can keep or take for themselves.

In the scene before Harfleur, in the play of Henry the Fifth, there are introduced representatives of the three nations which remained unsubdued after England was conquered by the Normans, and the co-ordination of which, under a common sovereignty, was a problem still waiting to be accomplished. Careless always of antiquarian pedantry, Shakespeare drew men and women as he saw them round him, in the London of his own day; and Fluellen, Captain Jamie, and Captain Macmorris were the typical Welshman, Scot, and Irishman, as they were to be met with in Elizabeth's trainbands.

Fluellen, hot-blooded, voluble, argumentative, is yet most brave, most loyal, and most honourable. Among his thousand characters there is not one which Shakespeare has sketched more tenderly, or with a more loving and affectionate irony. Captain Jamie is "a marvellous falerous gentleman," well read in the ancient wars, learned "in the disciplines of the Romans," and able to hold discourse on them with any man, but shrewd and silent, more prone to listen than to speak, more given to blows than to words, and determined only "to do good service, or ligge in the ground for it". Macmorris, though no less brave than his companions, ready to stand in the breach while "there were throats to be cut, or work to be done," yet roars, rants, boasts, swears by his father's soul, and threatens to cut off any man's head who dares to say that he is as good as himself.

Captain Jamie never mentions Scotland: we learn his country from his dialect, and from what others say of him. Fluellen, a Welshman to the last fibre,

yet traces his Welsh leek to the good service which Welshmen did, "in a garden where leeks did grow," at Crecy, under the English Edward. He delights in thinking that all the waters of the Wye cannot wash his Majesty's Welsh blood out of his body. Macmorris, at the mention of his nation, as if on the watch for insults from Saxon or Briton, blazes into purposeless fury. "My nation! What ish my nation? Is a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?"

Had William fallen at Hastings instead of Harold, and had the Norman invasion failed, it is likely that the Lowland Scots would have followed the example of Northumberland, and have drifted gradually into combination with the rest of the island. The Conquest made the difficulty greater; but if the Norman kings had been content to wait for the natural action of time, increasing intercourse and an obvious community of interest would have probably antedated the Union by several centuries. The premature violence of Edward the First hardened Scotland irrecoverably into a separate nationality. The determination to defend their independence created the patriotic virtues which enabled the Northern Britons to hold at bay their larger rival. The Union, when it came about at last, was effected on equal terms. Two separate self-governed peoples entered slowly and deliberately into voluntary partnership on terms of mutual respect. The material wealth which Scotland contributed to the empire was comparatively insignificant; but she introduced into it a race of men who had been hammered to a temper which made them more valuable than mountains of gold; and among the elements of greatness in the country known to later history as Great Britain, the rugged Scotch

resolution to resist conquest to the death, tried in a hundred battles, holds a place second to none.

The Lowland Scots were Teutons; the language of the Lothians was not distinguishable from the language of Northumberland; and the Union with Scotland might have seemed so far an easier feat than the Union with Wales. On the other hand, the Welsh were fewer in number, less protected by situation, less able to obtain help from other quarters. They were neither slaves nor cowards. They loved their freedom, they fought for it long and desperately, rising again and again when civil wars in England offered them a gleam of hope. When resistance became obviously hopeless, they loyally and wisely accepted their fate. They had not to suffer from prolonged severity, for severity was unnecessary. There was no general confiscation, no violent interference with local habits or usages. They preserved their language with singular success, and their customs so far as their customs were compatible with English law; while in exchange for independence they were admitted to the privileges of English citizenship in as full measure as the English themselves. They continued proud of their nationality, vain with true Celtic vanity of pedigrees which lose themselves in infinity. Yet, being wisely handled, restrained only in essentials, and left to their own way in the ordinary current of their lives, they were contented to forget their animosities; they ceased to pine after political liberty which they were consciously unable to preserve; and finding themselves accepted on equal terms as joint inheritors of a magnificent empire, the iron chain became a golden ornament. Their sensibilities were humoured in the title of the heir of the crown. In bestowing a dynasty upon England they found a

gratification for their honourable pride. If they have contributed less of positive strength than the Scots to the British empire, they have never been its shame or its weakness; and the retention of a few harmless peculiarities has not prevented them from being wholesome and worthy members of the United Commonwealth.

Ireland, the last of the three countries of which England's interest demanded the annexation, was by nature better furnished than either of them with means to resist her approaches. Instead of a narrow river for a frontier, she had seventy miles of dangerous sea. She had a territory more difficult to penetrate, and a population greatly more numerous. The courage of the Irish was undisputed. From the first mention of the Irishman in history, faction fight and foray have been the occupation and the delight of his existence. The hardihood of the Irish kern was proverbial throughout Europe. The Irish soldiers, in the regular service of France and Spain, covered themselves with distinction, were ever honoured with the most dangerous posts, have borne their share in every victory. In our own ranks they have formed half the strength of our armies, and detraction has never challenged their right to an equal share in the honour which those armies have won. Yet, in their own country, in their efforts to shake off English supremacy, their patriotism has evaporated in words. No advantage of numbers has availed them; no sacred sense of hearth and home has stirred their nobler nature. An unappeasable discontent has been attended with the paralysis of manliness; and, with a few accidental exceptions, continually recurring insurrections have only issued in absolute and ever disgraceful defeat.

Could Ireland have but fought as Scotland fought

she would have been mistress of her own destinies. In a successful struggle for freedom, she would have developed qualities which would have made her worthy of possessing it. She would have been one more independent country added to the commonwealth of nations; and her history would have been another honourable and inspiring chapter among the brighter records of mankind. She might have stood alone; she might have united herself, had she so pleased, with England on fair and equal conditions; or she might have preferred alliances with the Continental powers. There is no disputing against strength, nor happily is there need to dispute, for the strength which gives a right to freedom, implies the presence of those qualities which ensure that it will be rightly used. No country can win and keep its freedom in the presence of a dangerous rival, unless it be on the whole a well and justly governed country; and where there is just government the moral ground is absent on which conquest can be defended or desired.

Again, could Ireland, on discovering like the Welsh that she was too weak or too divided to encounter England in the field, have acquiesced, as the Welsh acquiesced, in the alternative of submission, there was not originally any one advantage which England possessed which she was not willing and eager to share with her. If England was to become a great power, the annexation of Ireland was essential to her, if only to prevent the presence there of an enemy; but she had everything to lose by treating her as a conquered province, seizing her lands and governing her by force; everything to gain by conciliating the Irish people, extending to them the protection of her own laws, the privileges of her own higher civilisation,

and assimilating them on every side, so far as their temperament allowed, to her subjects at home.

Yet Ireland would neither resist courageously, nor would she honourably submit. Her chiefs and leaders had no real patriotism. In Scotland, though the nobles might quarrel among themselves, they buried their feuds and stood side by side when there was danger from the hereditary foe. There was never a time when there was not an abundance of Irish who would make common cause with the English, when there was a chance of revenge upon a domestic enemy, or a chance merely of spoil to be distributed. All alike, though they would make no stand for liberty, as little could endure order or settled government. Their insurrections, which might have deserved sympathy had they been honourable efforts to shake off an alien yoke, were disfigured with crimes which, on one memorable occasion at least, brought shame on their cause and name. When insurrection finally failed, they betook themselves to assassination and secret tribunals; and all this, while they were holding up themselves and their wrongs as if they were the victims of the most abominable tyranny, and inviting the world to judge between them and their oppressors.

Nations are not permitted to achieve independence on these terms. Unhappily, though unable to shake off the authority of England, they were able to irritate her into severities which gave their accusations some show of colour. Everything which she most valued for herself—her laws and liberties, her orderly and settled government, the most ample security for person and property—England's first desire was to give to Ireland in fullest measure. The temper in which she was met exasperated her into harshness and at times to cruelty; and so followed in succes-

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sion alternations of revolt and punishment, severity provoked by rebellion, and breeding in turn fresh cause for mutiny, till it seemed at last as if no solution of the problem was possible save the expulsion or destruction of a race which appeared incurable.





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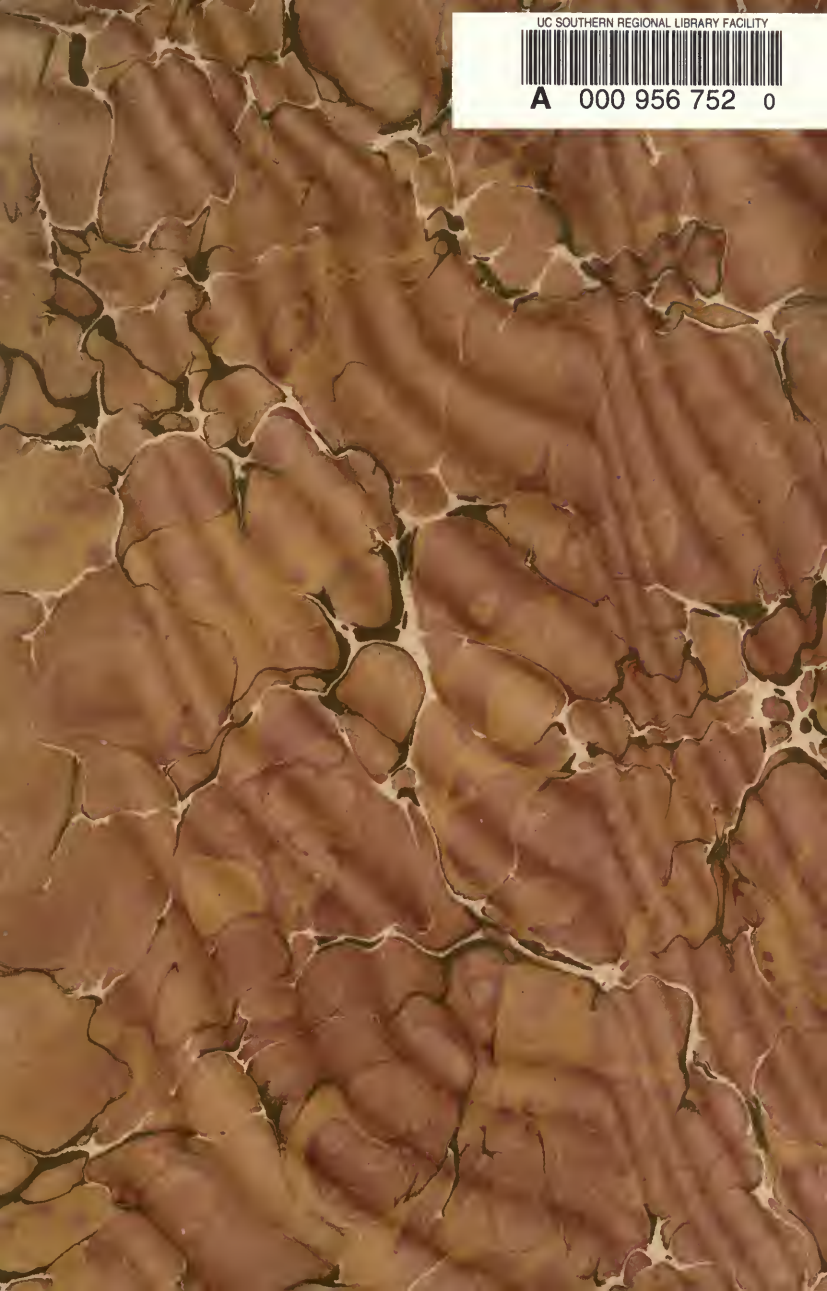
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